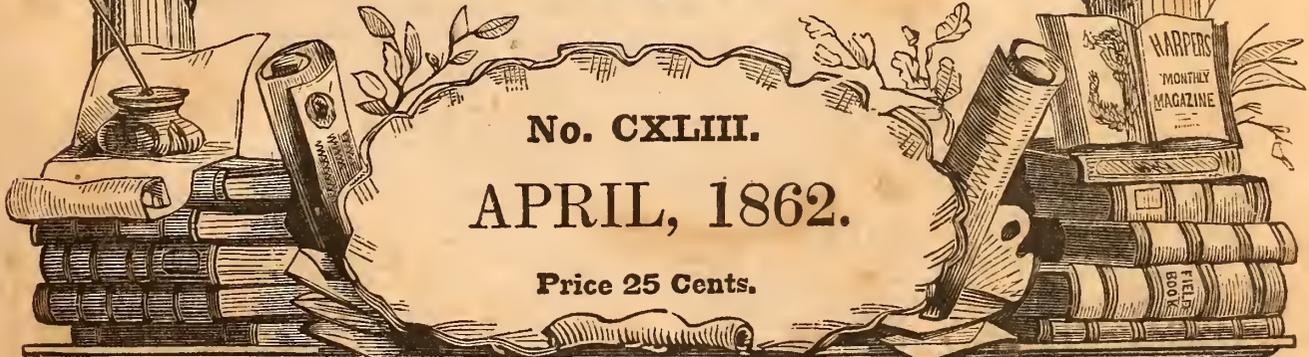




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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLIII.—APRIL, 1862.—VOL. XXIV.



PAMBOOKAT'S COTTAGE.

PAMBOOKAT:—A FAIRY TALE OF THE MALAYS.

ONCE upon a time there lived on the banks of the Asahan, a river of Sumatra, a young fisherman whose name was Pambookat. The parents of Pambookat died before he arrived at the age of manhood, and had bequeathed to their son a cottage, a rood of ground, a net, and a small boat. The young man, who was of an industrious habit and cheerful disposition, alternately cultivated his ground and fished with his net, and so managed to obtain a tolerable liveli-

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hood. Thus he lived for several months after his parents' death, and thus he would have continued to live, doubtless, had not a near neighbor, whose name was Risau, cast an eye of longing on his little possessions. Risau was wealthy, but covetous, and having many servants ready to obey his commands, came one day, while poor Pambookat was absent upon the river, pulled down his cabin, destroyed his fences, burned the greater part of his rude furniture, and uprooted every plant in his garden. When the fisherman returned at night, and saw the desolation which had been spread during his absence, he was sorely grieved. But what could he do? A pitying neighbor told him who had been the aggressor, and Pambookat felt that in a contest with an antagonist so powerful he could obtain no redress. So he gathered together what little remnant of property had escaped the notice of the spoiler, placed it in his boat, and sailed down the river he knew not whither. In about half an hour's time he arrived at the mouth of the stream, and fastening his boat to the projecting roots of a tree that protruded from the bank, he drew his cloak around him, covered himself with the sail, and went to sleep.

It was broad day when Pambookat awoke. The sun was shining brightly, and the breeze was setting in from the sea. He sat up and reflected on his situation. Suddenly he heard a twittering noise, and, looking up, beheld a white bird, in shape like a dove, with scarlet feet and a blue bill, which was apparently tied to a bough overhead. The bird was evidently in pain, and the heart of Pambookat was moved to pity. With much difficulty he managed to climb the tree and release the bird, which immediately flew away. This done, he descended and put out to sea, where he made several casts

with his net. Fortune favored him, and he caught a goodly number of fine fish. These he took to a village not far from the mouth of the river, and there sold. By this means he obtained his breakfast, and was enabled to hire an apartment in the cottage of an old man named Bareeda. Here he dwelt for several months, and by industry and frugality managed somewhat to mend his fortune.

One evening, as he was returning from his daily labor with his net on his shoulder, he met with a beautiful lady, who called him by name. Seeing by her manner and dress that she was of high rank, Pambookat bowed, and awaited her commands.

"Pambookat!" said the lady, "you once did me a service, though you know it not, and I am come to repay you. The bird tied to a bough on the bank of the Asahan was myself. I am a fairy, and my name is Pundapatan. My bitter enemy, Gurgasi, a goblin of great power, had overcome me, and succeeded in changing me to a bird, in which condition I would be forced to remain until I should be released by our good queen, Salidik. Though we fairies in our own condition do not suffer death, yet we partake of the condition of the animals into which we change ourselves, or are changed by others. Had I died in such a state, being deprived of my immortality, I should have been utterly annihilated. To secure such a catastrophe, Gurgasi fastened me to the bough of a tree, intending that I should starve to death. There it was that you first saw me. Your heart was touched with pity at my forlorn condition and you released me. I know of your distresses, occasioned by the wickedness of Risau. I am here expressly to save you. Take this iron ring which will just fit your finger. Travel from here to the great kingdom of Zanguebar, in order to seek your fortune. When you need me rub that ring, utter the word 'Keraña!' and I will at once place myself at your command. Do not fear to ask me any favor when I appear, however apparently impossible."

After these words the fairy vanished; and Pambookat, after musing for a few moments upon the extraordinary communication he had just received, made his way to the house.

The next day the young man, having determined to heed the counsel of the fairy, sold his boat and net, and took passage in a prau which was bound for Zanguebar. He arrived at the chief city



PAMBOOKAT AND THE FAIRY.

of that kingdom on the seventh day, and took lodgings at the house of a loquacious old fellow by the name of Petak. From his host he learned that the Princess Elok, who was the eldest daughter of the King, was soon to be married to Prince Moodah, the only son and heir of Mulya the Magnificent, who reigned over the kingdom of Yemen. The old man told him farther that the goblin Gurgasi had desired her hand, but that King Kochak, who was surnamed the Arrogant, had spurned his suit with disdain. On this account the goblin, with an apparently whimsical malice, had carried off every tailor and seamstress in the kingdom. At first this was laughed at by all but the immediate friends and relatives of the abducted people as a very silly sort of revenge; but as its reason became gradually apparent, men ceased even to smile. In truth, the robbery, at that juncture, became a matter of serious annoyance. It was necessary to provide the Princess and her large array of bridesmaids with new and appropriate robes; and the King, in order to add effect to her marriage festivities, desired to reclothe his entire army. Then the courtiers and wealthy citizens were anxious to display new and costly dresses in honor of the joyful occasion. All this was now impossible, and the beggarly appearance of the court and people, with their old and shabby dresses, would be a source of amusement to the well-dressed lords who were expected in the train of the bridegroom.

Pambookat listened attentively to the account, and then asked what would be done for him who would extricate the King from his dilemma, and the kingdom from the impending mortification.

"Without doubt," replied the old man, "the King would reward him greatly, and he would become the chief subject of the kingdom. But it is scarcely possible, unless Gurgasi speedily relents, to make over two hundred thousand new dresses in the course of one month, at the end of which time the Prince will arrive. It has been proposed to offer the young and beautiful princess, Manjalis, the sister of Elok, to the goblin as a wife; but she has beseeched her father not to give her up to Gurgasi, who has but one eye, and that on the top of his forehead—has a long, thin nose, shaped like a radish—and is still more disfigured by two fangs which grow out of his under jaw and curl upward."

"Is the Princess Manjalis so handsome, then?" inquired Pambookat.

"She is as beautiful as a lily in the water," was the reply; "and so amiable that she is beloved by all her attendants, who almost worship her."

"I should like to see this wonderful beauty," said Pambookat.

"Nothing more easy," replied Petak. "Although I am an ordinary subject of the King, yet my sister, who is bedridden in the house, was the nurse of the Princess, who visits her weekly. To-morrow is her day for coming. Remain at home, and I will pass you off as my bond-servant. She always lays aside her veil

during her visits, and you will have an opportunity to behold her. But if she ask you any questions, remember to answer that you are my slave, lest otherwise you get both yourself and me into serious difficulty."

Pambookat remained at home on the following day, and the Princess came as the old man had said. When she saw Pambookat she would have retained her veil, but learning that the young man was one of the household, she removed it. Pambookat was struck with her beauty, and quite bewildered with the excess of her charms. Manjalis entered into conversation with the old man, and displayed so much wit and sense that she completed the conquest already begun. She seemed no less struck by the manner and appearance of the supposed slave, and entered into conversation with him, asking him numerous questions concerning his native place, his age, and how he came into such a condition, to all of which he answered so as to confirm the representations of Petak. She soon began to conceive a warm affection for him, but, after the manner of a prudent young maiden, endeavored to conceal it. Afterward she visited her nurse's chamber, where she remained during some time, and then departed, leaving Pambookat dissatisfied with a condition which interposed barriers between him and the object of his love.

Every week the visit was repeated, and on the day when the Princess was expected Pambookat remained at home. Thus passed away three weeks. On the fourth time that he met her the young fisherman observed that the Princess wore a very sad countenance, and ventured to inquire if she were ill.

"No, good Pambookat," answered the Princess, with a sad smile. "I am well enough, but I share the chagrin which my father and the whole court feel, as they reflect on the for-



PAMBOOKAT AND THE PRINCESS.

lorn appearance they will make at the coming nuptials of my sister with Prince Moodah; and I am sad for myself, since they propose to summon that hateful goblin, Gurgasi, and to bribe him with my hand to return all those people whom he now keeps imprisoned in a great cavern of Mount Caucasus. If he accedes, how shall I resist? Have I not cause for sadness at a prospect so fearful?"

"And what would you do for the man who would save you from your threatened disaster?" inquired Pambookat.

"I would give him any thing in my power to bestow," answered the Princess.

"Even if I were he?" questioned the young man.

Manjalis flushed, and dropped her veil. "You are only a slave," she replied; "and the King, my father, would never consent."

"But if he would?" persisted Pambookat.

Manjalis said nothing; but plucking a rosebud from a vase which stood by, dropped it at his feet, and, turning, sought the apartment of her old nurse. When she came out she looked anxiously around the apartment, but Pambookat was gone.

The next morning, at a public audience given by the King, there appeared a young man in humble dress who desired to have an interview with his Majesty, apart from all others. Kochak looked amazed at the bold request, and scrutinized the applicant closely. But as he saw nothing sinister in the aspect of Pambookat—for it was he who made the demand—he consented. When the *pungadupan*, or presence-chamber, was cleared of all but the guard, who remained at the extremity of the apartment, the monarch commanded the other to speak.

"O King!" said Pambookat, prostrating himself on the *purmadani*, or carpet, which was in front of the throne, "I propose, with your royal permission, to prepare all the new clothing required by your royal daughters and their attendants, your army, your courtiers, and your chief citizens, before the arrival of Prince Moodah."

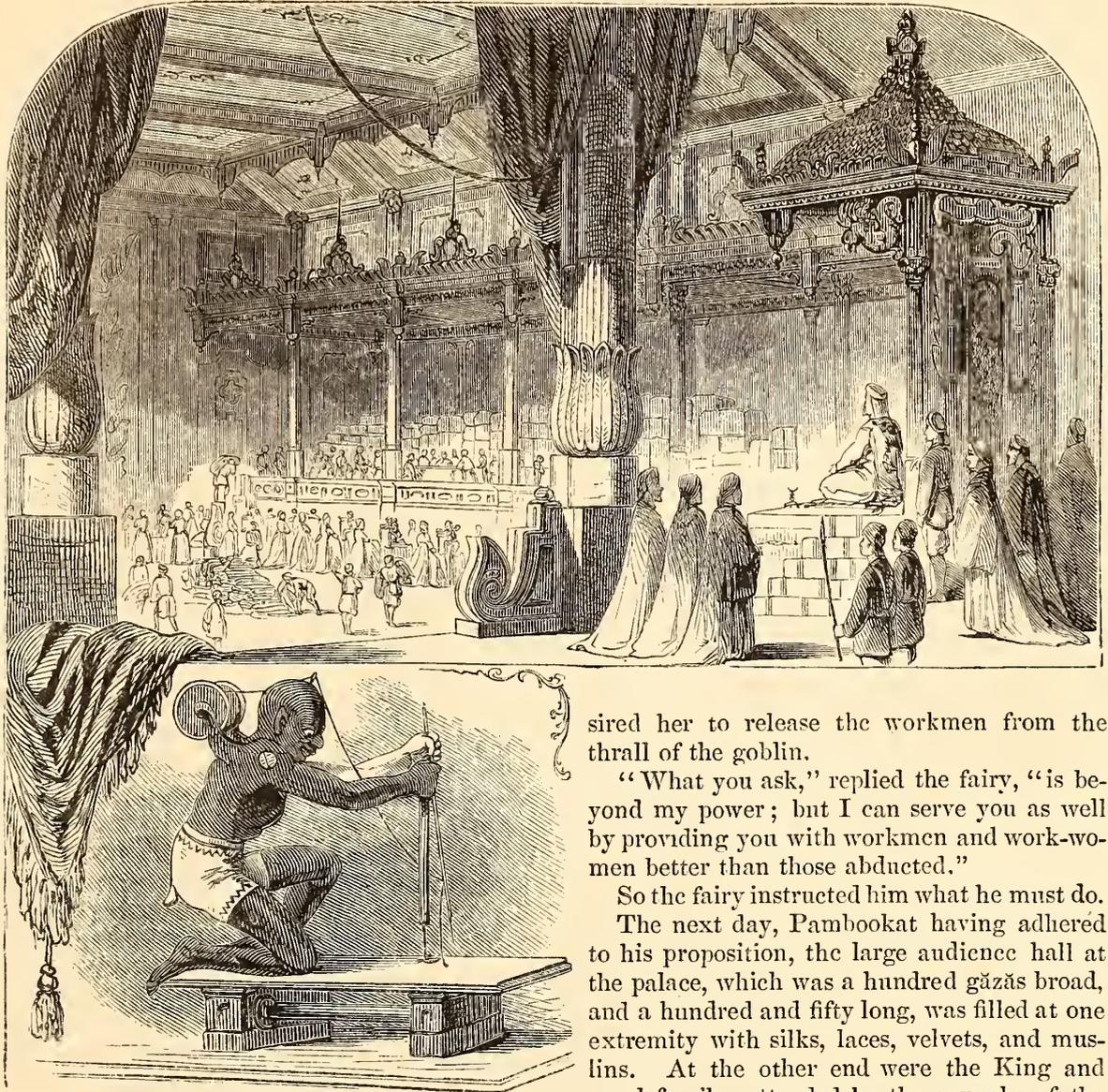
"Well," said the King, laughing, "this is a modest proposition truly."

"On my head be it," was the reply. "If I fail, let my life be forfeited. If I succeed—"

"You can name your own reward," interrupted Kochak; "but the proposition is preposter-



PAMBOOKAT AND THE KING.



THE SEWING GOBLIN.

ous. There is but a week's time, and all the tailors and seamstresses of which Gurgasi has deprived me could not now effect it. If I seek to obtain them back, it is only to deliver them from their sad condition, and to furnish my daughters and their immediate attendants with new robes. More than that is now impossible."

"Nevertheless, O King!" persisted Pambookat, "let me at least make the trial."

"So be it," said the King. "An apartment shall be assigned you in the palace; all the materials you require shall be furnished, and a thousand slaves, if you need them, placed at your disposal. But if you succeed, you are certainly the most wonderful of all tailors."

"May it please the King," replied Pambookat, "I am no tailor, but a fisherman."

"Worse and worse," said the monarch. "I give you leave to withdraw your proposition. You had better consider well, for if you undertake the matter and fail, you will lose your head."

"I will consult a friend, and answer your Majesty to-morrow," said Pambookat, and left the audience.

That night he summoned the fairy, and de-

sired her to release the workmen from the thrall of the goblin.

"What you ask," replied the fairy, "is beyond my power; but I can serve you as well by providing you with workmen and work-women better than those abducted."

So the fairy instructed him what he must do.

The next day, Pambookat having adhered to his proposition, the large audience hall at the palace, which was a hundred *gāzās* broad, and a hundred and fifty long, was filled at one extremity with silks, laces, velvets, and muslins. At the other end were the King and royal family, attended by the eunuchs of the *puradian*, the guards, and the principal officers of the Court.

"I will show you, O King!" said Pambookat, "that the malice of Gurgasi is idle; for the fairy who is my friend has promised that the work required shall be done in time, and that your Majesty shall see it in progress."

"She promises well," said Kochak, stroking his *chumbang* as he spoke. "Let us see her perform."

Pambookat advanced into the centre of the room, and said, as he rubbed the ring on his finger, "Keraña!"

At the word there was a faint whirring noise, the floor of the palace opened, and the fairy Pundapatan arose, and made her obeisance to the King, who trembled, for he saw she was one of the *chundra*, or immortals.

Pundapatan waved her wand thrice, and stamped on the floor, when there arose ten square boxes made of *kayn-boodi*, or wisdom-wood, and each beautifully polished. She tapped each box with her wand, when they sunk again, but left in their stead ten young women with beautiful features, but pale of face and delicate of frame.

"O sisters of the needle!" said the fairy,

"obey her who called you to being, you and all your sisters of the needle!"

"To hear is to obey!" was the answer. Then the ten sisters stamped upon the floor, and before each of them arose ten black goblins, each of whom had one arm of iron and one of silver, and the silver arm had a needle in its fingers. Singular to say, the needle bore its thread near the point instead of at the head, and was fed from a great roll of thread on the goblin's shoulder. Each of the young women suddenly seized silk, velvet, or muslin, as happened to come the nearest, and cutting it the required shape, gave it to one of the goblins, and so continued to do. The goblins began to sew with the rapidity of lightning, and garment after garment was completed to the great wonder of the spectators. Still the work went on, long after the King and Court had retired—robe, gown, baju, sikapan, kabayu, jubah, and sacotar accumulated in high piles; and thousands of slaves were kept busy, hour after hour, in removing these and distributing them among those for whom they were destined.

At length the nuptial-day arrived—all the required garments had been provided—and when the Prince Moodah arrived, and rode into the city with his train, his followers wondered at the splendid dresses of the people, and declared that so much costly and elegant apparel had never before been seen, not even at the Court of Mulya the Magnificent.

After the nuptials were over King Kochak sent for Pambookat, and after presenting him with the most splendid robe wrought by the goblins, and girding a costly *padang*, or sword, to his side, caused the royal *bundara*, or treasurer, to pay him a thousand pieces of gold, and asked him to name any reward he chose for his great service.

"O King, live forever!" said Pambookat, prostrating himself on the purmadani. "I ask the hand of your second daughter, the Princess Manjalis."

"Truly," replied the King, "my word is pledged, and shall be kept. But you had better demand her younger sister, for it is an ancient law of the realm that he who marries the first or second daughter of the King, unless he be a king or a king's son, shall be put to death upon the day of his nuptials, and I will not repeal the law."

Pambookat departed to his home in great grief, and summoned the fairy. She bade him go to the kingdom of Yemen, which would further his happiness, and with those words she vanished.

The young man prepared at once for his departure, and engaged passage with one Bajag, who passed for an honest trader, but whose vessel was in reality a piratical prau, and himself a leader of a band of *orang-laut*, or pirates, who made descents upon the neighboring coasts and carried off much booty. As Pambookat had no choice, there being but the one vessel on the coast, he contracted with Bajag, who agreed, in

return for ten pieces of gold, to convey him to the chief sea-port of Yemen.

The night before his departure he walked out and stood before the King's palace. While there he heard a voice singing in an upper chamber, and knew it to be that of the Princess. The words of the *pantung*, or quatrain, that she sung, showed him that she was aware of his presence. They were these:

"If first you go, then seek for me
A leaf from the Kamboja-tree;
If first you die, then patient wait
For me at Paradise's gate."

The lattice opened when the song ceased, and a package fell at the feet of Pambookat. He opened it. There were inclosed a cinder and a feather, bound together with hair, which meant, in the language of lovers, "I burn for you. Take me, and fly." He took up a twig lying near and thrust it in the ground, signifying that she should wait and remain faithful, and then, after kissing his hand to her, departed.

The next morning Pambookat set sail with Bajag, and after ten days' sail arrived at the chief city of Yemen, where, in the character of a young man traveling for pleasure, he took lodgings at the house of an old man named Kullunggara.

The host of Pambookat was very curious and inquisitive concerning the origin of his guest, but the young man prudently kept his own counsel. Finding that he could learn nothing by direct queries, the old man then began to impart something: the next pleasure, after receiving information, being that of imparting it to others. Among other matters he mentioned that Galak the Ferocious, who reigned over the kingdom of Sind, had rebelled against King Mulya, to whom he had been tributary, and that the latter had been unable thus far to reduce his former vassal to subjection.

"But," said Pambookat, "I had always heard that Mulya was one of the most powerful of all monarchs. Has he not experienced generals, and a large army, and can he not overcome a country like Sind?"

"Nature fights for Galak," replied the other. "For between Yemen and Sind there lies a frightful desert which is a seven-days' journey in width. It is covered with a pestilential vapor, and those who are exposed to it more than twenty-four hours become so weakened and diseased that the greater part die at the close of their journey. So it has chanced that, of every army that has marched there, but few survived at the end of the journey, and those so weak that the troops of Galak easily overcame them."

"The King would doubtless well reward the man who could take an army safely to Sind?" said Pambookat.

"He has offered," replied the host, "to give the conqueror the throne of Sind, and to release him from all tribute. But now that four armies have been destroyed no one will venture."

"I could overcome Galak easily," said Pambookat.

Kullunggara was so overjoyed at having some-

thing to tell, that he forthwith repeated the remark of his lodger at the nearest *rumah-kahwah*, or coffee-house, from whence it traveled from mouth to mouth until it finally reached the King.

The next day after the arrival of Pambookat, a *pukkiriman*, or messenger, was sent to command the presence of the stranger in the royal palace. Pambookat thereupon arrayed himself in his robe of honor, thrust his sword in his belt, and set out to the palace of Mulya, where the *pungawals*, or guards, at once conducted him to the King, who was seated on his throne, surrounded by his viziers and the officers of the court. After the customary prostrations, Pambookat confessed, in reply to the question of the King, that he had made the remark attributed to him.

"Were I to take you at your word," said Mulya, "what security have I that the army which I might place at your orders would reach Sind in safety?"

"That is only to be seen by the event," replied Pambookat.

The King and his viziers conferred together, and at length Bijak, the chief vizier, spoke:

"His Majesty is pleased at your audacity," said he; "but know, O stranger! that he who aspires to combat with an enemy should give some tokens of courage and wisdom."

"It is just, O vizier!" replied Pambookat; "and I am ready to prove both."

Now there had been brought, the day before, from the forest where he had been captured, a huge tiger, who was then in a cage of iron in the court-yard of the palace. And Bijak proposed that Pambookat should enter the cage and confront the brute.

"I accept the task," said Pambookat; "and only ask to be left alone first for a moment in a chamber."

This was acceded to, though the courtiers smiled at his confidence, and predicted to each other that he would be speedily torn to pieces and devoured. However, so soon as he was

without witnesses, Pambookat summoned the fairy, and told her what he was expected to do. She waved her wand thrice, and stamping her foot there rose a fairy who seemed to be asleep, and who bore in her hand a flask of gold and a sponge, around which was wrapped a clean linen cloth.

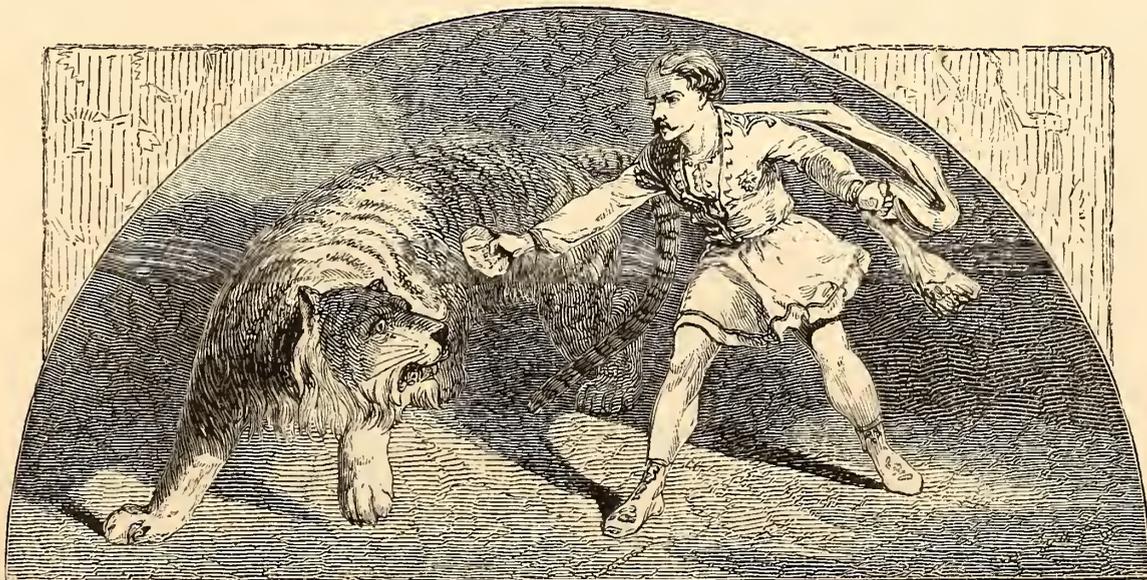
"Take these," said the fairy. "As you enter the cage pour the contents of the flask on the sponge, wrap the cloth loosely around it, and before the animal can recover from his surprise apply it to his nostrils. He will become powerless for a few minutes, and you can do with him as you choose."

Having said this, the fairy and her attendant disappeared.

The guards now came and conducted Pambookat to the court-yard, where all the Court had assembled. Pambookat entered the cage, and the tiger, astounded at his audacity, crouched for a moment in a corner growling and lashing his sides with his tail; then he prepared to spring upon his prey. The young man followed the fairy's instructions, and just as the tiger was in the act of springing, thrust the sponge against the expanded nostrils of the beast. In an instant the limbs of the tiger relaxed, his eyes closed, and he lay motionless upon the ground. Pambookat opened and shut the tiger's jaws, thrust his hand between his teeth; and finally, seizing him by the tail, dragged him half way across the cage. Then drawing his kris he cut off a piece from the right ear of the brute, and tying his scarf around his fore-legs left the cage and presented himself before the King, who had looked with astonishment upon these proceedings.

"Doubtless," he said, as he knelt at the feet of the King, "none in your majesty's Court are inferior to me in boldness. Possibly, therefore, some one of the courtiers will return the tiger his ear, and ask him for my scarf in exchange."

But the tiger had now recovered, and was growling so fearfully with pain and rage that no one offered to comply with the request.



PAMBOOKAT AND THE TIGER.



THE LIGHTNING GOBLIN.

“The courage of the stranger is undoubted,” said Bijak; “but to command in the field or to rule a conquered nation requires wisdom as well as boldness. We have sent a messenger a journey of forty leagues, and he has not yet returned. We would know if he has reached the Court of Bayik the Good, and if the Queen, who is the sister of our sovereign, has recovered from her illness.”

“It is but a trifle to know,” answered the other. “Conduct me to the chamber, and leave me there alone for an hour.”

So they sent him as he desired; and when they had left him he summoned the fairy again, and told her of the vizier’s task. She waved her wand and stamped her foot as before, and this time there arose a goblin whose face was dark and terrible, and whose eyes threw out occasionally flashes of light.

“O Kilat, son of the cloud!” said the fairy, “tell me what I want to know, you and your brethren, the sons of the cloud.”

“To hear is to obey,” answered Kilat; and clapping his hands there entered others like him. One of them bore a curious magical instrument, which he placed upon a table; the other, applying his hands to his navel, began drawing out a slender line. Attaching the end of this to the machine he darted out of the window, all the while spinning out the line from his bowels, as a spider spins her web. He was out of sight in a moment, but his track through the air could be traced for a long way by flashes of lightning which he left behind him in his rapid flight. Pambookat had hardly time to count a hundred before the magical instrument began to click. Kilat bent his head down as though he was listening to what it said. Then he spoke:

“Tell his glorions and Excellent Majesty, Lord of the earth and water, Lord of the White Elephant, Lord of the Celestial Weapon, Lord of Life, and Great Chief of Righteousness, the messenger has arrived, and sends tidings. The Queen has recovered from her illness; the King has been victorious; the treasure will be sent.

The messenger sent two days ago to his exalted Highness is now entering the city gates, and will reach the palace in a quarter of an hour.”

The fairy and the goblins disappeared, and Pambookat sought the King, to whom he communicated the tidings given by Kilat. Just after he had finished the missing messenger rode up, and the letter he bore confirmed what Pambookat had said. The King thereupon gave orders that an army should be assembled and placed under

the command of the young stranger.

Pambookat returned to his lodgings to prepare for his departure, and there summoned the fairy once more, and consulted her as to the mode of transporting his troops speedily over the desert. Waving her wand thrice, the fairy again stamped her foot, and this time there arose a hideous djinn, of colossal stature, with muscles of iron and brass; and his eyes, mouth, and nostrils gave forth smoke and sparks of fire.

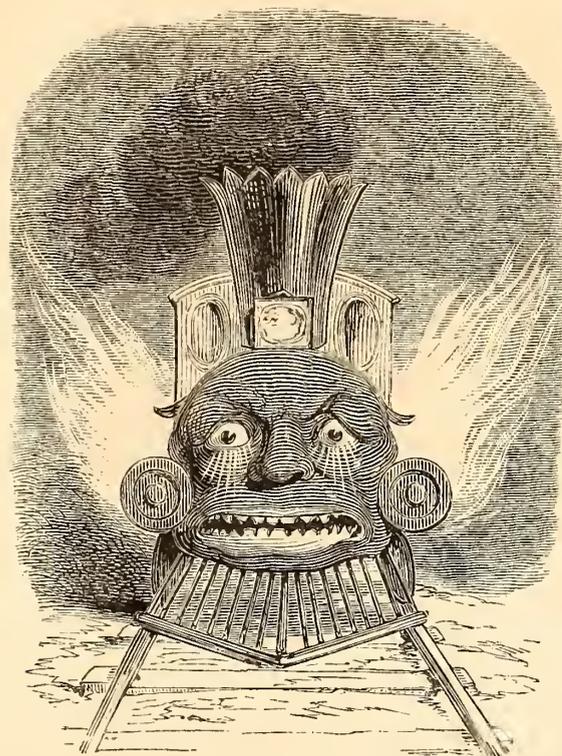
“Api-gwloojoo,” said the fairy, “you are welcome! I command you to serve my friend here—you, the creature of my will; you and your brethren, the eaters of fire.”

“To hear is to obey,” answered the djinn. “What must I do?”

“Prepare to convey a hundred thousand armed men to the chief city of Sind in three hours.”

The djinn bowed and vanished; and the fairy, after bidding Pambookat collect his army in front of the King’s palace on the following morning, disappeared.

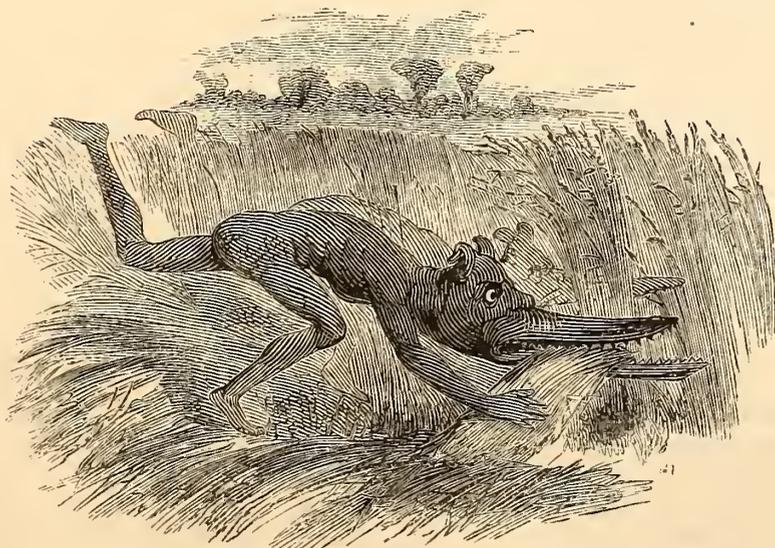
The next day, at dawn, the army of the King, a hundred thousand strong, were all assembled in front of the palace, where they found all the people of the city gathered, and all in a state of excited surprise. For during the night thousands of djinni had come and built an iron road extending far into the desert beyond the reach of the eye; and on that road, harnessed to great chariots that were capable of holding a thousand men each, were a hundred horses with bodies and limbs of iron and brass, and nostrils breathing fire and smoke. Pambookat ordered the army to enter the chariots, whereupon the horses each gave a scream that chilled the blood of those who heard it, and with a snort and puff they all dashed along the iron road with the speed of lightning, and were soon out of sight, leaving the multitude wondering at the extraordinary spectacle. On sped the horses dragging the chariots behind, and in the space of three hours the troops were all set down in the chief city of Sind.



THE IRON HORSE.

Galak was taken unawares, but he made a bold stand. His small army, however, was soon cut to pieces or dispersed, and he was taken by his own people, who loathed him, and put to death. Pambookat was proclaimed king, and the edict of Mulya the Magnificent, recognizing the new monarch as an independent sovereign, was read to the people amidst great rejoicing.

But Pambookat found the affairs of the kingdom in bad order. The taxes were oppressive; wicked men were in office; and, to crown all, the crops although heavy were rotting in the fields, because Galak had drawn so many men to his army that there were few to labor in the fields. To lower the taxes was easy; and after some trouble good men were found to take the place of those who plundered alike the government and the people, but the scarcity of reapers was not so easily remedied. In this dilemma



THE REAPING GOBLINS.

Pambookat bethought him of the fairy, whom he summoned once more, and confided to her his difficulty.

At the waving of the wand of Pundapatan and the stamping of her foot there speedily arose a djinn, of a prodigious size, whose wide mouth was armed with long steel teeth, which passed each other in a fearful manner.

“O Son of the Sickle!” said the fairy, “obey her who called you into being, and reap me all these fields of corn, you and your brethren, the sons of the sickle!”

“To hear is to obey,” answered Orung-tuwai, for such was the name of the djinn; and he stamped his foot, when there arose hundreds of djinni like himself. To and fro they ran through the fields, falling upon the standing corn, and cutting it with their iron teeth, and binding it in sheaves ready to be gathered into the barns and granaries; which when the people saw they speedily made haste to store it ready for use. Having done all this the djinni disappeared.

The fame of these exploits of Pambookat was spread far and wide. All the monarchs of the East sought his alliance and favor. The King of Pegu sent to him a wonderful White Elephant. He was ten cubits high, as white as snow. He wore upon his forehead a golden plate, upon which were engraved his name and titles, surrounded with two circles of nine precious stones to guard against all evil influences. His covering was of crimson silk, studded with rubies and diamonds. In his trunk he bore a letter written on a palm-leaf, saying that he was *Senmeng*, the “Lord Elephant, one of the seven precious things, the possession of which marks the *Maha Chakravartti Raja*. The Great Wheel-turning King, the holy and universal sovereign, whose advent marks a new cycle.”

But Pambookat sent back the elephant, saying that he was but a mortal, raised to power by celestial favor, and that he must humbly use his power for the good of his subjects and not for conquest or his own glory.

King Pambookat having set all matters in order in his kingdom, set off in the chariots on the iron road for Yemen. From thence he embarked for Zanguebar, where he demanded, as a king, the hand of the Princess Manjalis. The nuptial ceremonies lasted during two weeks, after which he returned with his queen to the capital of Sind, where the people welcomed him with flowers and fireworks and great rejoicings. Over his kingdom Pambookat reigned long and happily; and his deeds, and the many great things he effected for the good of his people through the help of Pundapatan, are written in the Chronicles of Sind.

CARICATURE AND CARICATURISTS.



CARICATURE, according to Webster, is "a figure or description, in which beauties are concealed and blemishes exaggerated, but still bearing a resemblance to the object." The definition, which does not differ essentially from those given by other authorities, is narrow, imperfect, and clumsy. True, the word "caricature" is derived from the Italian *caricare*, to load or charge; and, etymologically speaking, a caricature is, in plain English, an overcharged likeness. The French say of a caricature that it is *chargé*, charged, and they use the word *charge* oftener than *caricature*. But it does not follow that any overcharged likeness is properly a caricature; because such likeness may not attain, or seek to attain, the end of caricature, which is ridicule. And even if this be both sought and attained, it may be otherwise than by the concealment of beauties and the exaggeration of blemishes. For a man may have a very handsome Roman nose, one quite perfect in its kind, or a woman may be distinguished by the copiousness of her hair, or the smallness of her hands and feet, and he or she may be caricatured by the exaggeration of these beauties. Caricature is rather the humorous and ridiculous exaggeration of features or habits peculiar to an individual. Thus the flat nose and thick lips of the negro may be exaggerated, or the long legs of the crane, or the mane of the lion, in which cases the exaggeration is of a peculiarity of a species; or the Duke of Wellington may be caricatured by an exaggeration of his high-bridged nose—a feature peculiar to him among his species.

How long this art has been practiced we do not know; but probably, in a certain degree, from the period when the power to imitate the human figure, even in the rudest manner, came in aid of mischief or revenge. When a little school-boy, goaded by painful memories, draws his master, whip in hand, he almost always caricatures him, after a rude fashion, by enormous

spectacles or a big mouth, or both, or by exaggerating his professional instrument of torture, or his shirt-collars, or his large feet, or all of these peculiarities. Then he publishes his sketch with a satisfaction the keenness of which is unknown to Leech or M'Lenan, by circulating it from desk to desk, till sometimes, alas! it ends by reaching the very desk whither it was not intended to go—the consequences of which catastrophe are pleasant or unpleasant according to the amount of common sense with which the subject of the sketch is gifted. What is practiced by the individual in his early years was doubtless also practiced in the infancy of the species; and we may be sure that Cain scratched derogatory semblances of Abel in the paths which led away from Paradise. But the Deluge washed them all out; and, to confess the truth, the earliest remnants of caricature known to us are no older than the Pyramids, which seem upon so many subjects to be the beginning of all things postdiluvian. We must not, however, mistake for caricatures the monstrous, and, to us, the ridiculous figures with which the ancient Egyptian temples and palaces are covered. The human bodies with heads of dogs, and lions, and crocodiles, and birds were designed with no comic motive, but had an allegorical significance, and generally a religious character. The representations of big beetles getting into little boats are comical enough, and may have been intended to excite laughter; but when we remember the importance of the *scarabæus* in the Egyptian and the Etruscan iconology, we shall not be too ready to attribute these droll compositions to the hand of the caricaturist. But when we encounter figures of dwarfs, in which the variations from the human form in its normal condition are such as can have no significance, we may reasonably infer that the artist intended to excite as much laughter as we can believe an Egyptian to have indulged in; for it would seem as if mirth must have fled the land with grace before the erection



EGYPTIAN DWARF.

of those ponderous structures on which the Egyptian bas-reliefs are found, and the chief æsthetic function of which has proved to be the perpetuation of an oppressive gloom. If we may accept these dwarf figures as caricatures, they show us that even in their sport the Egyptians were formal and stereotyped, and made themselves merry over petrified jokes, according to some law in that case made and provided; for these figures, like all the others found upon their public buildings, are repeated again, and again, and again with a faithfulness of iteration equal to that of the Chinamen, who put a patch in the elbow of the new coat because the pattern was decorated in like manner, and who sent home the new dinner-set with a nick in the edge of every plate for the same reason. But there would be consistency between this formal fun and the Egyptian character as manifested by their other works of art; for their characteristic trait in this regard is the substitution of the conventional for the ideal; and caricature is a kind of perverse or reverse ideal. A people who were so utterly incapable of the ideal that they could represent the greatness of a victorious king only by the puerile device of making him twice as tall as his subjects and three times as tall as his conquered enemies, could not be expected to go in caricature beyond the feeble fun of children.

There is an Egyptian painting extant which represents cats attacking a castle defended by rats; and this has been cited as an early example of the art of caricature. But although burlesque, satirical perhaps, and even comic, this performance is not properly within the definition of caricature. It produces its comical effect by inherent absurdity, and not by ludicrous exaggeration. The same judgment must be passed upon the drawings upon the walls of Herculaneum, which are sometimes referred to as specimens of ancient caricature. These give an absurd turn to ancient myths by representing the personages in them with the heads of beasts. Thus, in one of them, the pious Æneas, father Anchises, and the little Ascanius are depicted, the two former with the heads of hogs, and the latter with the head of an ape. But here there is not even satire, much less humor. For what trait or what fortune of the wandering Trojans is in any way represented, or even alluded to, by putting these heads upon their shoulders? Nor are the whimsical battles between the pigmies and the cranes, which are also represented in Herculaneum, any more worthy of the name of caricature; for whatever of ludicrousness there is in these pictures is again inherent in the subject itself, and is not due to humorous distortion. But among the Etruscan remains there is one which may be properly classed among the few caricatures which have come down to us from the infancy of art. It represents a dwarf seller or exhibitor of apes, who approaches a person of rank, also a dwarf, and also caricatured. The difference of rank and condition between the two personages is strongly marked. The superior having an air of dignity and con-



ETRUSCAN APE-SELLER.

sequence, and the countenance of the inferior exhibiting marks of degradation and servility, which the dwarfish and monstrous proportions of the figures make quite ludicrous. The caricature in this composition, however, is of a very inferior order; and more so than would be supposed at first. For the club in the hand of the ape-bearing dwarf shows that this figure is intended to represent Hercules, who, hero and demi-god although he was, was often brought upon the stage to play a ridiculous part. This composition probably represents a scene from some comedy in which he is thus introduced. But it will be remarked that he is here made ridiculous, not by the humorous exaggeration of his peculiar personal traits, but in a manner that might be used with equal propriety in the case of any other individual. To look forward a little, had Leech, or Doyle, or Doré, undertaken to caricature Hercules, what knotted and convoluted folds of brawn we should have seen in the hero who "traveled on his muscle!" and how the low forehead and the bull neck would have been seized upon and worked up until the figures seemed no forehead and all neck! It is noticeable that both the figures in this composition wear the ancient Scythian breeches or trowsers, which integuments are of purely barbaric origin. In ancient times they were called by the Seythians *saravara*, as classic writers tell us, and they retain that name in Little Russia and in Illyria to this day.

Perhaps the comic masks of the Grecian and the Roman stages must be classed among caricatures, as they were made for the purpose of exciting laughter by a ludicrous exaggeration or distortion of the human features. But their failure to characterize traits or to embody types and their lack of humor, leave them very low in the scale of caricature, even if they do not exclude them from it. The distortion of the mouth in these masks, for the purpose of aiding the passage of the performer's voice, is so monstrous that it ceases to be ludicrous, and the fixed and formal contortion of the features fails as much

to express mirth as an opera dancer's smile to express pleasure. The vital spirit is extinct in either case.

But in all the remains of Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, and Roman art, although we find some compositions which are extravagant, fantastic, monstrous, and grotesque, and great numbers which to one or all these elements add that of indecency, yet that subtle quality which we call humor, and which is an essential element in successful caricature, is almost universally lacking in them. Indeed, were it not for that immortal irony of poor badgered Job—"No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you"—it might be doubted, in spite of Aristophanes and Terence, whether humor were not one of those mental qualities which were developed in man during the Dark Ages.

It is certain that in Gothic art the grotesque was first largely mingled with the serious; and that in the labors of the medieval sculptors, carvers, and illuminators we find the first indications of caricature as it is practiced in the present day. As the artists of those times were almost exclusively occupied with religious subjects—in decorating cathedrals, shrines, missals, and gospels—it seems strange that the comic should so largely prevail in their works. But there was then a monstrous mixture of restraint and license in all matters pertaining to religion. So long as men did not dispute the authority and the infallibility of the Church, and paid Paul for his preaching and Peter his pence, and were born, baptized, married, dead and buried according to the formula prescribed at Rome, they might have their revenge by making any amount of fun of religion or of its ministers. Did not the whole tribe of story-tellers, from Boccaccio down—all of them faithful sons of the Church—make monks and confessors the butt of their ridicule, the victims of their satire, and that too when all the world knew that their scandalous fun was founded on fact? And so it was that the very churches and mass-books were filled with sculptured and painted burlesques and satires. And as the tales told by the good Catholics above referred to are often not very decent, so the positions and occupations of the figures in the works of the ecclesiastical sculptors, carvers, and painters are, in numberless instances, of such a character that they can not even be told to ears polite. Such subjects are sometimes to be found in the ornaments of prominent parts of sacred edifices, but generally they are thrust into corners, or below or above the line of ordinary sight. The carvings beneath the stalls or seats in the choirs of many of the old cathedrals are of such a character that if made nowadays and offered for sale they would be confiscated, and the vendor prosecuted as an enemy to public morals. But at the same time it must be admitted that some of them are so humorous that we can not but regret that their subjects condemn them to undisturbed obscurity. In these compositions, and in the grotesque heads and figures which appear in

the mouldings, and do duty as brackets or corbel tips, and in similar other positions, it is not improbable that the different religious orders satirized each other; and that members of the same order vented their spleen upon companions who had become hateful, perhaps from the mere fact of constant intercourse under constraint of mind and body, which Robert Browning portrays with such fine dramatic power in his "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," beginning,

"Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence,
Water your damned flower-pots, do;
If hate killed men, brother Lawrence,
God's blood, would not mine kill you?"

"What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?
Oh, that rose has prior claims—
Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?
Hell dry you up with its flames."

It is at this time, and in this school of art, that social caricature and the caricature of the extravagance of fashion first appears. An early and a very whimsical example of this is to be found in the figure of a devil which is reproduced in Shaw's superb work on Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages, from a manuscript illuminated between 1100 and 1150. The most remarkable peculiarity of the costume of that time was the sleeve of the robe, or tunic, which was so long, and hung down so low, that it had to be knotted up out of the way when the wearer moved about. This fiend, whose features doubtless have a caricatured likeness to those of some enemy, or some friend, of the illuminator's, wears one of these tunics, with skirts and sleeves of a monstrous and ridiculous length.



FASHIONABLE FIEND, OF MIDDLE AGES.

A later instance of noticeable caricature is found in a Psalter used by King Richard II., which is preserved in the British Museum. This unique volume, upon which has been lavished all the resources of the illuminator's art, is filled with grotesque representations of events in Sa-

cred History: for instance, the combat between David and Goliath, depicted as a contest before the King between the court dwarf and the gigantic court fool. Among its extravagant subjects is the representation of the celebration of mass by a choir of white monks. One officiates at the altar, and ten sit in the stalls at the side, five behind five. But behind the second row five skeletons are placed in an elevated desk, or pew—two of which wear the triple tiara, one a cardinal's hat, and two golden circlets with knobs. Neither the figures themselves nor the motive of this singular picture bring it within the definition of proper caricature; but this is effected by its deliberate inversion of the laws of perspective—for what reason it seems impossible to divine. The figures increase in size as they recede. The monks in the fore-ground are rather dwarfish, the five in the stalls behind them are enormous fellows, and the skeletons are colossal. The effect is very grotesque, yet not at all humorous or amusing. But the question arises, Did the illuminator thus satirize the drawing of a contemporary artist, and did he thus deprive Hogarth of at least a certain degree of the credit of originality in his well-known print entitled "Perspective?"

Lionardo da Vinci, immortal as a painter of sacred and historical subjects—but, in fact, one of the most variously-gifted as well as one of the greatest men known to history—as if to leave no department of art untried, amused himself with caricaturing. Yet that can hardly be called amusement to which he gave all his mind when he was engaged upon it. Lanzi tells us that he elaborated his burlesques with hardly less assiduity than he bestowed upon his serious pictures, always endeavoring to make his last effort of this kind more ludicrous than its predecessor; inasmuch that he was heard to say that they ought to be carried to such a height, if possible, as even to make a dead man laugh. Annibale Carracci also drew caricatures; and even the "divine" Raphael amused himself by burlesquing the "Laocoon," substituting apes for human figures.



HEADS.—BY CARRACCI AND DA VINCI.

Up to this period caricature, such as it was, concerned itself only with the minor and the merely incidental topics of the time, or was employed upon subjects which had really no hidden significance whatever, such as the designing of ludicrous and monstrously-distorted figures. Such continued to be its humble functions until a comparatively recent period. It

was careful to offend no one in power; it sought to expose and remedy no abuse; although it must often have been used to gratify personal pique. The Reformation, which set free so many other agencies, till then bound hand and foot by ecclesiastical authority and blinded by the darkness of superstition, liberated the pencil of the satirical artist, and caricature stepped forth among the powers of the earth—a power which inquisitors, and popes, and kings, and all the banded throng of man's oppressors have learned to fear, have sought to bribe, and sometimes have succeeded in buying and using to aid the accomplishment of their hard, selfish purposes. This has happened with comparative rarity, however; caricature has almost always been enlisted as a volunteer in the service of humanity, and has fought the battle of intellectual advancement and political liberty.

But the new-born art advanced at first with timid and uncertain steps. For two full centuries after the death of Luther caricature failed—even in England, where it has always been most cherished and developed—to rise above the point of cumbrous satirical allegory or emblematic art. The caricatures of the century 1600,* and of the early part of the next, are very complicated and utterly devoid of humor. They generally contain many figures and endeavor to express many actions. They need a key to tell who the personages are that figure in them, and notes to explain what they are about, and where is the point of the intended joke, if the motive be jocose, which is not often the case. The figures are, with few exceptions, as serious as if they were attending a conventicle, and their faces are as wooden and impassable as those of figure-heads. The idea of individualizing character and overcharging peculiar traits of person, of making the composition intrinsically ludicrous, seems not to have entered the heads of the caricaturists of this age.

The chef-d'œuvre of this school of caricature is one called *Magna Britannia divisa*, which was executed by an artist named Hans Vanderpil, at Amsterdam, in 1642. It is three feet in length, and wide in proportion. Its figures seem countless. It has references designating the action which use up the alphabet to P, besides an explanation in English and French, by numbers, which extend to 90. The latter is so long that it would occupy not less than three pages in this Magazine. As the execution of such a work must needs have been very expensive—for it is a copper-plate engraving—it has been reasonably supposed that it was paid for by the secret-service money of the Parliament. A Dutch artist was

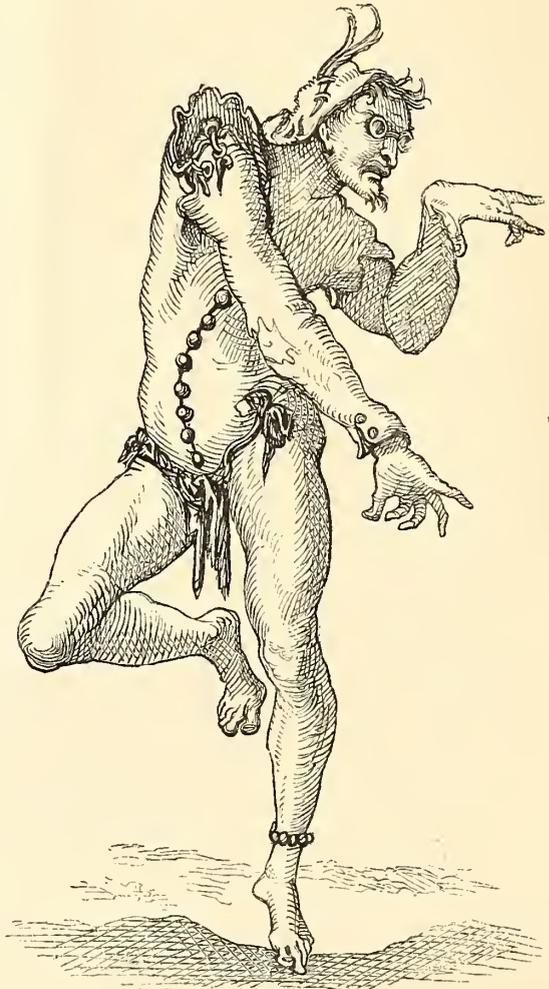
* *i.e.*, the century extending from A.D. 1600 to A.D. 1699, the seventeenth century, but which may be more conveniently styled the century 1600, as we say that a boy is sixteen years old until he is seventeen. This designation has the advantage of naming the century by the number by which its years are called, instead of by that which pertains to the next century, which confuses many persons. The proposition for the new designation was made by an eminent British antiquary and historian.

employed, because Holland was, at that time, as eminent for its caricatures as England and France now are. The object of the drawings, of which this is the most striking and typical specimen extant, was less to excite a laugh than to bring forcibly to mind the connection of certain political or religious events, and the position occupied by the parties prominently connected with them.

Louis XIV. was long the butt of the Dutch caricaturists, who, if their wit had been equal to their will, would have left a comic history of his reign worth perusal. But the lack of humor, in their compositions and their complicated designs, make them dull enough, even to a student of the antiquities of art. Some of them are grossly indecent, but without that enlivening touch of comic genius which, if it does not justify, sometimes palliates a slight violation of strict decorum.

In the reign of the predecessor of *Le Grand Monarque* there lived in France a man who, had France been free, might have antedated the eminence of her school of caricaturists by two centuries. Jacques Callot, of a noble Lorraine family, who left the paternal mansion with a troop of wandering Bohemians, and whom neither persuasion nor privation could deter from becoming an engraver, was one of the greatest masters of the grotesque known to the history of art. Nor was his power less to embody character and bring out its salient points by artfully overcharging them. The freedom of his hand and the fertility of his graver rival, if they do not surpass, those of any other artist that ever lived. His plates are most interesting records of the manners and customs of his time, and bear upon their face that undefinable impress of their faithfulness which is hardly to be mistaken. His peculiar excellence was in his small figures, which thron through his compositions even in the remotest distance, and which are always drawn with ease, vivacity, and grace. The figure here given as a specimen of his style is one of two fools or jesters who are "saucing" each other in the fore-ground of a composition in which they are the principal personages. The posture of the other is not sufficiently decorous to permit its transfer to our pages. This one is making with his right hand the sign of protection against the evil eye, than which there could be no greater insult in the south of Europe at that time, or, in fact, even now among the ignorant and the superstitious. He is capering, too, after the fashion of the professional mime or jester, whose function was passing out of vogue at the time when Callot flourished. Neither the face of this figure nor that of its companion are caricatured. They are strongly marked, and somewhat grotesque, but they can hardly be called exaggerated. Such faces exist in nature, and in fact are not rare, especially among the lower classes in Europe. Callot was (to make a word) rather a characterist than a caricaturist. He overcharged the features of his figures hardly at all. His comic power lay

in his quick perception of what was essentially ridiculous, in his choice of subjects, and in his faculty of bringing strongly out their characteristic traits. In this he is the true predecessor and antitype of the French caricaturists of the present day.



DANCING FOOL.—BY CALLOT.

But it was in England that caricature first assumed the power which it now wields, to a certain degree, in almost all highly civilized countries; and there, too, it first attained the true ideal of its functions. Hogarth has been regarded as the first great caricaturist of the modern school; nor is his fame one jot greater than his genius justified. He first gave the pencil and the burin a power in society by making vice, and folly, and coarseness ridiculous; and there can be no reasonable doubt that his works did much to promote the cause of virtue, of social culture, and of intellectual progress. True, every design did not produce a certain sudden and palpable effect which might be traced immediately to its cause; but his plates, like the essays in the *Spectator*, tended greatly to the advancement of the community to which they were addressed in all that makes men honest and benevolent, women pure and charming, and life consequently lovely; though, strange to say, Hogarth was, to the last, an intolerably gross, uncultivated, clownish man. Cruelty, fraud, avarice, debauchery, rudeness, and arrogance could not by such means be driven out of the land.

Unhappily their germs lie too deeply hidden in the human heart to be uprooted by the painter's pencil. But when the mirror was held up in which they saw how deformed, how monstrous, how ridiculous they appeared to others' eyes, they fled the light of open day, and concealed themselves in dens and corners, where to be vile was not to be remarked. Yet it can not be denied that, as a moralist, Hogarth is—so to speak—somewhat too didactic. Perhaps all moralists must be so. He crams his lesson down our throats a little too remorselessly. *Hec fabula docet* appears too plainly on all that he does. His industrious apprentice going to church to court his rich master's daughter—thus with prudent economy of means killing two birds with one stone, and finally becoming Lord Mayor of London—bores us a little. We should be glad to see him somewhat less precise and priggish, and having a jolly good time occasionally. And in those series of plates on which his popular fame chiefly rests, Hogarth is not properly a caricaturist. Neither in "Industry and Idleness," "Marriage à la Mode," "The Rake's Progress," "The Harlot's Progress," "The Stages of Cruelty," nor in the single compositions which are akin to them, is the effect attained, or sought, by humorous exaggeration. His prints are filled with laughable representations of the vile and the vulgar; but they are laughable because they are essentially ridiculous. Their effect is produced by the subject, not by the artist. The credit due to him is that he perceived the ludicrous in the scenes which passed before him, and perceiving it, fixed it upon his cartoon forever. In fact, one of his critics (Malcolm) has confessed that, "in delineating the faces of the vulgar as he found them in the streets of London, he has merely given us the expression and very character of the people, without the least caricature."

But although Hogarth was more characterist than caricaturist, he has left us many fine examples of genuine caricature. Among them is the "Perspective" before noticed, in which all the rules of the art are reversed with most ludi-

crous effect. The water runs up hill; a woman leaning from the window of an inn gives light to the pipe of a man on a knoll half a mile off, the trees on which partly conceal the sign of the house in which she is; of a straggling flock of sheep those farthest off are the largest; and a sportsman in a boat fires at a swan upon the water, although the piers of a bridge are between him and his game. Two dancing figures in one of his plates to the "Analysis of Beauty" are fine specimens of caricature. The tall, angular, awkward man who has his back toward us looks like a dancing-jack in a tie-wig and a laced coat, while the stout gentleman would be the very man, if he could now be found, to figure in a hippopotamus polka. It seems as if his ponderous feet would go through the floor. In Hogarth's print called "Evening" is a fine touch of caricature, although it is not produced by exaggeration. A London tradesman has been out with his wife and children "pleasuring." As they return in the early twilight, his buxom wife bears his hat and gloves, in return for which he carries her infant, upon his claim to the paternity of which the painter has adroitly cast a doubt by so composing his picture that the horns of a cow in the back-ground seem to stand out from the unsuspecting citizen's head. This is a fine example of what may be called the caricature of circumstance. Perhaps the purest specimen of caricature left us by Hogarth is his representation of Farinelli. Hogarth was one of the stoutest opposers of the introduction of the Italian opera into England, and he used the weapon of ridicule against it in presenting this absurd portrait of the great male *soprano* of the day, who was the petted favorite of ladies of rank and fashion, although he was one of those poor mutilated creatures,

"By their smooth chins and simple simper known."

It should be remarked that Hogarth did not own the authorship of the print in which this caricature appears. Its style, however, shows it unmistakably to be his.



DANCING.—BY HOGARTH.



FARINELLI.—BY HOGARTH.



ROYAL EXPECTATIONS.—BY GILLRAY.

But it was not until the appearance of John Gillray that English caricature assumed the foremost place which it has since held. Gillray was born just as Hogarth was passing off the stage of life, and his earliest known caricature is dated 1779. Between the death of Hogarth, 1764, and that period at which Gillray was acknowledged as his worthy successor, twenty years had elapsed, during which caricature had become more free and daring than ever before. But although it engaged the attention of many artists, both professional and amateur, some of the latter being of the highest rank, and although hardly a magazine appeared without its caricature, no one caricaturist had appeared who might be justly called a master. But in Gillray satire, humor, invention, and technical skill were so combined that he at once assumed a commanding position, which he held until his irregular habits of life brought on insanity—a period of thirty-two years. Of the other humorous artists of that period Bunbury and Rowlandson were the most eminent; and the latter was doubtless a great draughtsman and a keen and humorous satirist, as the illustrations to “Dr. Syntax’s Tour” and “Drunken Barnaby’s Journey” sufficiently attest. But neither of them had either the force or the fertility of Gillray; and to the caricaturist who makes his impression and retains his hold upon the public mind by the use to which he puts the topic of the day, these qualities are of the first importance. Gillray’s caricatures are so extravagant, the characteristic traits of his figures, whether real or ideal, are so exceedingly exaggerated, that many persons believe he was unable to design correctly. This opinion is altogether unfounded, as any careful student of all his works will see. There is a caricature of his, for instance, called “A March to the Bank,” in which, by the steady advance of a detachment of soldiers, many people are thrown down headlong in confusion. Among them are a fat fish-woman and a pretty milliner-girl, both of whose figures, owing to their positions and the loose costume of the time, are much exposed, and both are beautifully drawn. So in the print called “The Morning after Marriage,”

the marriage being that unfortunate one of the Prince of Wales with Caroline of Brunswick. The Princess, who sits upon the bed drawing on her stocking, reproachfully points the Prince to his soon deserted pillow. Her attitude, her face, and her limbs are lovely. In spite of the office in which she is engaged, her figure lacks neither dignity nor grace, and the drawing is admirable throughout. The figure of the Prince, too—then a handsome fellow, and not yet “your fat friend”—sitting completely dressed upon the edge of a table, is also unexceptionable in drawing. Some of Gillray’s early serious works after his own designs, and some of those which he produced as an engraver—to which art he at first devoted himself—are remarkable for their correctness of outline and careful finish. In fact he was in this respect superior to all of his successors. But it must be confessed that soon after he began to caricature he boldly defied nature and probability in his style, and too often seemed bent upon justifying Hogarth’s dictum that “the name of caricatura ought to be divested of every stroke that hath a tendency to good drawing.” He erred, however, like a great man, and always with a purpose which he attained. Whether he might not have attained his end and at the same time presented some of his subjects with more of the semblance of human beings, is another question. He probably might have done so, had he had a modern British or American public to which to address himself. But we must remember that his object was to please and to impress the general public; and that in the last century the tastes and habits of the masses in England were coarse and low, almost to brutality. In his time, too, judging by the portraits of the day, there was a grossness of figure among his countrymen which had not existed to so great a degree before, and which has been somewhat mitigated since. So that his elephantine men and women were not either amiss to the taste or opposed to the observation of the public to please whom they were drawn. In this respect he was not peculiar. The caricaturists who immediately preceded him, as well as his contemporaries, drew the same gross, clumsy figures. But to him, however, is due the credit of creating the figure of John Bull. It was Gillray who first presented the ideal Englishman as a great, beefy, over-fed, broad-faced animal—a compound of thick-headed honesty, stolid selfishness, and surly obstinacy, which was accepted by his countrymen, and has been since retained by them as their type. Think of thus portraying the representative Englishman of the days of Sidney and Raleigh, of Hampden and Milton! We can not seriously entertain the notion for a moment. But we should remember that one reason of our inability to do so is, that the sort of Englishman who may be thus most fitly represented, if any may be, did not appear in English political life, was not a power in the state or in society until toward the end of the last century. Yet this being granted, it is not a sufficient reason for the marked change

in the English type of person and countenance which took place between 1650 and 1775, of which there was some cause which has yet to be discovered.

Gillray lived and "flourished" at a happy time for a caricaturist. Then all England was divided by sharp lines into the opposite factions of Whigs and Tories, who hated each other quite as heartily as if they were at actual warfare. Party-spirit was venomous and proscriptive to a degree of which we, in these times, happily know nothing. An intermarriage between a Tory family and a Whig family, among people of "quality" and political influence, was almost as dreadful an event, to all but the parties most interested, as that between the Montagues and Capulets. These people, as they did not fight with swords, turned against each other all the power of satire and ridicule, and lampooned and caricatured each other within an inch of their lives. Their attacks of this kind were coarse, virulent, cruel, almost brutal, and very often indecent to a degree hardly credible except upon actual knowledge. No eminence of rank or character secured immunity. The King himself, nay, the Queen, who had no more political position or influence than any other lady in the land, was constantly attacked in the coarsest manner, and upon points with which the public had little or no concern. Thus, both their Majesties being frugal as to their personal expenditure, this virtue, which rarely wears a crown or coronet, was caricatured in them without mercy. Gillray was foremost in this attack. In a pair of prints he represented George III. in a night-cap and dressing-gown, with his breeches unbuttoned at

the knee, toasting muffins for his own breakfast; while in the other, Queen Charlotte, decorated with a mobcap and apron, but with her pocket overflowing with guineas, is frying sprats for hers. Their son, the Duke of York, was married in 1791 to the eldest daughter of the King of Prussia, who brought with her a very considerable dowry. This event was made the subject of a caricature by Gillray, entitled "Expectation," in which he represented the Duke presenting his wife, with her apron full of money, to his royal parents, whose attention is concentrated, with the most ludicrous avidity, not upon their new daughter-in-law, but upon the treasure that she brings. The Queen holds out her apron eagerly for her expected share, and the King kicks up his feet like a four-year-old urchin who is promised tarts and candies. The faces of both King and Queen are caricatured to the verge of actual monstrosity, which is made the more severe by the preservation of a strong likeness.

In Gillray's time caricature had a much greater influence than it has had since. But this was not on account of the superiority of the caricatures. It was the result of the strength of party feeling, combined with power and ignorance in the people who were addressed. Thus, one of the most famous caricatures of the time was "Carlo Khan's Triumphal Entry into Leadenhall Street," by James Sayer, an elder contemporary of Gillray. It was directed at Fox, who had brought a bill into Parliament for the suppression of the monstrous injustice and rapacity by which the British East India Company amassed enormous fortunes for various members of the John Bull family. It was opposed, of



PITT, SHERIDAN, FOX, AND JOHN BULL.—BY GILLRAY.

course, by all the wealth and influence of that great corporation, and Fox was accused of desiring to destroy their vested rights and usurp power over them, and was christened Carlo Khan. Sayer's print represented him in Eastern costume as Carlo Khan, borne to the door of the India House on the back of an elephant, to which was given the face of the premier, Lord North, and which was led by Burke as imperial trumpeter, he having been the strongest supporter of the bill in the House. The reader can see that there is very little humor in this conception, and that little is certainly not heightened in the execution. A similar caricature now would be brushed aside at once as stupid. And yet Fox is said to have acknowledged that his India Bill received its severest blow in public estimation from this caricature. The reason was, that it suited the taste and just fitted the calibre of the people to whom it was addressed. So true is it that

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."

Gillray was fortunate, too, in having the events of the French Revolution and the intrigues of its sympathizers and opponents in Great Britain to work upon. Indeed, the personal characters and French sympathies of Fox and Sheridan were a good part of his stock in trade. The swarthy, Hebrew-looking face of the former, the mottled, dissipated countenance of the latter, and the sharp, up-turned nose and slender figure of Pitt appear continually in any extensive collection of his works. In one of them we find all of this immortal trio, and with them the no less immortal, and then new-born, John Bull. The print is not only noticeable as containing the three real personages who engaged so much of Gillray's attention, and the ideal which he created, but as being a marked example of the peculiarities of his style. It appeared in 1797, when a French invasion was feared, and when, Pitt being Chancellor of the Exchequer, an Order in Council was issued prohibiting the Bank of England from paying its notes in cash. This suspension of specie payments created a great sensation, but did not seriously shake public confidence. So Gillray, in a plate underlined "*Bank Notes—Paper Money—French Alarmists—Oh, the Devil, the Devil—Ah! poor John Bull!*" shows Pitt as a bank clerk paying out "rags and lampblack" to John Bull, who is the perfection of grossness, clownish rusticity; and anatomical monstrosity. On one side, Fox, wearing an enormous cocked hat with a tricolored cockade, exclaims, "Don't take his d—d paper, John! Insist upon having gold to make your peace with the French when they come." On the other side, Sheridan, in *bonnet rouge*—poor, bankrupt, guinea-borrowing, bailiff-shirking Sherry—cries out, "Don't take his notes! Nobody takes notes now. They'll not even take mine!" But John, represented as firm in his confidence in Pitt—for, don't you see? Pitt was in power—sturdily, and, it must be confessed,

sensibly, answers, "I wool take it! a may as well let my Measter Billy hold the gold to keep away the Frenemen as save it to gee to you when ye come o'er wi' your domned invasion." The hit was a fair one, and hard enough, and the composition is very laughable; but how monstrous the figures! how coarse the humor! how utterly lacking the composition in that keenness and subtlety which are the weapons of more modern caricature!

But Gillray was always coarse. We give place, as upon the whole admissible, to one of his caricatures of Pitt, which was inspired by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's absorption of money, a peculiarity in his person, and his use of an equivocal phrase in one of his speeches. But nearly half of the great caricaturist's plates must be marked as not to be produced in mixed society. And this quite aside from that large number, the motive and central thought of which can not be named to ears polite. Those which were intended for general circulation, and actually did lie by hundreds upon the tables of the most elegant houses in London, have figures in them which would now not be allowed to enter any respectable parlor.



THE BOTTOMLESS PITT.—BY GILLRAY.

Fashion in dress was very extravagant in Gillray's time, and he did not spare it; but his caricatures of costume were comparatively few, and bear such an insignificant relation to the bulk of his works, that they hardly require to be mentioned in so brief an examination of his labors as this is. In caricature of the follies and social humors of the day his successor, George Cruikshank, was pre-eminent. Gillray's last print is dated 1811. Cruikshank, at that time seventeen years old, had already begun to practice his art publicly; and now, at the age of sixty-seven, still occasionally wields with unabated spirit the humorous pencil, the well-won and well-preserved fruits of which have long since placed him beyond the necessity of using it. Gillray, with all his genius and all his success, went to his grave a besotted, imbecile pauper; George Cruikshank, upon whom his mantle fell, is as temperate, as thrifty, as thoroughly respectable a man as if he were the stupidest and sourcest prig that ever stifled mirth, and sought to

gain happiness in the next life by making this one gloomy.

Cruikshank has published comparatively few political caricatures. He fought in the cause of the Princess of Wales against her plausible, heartless, debauchee husband—his treatment of which subject first made him famous—and directed some of his earlier shafts against the Tory party in Great Britain. But abandoning this field about thirty years ago, his pencil has since been chiefly occupied in illustrating books or periodicals—such books as "Grimm's German Popular Stories," the novels of Fielding and Smollet, Dickens's "Sketches by Boz," and "Oliver Twist;" such periodicals as the "Comic Almanac," which was published five years (1835-1840), and "The Omnibus," in which he embarked with Laman Blanchard, and certain "semi-occasional" sketch-books of his own. He has thus been chiefly occupied in presenting the ridiculous side of the follies, the vanities, and the abuses of private life, and in presenting humorously exaggerated portraits of all the queer, peculiar people upon whom his quick, observant eye has rested. Among his earliest works was a series of plates called "Monstrosities," carica-

turing, and not very extravagantly, the fashions of dress from 1815 to 1825. Among these he, of course, did not leave untouched the very short skirts and low bodices of the women, and the long skirts and high collars of the men. About 1820 there was a most ridiculous fashion of dressing boys just as their papas were dressed; and in one of his "Monstrosities," published at a time when high bell-crowned hats, high shirt collars, enormous coat collars, small waists, and peg-top trowsers were in fashion, he has a most ridiculous group of a father and son dressed alike to a button, and the absurdity of which is heightened by that perfect similarity in physiognomy and figure between the two which is sometimes seen between man and boy, and which in itself has something of the ludicrous. Among these earlier works, which, by-the-way, he has never surpassed in humor, is one illustrating the inconveniences of a crowded drawing-room, the central group in which is a very fat woman and a very fat man trying to pass each other in a doorway. Both are in the agony of full dress, and as one attempts to slip in and the other to slip out the aperture, which is barely large enough for the comfortable passage of either with a lit-



MONSTROSITIES OF 1816.—BY CRUIKSHANK.

tle "margin," they are caught together, and wedged fast. The lady places the sharp toe of the shoe which contains the chubby foot that sustains her enormous weight upon the gouty toe of the gentleman. The physical anguish and mental distress of these two figures is most laughably burlesqued. In the back-ground the sharp noses of two gentlemen are seen driven, the one into the eye and the other into the mouth of their opposite neighbor.

Cruikshank was the first caricaturist who found his subjects in the everyday, out-door life of people at large. He it was who first made the world laugh at the patience of hapless anglers awaiting a nibble in a chilling rain; at travelers, wife-enumbered and with all the *impedimenta* of bandboxes, traveling-bags, trunks, umbrellas, and other luggage, staring, hopeless, at a coach rapidly diminishing in the distance; at people on a trip to Margate, or across the Channel, paying Neptune the tribute which he exacts from neophytes; at the vagaries of phrenology; at the attempt to defy Jeremiah's aphorism about an Ethiopian changing his skin, by the efforts of half a dozen sturdy wenches to wash a negro white; at beadles (who can forget his embodi-

ment of the personal stolidity and parochial dignity of Bumble?); at life-guardsmen; at ladies with sharp noses, taper waists, and floods of cork-screw ringlets; at money-lending gentlemen of "the Hebrew persuasion;" at soldiers with shakos, and sailors with queues; and at all manner of humbugs, bores, and shams. A very characteristic example of his style of drawing, as well as of his humor, is his marine who, with eyes strained wide, says to his officer, "Please your honor, Tom Towser tied my tail so tight that I can't shut my eyes;" and we believe that the little dog whose tail curled so tight that it lifted his feet off the ground was of Cruikshank's raising. To him, too, England owes the spindle-shanked, shoulder-shrugging Freneman, in his constant and most humorous representation of whom he has eagerly ministered to John Bull's prejudice.

Cruikshank's style, and the motive which animates his pencil are, and from the beginning have been, quite different from those of his great predecessor. He is probably the least personal of any of the great English caricaturists, and he was first of them to show that humor and rollicking fun were entirely compatible with perfect purity and decorum.

Of all his works—and they are so multitudinous that he himself has probably no notion of their number—it would be safe to say that there is not one the production of which would not be welcomed in any company in which prudes were not predominant. From the first his talents have been enlisted upon the side of virtue; and satirist as he is by profession, he has always performed his functions in the kindest spirit. Severe as he has been upon vice, folly, and pretension, he has probably done less to excite bitter personal feeling than any man who ever wielded the pencil of a caricaturist. Yet his style is far removed from elegance, his humor is not subtle, his satire does not penetrate beneath the surface. His caricatures have pure fun for their motive: they were drawn to make us laugh—not smile re-



A CROWDED DRAWING-ROOM.—BY CRUIKSHANK.



LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.—BY CRUIKSHANK.

fectively, but laugh outright. And how thoroughly have they succeeded!

Cruikshank had so many imitators that he may be said to have founded a school of caricature. As Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ, so Cruikshank must own Crowquill, and Phiz, and all of their kidney as his progeny. They are all but feebler Cruikshanks, living at second-hand on such vitality as he could spare. Among the caricaturists who rose into notice after him, but who did not content themselves with imitating him, is Kenny Meadows, an artist of some humor and fancy, which he shows best in such designs, for instance, as one in his illustrations of the "Taming of the Shrew," in which Cupid, wearing Petruchio's hat and boots, is, with most comically austere visage, clipping with shears the claws of a cat, fiercely struggling, but, like Kate, struggling in vain. Kenny Meadows, however, has not freedom of hand or variety of style enough to take high rank as a caricaturist or characterist. His drawing is far from being correct, and his style is hard; his faces and figures look as if they were cut with a pen-knife; all his fat people have the same strictly circular obesity, all his handsome men the same smirk, all his pretty women the same simper. His fancy

is fertile, but his observation is superficial, and his hand is the hand of a mannerist.

In the year 1841 appeared the first number of a publication in the pages of which have been given to the world the best works of the two, we will say the three, best caricaturists of the present generation. The publication was *Punch, or the London Charivari*, and the caricaturists are John Leech, Richard Doyle, and Charles Keene. Each of these artists has made a style for himself, marked with the traits of original genius; and the development of each one is traceable, week after week, in the pages of *Punch*. Mr. *Punch* began his caricaturing both with pen and pencil in a very small and vulgar way.



THE TIGHT QUEUE.—BY CRUIKSHANK.

His pages were filled with little black silhouette-looking figures, illustrative of very little jokes or illustrated by them; as, for instance, a horse crushed beneath the weight of an obese rider was labeled "Breaking a horse;" and "Going off in a rapid decline" was written underneath the representation of a black little boy tumbling off the steep roof of a black little house. At the first glance *Mr. Punch's* early pages, dotted with sable subjects of this kind, generally not too large to be covered by a twenty-five cent piece, looked as if it were defaced with the mangled remains of crushed beetles. The wit of the letter-press was about equal to the humor of the illustrations; and indeed it would be difficult to find a publication more redolent of the air of the vulgar London "free-and-easy" than the first two or three volumes of the publication which has since become so justly celebrated. For improvement was slow, and although there was a place ready in England to be filled by a humorous paper such as *Punch* came to be, it was not until about the year 1844 that this now world-renowned hebdomadal showed signs of improvement, and began to be really humorous and more elevated in tone, and consequently a power, if not an organ. Before that time all its efforts in this direction were much of a piece with poor Provis's assurances to his dear boy and Pip's comrade that they need not fear that he was going to be low.

It was by its illustrations that *Punch* was raised above its original level; and the elevation

was chiefly, if not entirely, due to the pencil of Mr. Leech. We first detect him in the fourth number in a not very humorous or very well-designed cartoon called "Foreign Affairs," which is a mere collection of mild caricatures of French, Italian, and German people. This is signed by a cipher—a leech in a bottle—which he used in the early part of his career, but has since abandoned for his name or his initials. But although he soon improved perceptibly, both in the choice of subject and in treatment, *Punch* was nearly three years old before Mr. Leech handled political subjects boldly, or struck that rich mine of social satire which he has since worked so profitably, and in which Messrs. Doyle and Keene have been co-operators with him, though working with their own tools in their own way. During a great part of the year 1842 there was no political caricature of any kind in *Punch*; and it was not until the beginning of the year 1845 that Mr. Leech showed that peculiar talent by which he has since so much delighted us, in a little social sketch called "Innocence." It was excellent in itself, and is an early and a very good example of his second style, and in its subject and the figures introduced in it quite a representative exhibition of his multitudinous designs in this department of caricature. A young lady—a dainty, pretty creature—has lost her pet King Charles; and, in her innocence, she inquires of the very dog-thief who has picked it up if he has seen it. To which he answers: "Seed a little dog, marm? No, marm. This

here's the only dog I've seed to-day, and he don't answer to the name of Fido." Meanwhile Fido's bright protuberant eyes are looking out of the thief's pocket. We here have Mr. Leech's first presentation of the pretty young woman whom he has since made so widely known:—a fine study from one of the lowest of the lower orders in which he has found so many subjects for his caustic pencil, and a dog—which, next to a horse, is his favorite among brutes not human. In the distance, too, looking for the lost spaniel, is the young lady's attendant page, another representative of a class upon which Mr. Leech has for years been mercilessly funny. All these figures are drawn with consummate knowledge of character and mastery of the pencil, and with a union of freedom and finish which, until he became occasionally careless of late, was characteristic of Mr. Leech's works. The distress of the young lady—her least possible stoop of inquiry at the four-legged brute to which the two-legged brute directs her attention—the villainous countenance of this fellow, in which practiced impudence, low cunning, and inherent brutality are combined with a consciousness of superiority in the "do"—the dog, "the hero of a hundred fights," and yet the fit companion of such a master, every point in whose (the dog's) anatomy is drawn with the knowledge and the spirit of Landseer—and even the juvenile stolidity of the fat, be-strapped, be-buttoned page in the distance, all are given with a master's hand. Mr. Leech has, since he made this drawing, ac-



INNOCENCE.—BY LEECH.

quired a little more freedom of hand and a greater variety of knowledge; but it is a question whether, on the whole, he has gained much. His talent in the course of three years made itself appreciated, and gained for *Punch* the attention of London, and London is England. He it was who designed those caricatures of Brougham, Wellington, Sibthorpe, Peel, and Disraeli which became staple stock in trade for *Punch*—caricatures equally extravagant and ridiculous, yet so like in fact and so vital in seeming, that they became so fixed in the memory of the public, that when those statesmen were thought of, it was the caricature and not the real man which arose before the mind's-eye. Mr. Leech's humor, either from his own resources or from the suggestions of others, seemed of boundless fertility. In caricaturing the great versatility of Lord Brougham (about whom, when he took his seat upon the woolsack, some barrister, whose eminence gave him the right to be envious, made the cutting remark that if the new Lord Chancellor only knew a little law he would know a little of every thing), Mr. Leech put him into an endless variety of employments and postures, all of them not very dignified; and finally, when invention seemed exhausted—though it was not—in a cartoon subscribed, "What he *must* do next," we saw Lord Brougham standing on his head with his plaid-trowsered legs kicking in the air. Mr. Leech it was who first gave *Mr. Punch* himself a character—who made him ubiquitous and protean—the Mentor of the British nation—to be seen in all disguises, warning, counseling, denouncing, protecting, ridiculing:—an omniscient, omnipresent, grinning puppet; the jeering Chorus in the great drama of British life; in the confidence of every body, trusted by every body, betraying every body—solicitous only for his moral, his joke, and his three-pence. Fond of horses, hunting, and field-sports generally, Mr. Leech has found in the cockney pretenders to sporting honors, and the horse-dealers and their victims, an inexhaustible source of amusement. Indeed he has created a character in this walk of life. Mr. Briggs will live as long as Mr. Winkle. Were the woes of a stout old gentleman with a wife and a house, and a desire to hunt and shoot and fish, ever made more ludicrously apparent? From the time when he first appears, brought forward on the occasion of a loose slate being discovered on the roof of his house, in the repairing of which his domicile is pulled down about his ears and rebuilt again, through his entanglement with his rod and reel, in which he begins by making a trial cast in the drawing-room and bringing down every thing breakable in a crash, to his attempt to imitate Mr. Rarey with a vicious beast, after having taken lessons of the great horse-tamer, the issue of which we see in the precipitate rush of Mr. Briggs from a stable-door followed by an infuriated steed, who has a part of his owner's nether integuments in his mouth—though exactly what part we can not see, as we are before the tamer

of beasts and not behind him—through all these vicissitudes of his hapless existence, and they have lasted for years, leaving Mr. Briggs in the performance of divers distressful feats of deer-stalking upon the Highlands of Scotland, the sporting maladroitness and the domestic servitude of a certain class of men is made the occasion of no end of harmless merriment; and Mr. Briggs has become the type of a class. So of the Unprotected Female—a creature found in perfection only in England, but whose general traits are sufficiently cosmopolitan to make her appreciated in any civilized country, even in America—what an epitome is she of a class, at whose little miseries and great blunders we men, or we women who have men-slaves, laugh cruelly in our strength, in our worldly wisdom, or in our well-sheltered helplessness, which is to us both as wisdom and as strength—laugh cruelly, and yet inevitably! And this leads to the remark that Mr. Leech's wit is too often pitiless, almost malicious, and especially in regard to women. Unless self-love is blinding to a greater degree than is generally believed, he must be very unpopular with all women over thirty, and especially those who are unmarried and desire to look young. Maidenhood at thirty-five assuming, however slightly, the airs of maidenhood at twenty, he pursues with remorseless ridicule. Indeed, were women inclined to make cutting speeches, which of course they are not, they might say that he is a true representative of his sex in never forgiving a woman for not being pretty; for, young or old, the ugly ones fare hardly at his hands, and his Misses Stout and Misses Scragg, must have sent a pang through the heart of many a poor girl who felt that she was a little fuller or a little less rounded in figure than "the bending statue that enchants the world." The causticity of his pencil in this respect must be felt the more keenly, because of his continuous cherishing and glorification of the more fortunate ones of the sex between the ages of fifteen and forty. For it must be confessed that he illustrates their varied loveliness with unwearied and enchanting pencil.

But although these are Mr. Leech's specialties, he has shown a very extended scope of close observation. Probably no other caricaturist ever presented such a wide range of subjects. His men of fashion—"swells" they are called in London—and his street-boys, present us vivid portraiture of both extremities of the social scale, every degree of which his observant eye has rested on. "What would you say, my little man," says a benevolent old gentleman to one of Leech's little ragamuffins, "if I were to give you a penny?" "Vy," says the urchin, whose very toes curl up with delightful expectation, and who utterly ignores the expected form of returning thanks, "that you vos a jolly old cove." This drawing is one of the most exquisite of its kind in existence. "I say, Bill," cries another of this crew to his companion, pointing to an unhappy lad who had been converted into a page in livery, and who is painfully

maintaining the dignity of his position, "if here ain't a cove wot's been and gone and had the hinflenzy, and's broke out all over buttons and red spots." And in the height of the "riflemen, riflemen, form" movement, what does Mr. Leech show the world but a little shoe-black springing forward to a tall rifle-bearing volunteer in full uniform, and shouting—"Now, Capting! Clean yer boots and let yer have a shot at me for a penny!" And, cruel Mr. Leech, two beautiful women are just passing, and one of them, the nearest to the "Capting," puts up her handkerchief and titters. Mr. Leech never neglects to aggravate a man's discomfiture by the presence of a pretty woman.—"Hullo, Missus, wot are those?" asks sharp but vulgar little boy of a fruit-woman. "Twopence," responds the venerable dame. "What a lie! They're Apples!" exclaims the boy, as he goes off whistling a popular air.



SHARP BOY.—BY LEECH.

To turn from him to his many years' collaborer, though not his rival, Mr. Richard Doyle; for Mr. Doyle's style is so unlike Mr. Leech's that they never interfered with each other upon *Mr. Punch's* pages. Mr. Doyle inherited his talent, if not his style. He is the son of the author of a very extended series of caricature plates signed H. B., which delighted the fathers of the present generation, but which were in spirit and in drawing much more like the productions of Mr. Cruikshank or Mr. Leech than those of their author's son. Mr. Doyle began to make his mark in *Punch* toward the end of the year 1844, or about the time when *Punch* itself was making its mark among its contemporaries. *Punch* has never been so good as it was between 1845—the year when the "Candle Lectures" began—and 1850. During those years Jerrold and Thackeray, and others their worthy coadjutors, wrote for it, the latter contributing, among other arti-

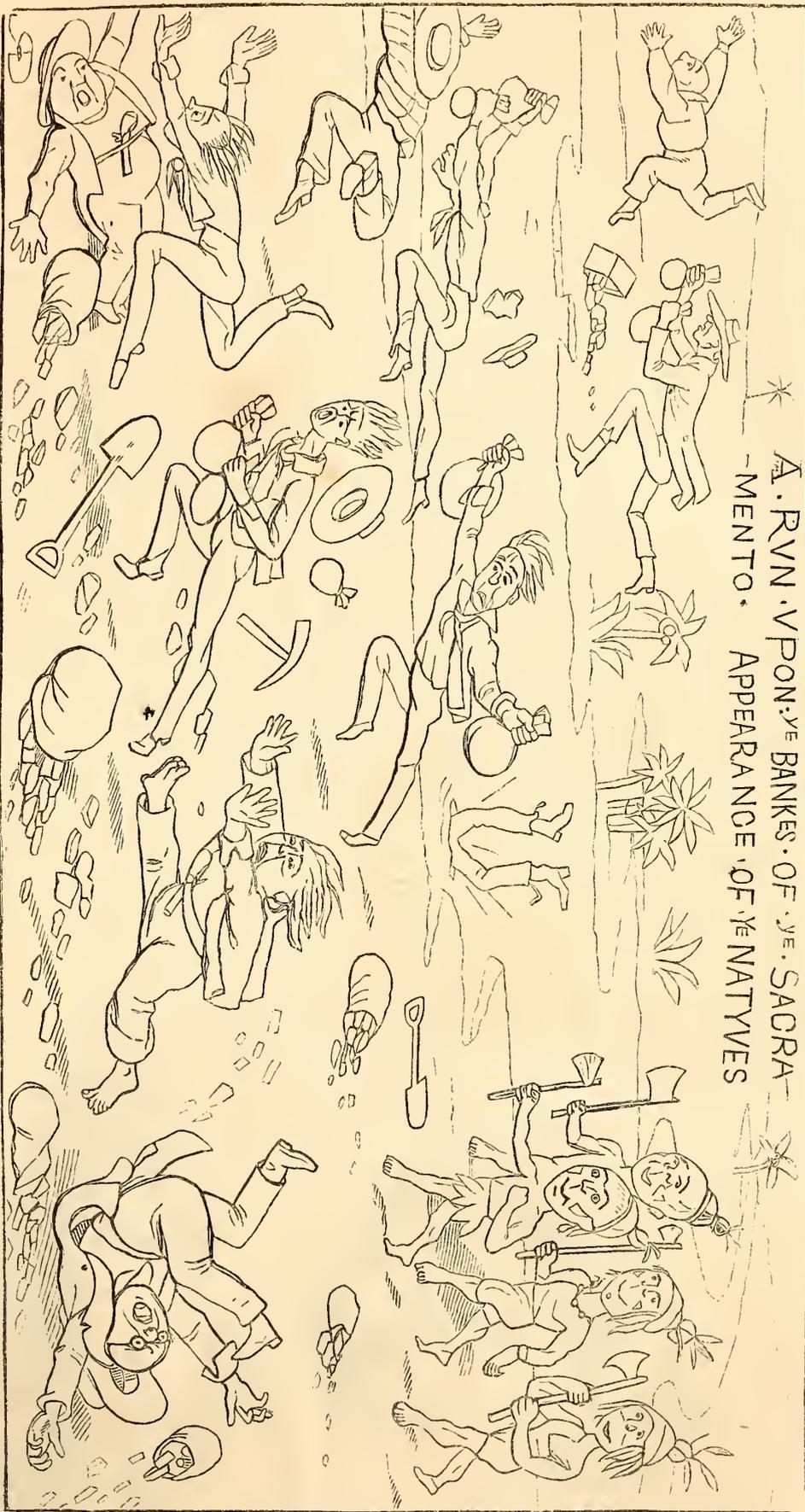
cles, his "Snob Papers;" and it was in 1849 that Doyle's "Manners and Customs of ye English" appeared. But Jerrold died, Thackeray grew to be too big a man to write for *Mr. Punch's* pay, although he had been glad to do some of that not over-squeamish editor's not very nicest work in the way of personality, and Mr. Doyle threw up his engagement for conscience' sake when *Punch* attacked the Roman Catholics, among whom was Mr. Doyle himself. His place was occupied, but not filled, by Mr. John Tenniel, who, however, has designed some very good political caricatures. Since 1850 *Punch's* literary tone has been steadily lowering, and the paper is sustained entirely by the pencils of Mr. Leech and Mr. Keene. What Mr. Doyle brought to *Punch*, and what his defection has left it entirely without, was a light and playful fancy, a harmless wit, and more particularly a power over the grotesque which enabled him to combine it easily, and, it would seem, naturally, with any subject which he undertook to illustrate. He drew the most impossible and absurd figures—figures that outraged nature, and compositions that defied probability—and yet they did not seem unnatural or improbable, but only extremely funny. He even united grotesqueness and grace. Some of his little tail-pieces and initial letters, in which fairies, and gnomes, and devils leap, and fly, and clamber, and grin, or, droller yet, sit solemnly regarding each other, perched, perhaps, like a row of pigeons, upon some preposterously long nose, are among the most exquisite creations of the fanciful school in art. He, of all the painters that have ever lived, is the man to illustrate "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," which is so suited to his genius that it is quite unaccountable that he has never undertaken it.

He, like Mr. Leech, makes very effective use of *Mr. Punch's* own figure, but in a different style, and one quite his own. Mr. Leech makes *Punch* a human creature; Mr. Doyle gives the puppet himself a soul. He is the ideal *Punch* of the puppet-show, no longer an automaton, but acting of his own volition. With *Mr. Punch*, his faithful Toby is elevated into individuality by Mr. Doyle's enlivening touch. The dog becomes quite as comical as his master, whom he



PUNCH AND TOBY.—BY DOYLE.

accompanies in all manner of disguises, and whom he assists with a most absurd air of eager self-importance on all occasions. This use of the puppet and his dog is characteristic of Mr. Doyle's genius, which revels in the whimsical and the grotesque. His famous "Manners and Customs of ye English" was undertaken in consequence of the great success of a drawing in which he showed "Mr. Punch presenting his Tenth Volume to y^e Queen." It was a caricature in the style of mediæval illumination and tapestry, in which similar presentations of volumes to patrons are depicted. In it were the Queen, Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington staggering under an enormous state-sword, Brougham as dwarf Court-fool, and other distinguished persons of rank, while in the train of *Punch* were Jerrold and Thackeray, with others of the staff. All these figures were drawn with an exaggeration of the mediæval style, itself a monstrous caricature of humanity, both



A. R. VAN VPON: YE BANKES OF YE SACRAMENTO. APPEARANCE OF YE NATIVES

in semblance and in action; and yet the likeness of the figures to the originals was so strong that they were recognized at once. The effect was most ridiculous, and the sensation produced by the composition so great that the artist followed it up by others in the same style, modified, however, very much, and purged of much of its Goth-

ic rudeness. Mr. Doyle treated the California fever in this style, and made great fun of all the world thereanent. In one of his California drawings there was a touch so delicate that it probably escaped many eyes. His cipher is the letters RD together (the R reversed), and surmounted with a little bird, called a dickey-bird

in England. The drawing in question represented "Ye Wyld Goose Chase after ye Golden Calfe," and showed a great flock of geese, most of them with hats on, crossing the ocean to the shores of California. It was funny enough, and the satire was keen, but the exquisite touch of the thing was, that as your eye glanced down for Doyle's cipher, there stood RD, but the little dickey bird, not able to resist the contagion of the flight above him, had sprung from his perch, and was making way to join the wild goose chase after the golden calf himself. This was most characteristic of the good-nature and unassuming style of Mr. Doyle's satire, who, unlike his quondam coadjutor, is never cruel.

In one respect Mr. Doyle's works compare unfavorably with those of his sometime fellow-laborer. Mr. Leech always shows that he is a great draughtsman; but whatever may be Mr. Doyle's ability in this regard (and we suspect it to be greater than it seems), it is rarely that he draws a face or figure correctly. His figures, when they are not drawn in his modified Gothic style, all look as if they were designed from grotesque clay models which had been laid down upon their faces while they were wet, and so had flattened out. In these points his recent society designs, and also those which he drew to illustrate John Ruskin's fairy tale, the "King of the Golden River" (in which are some of his most charming fancies), are notably faulty. In this respect Mr. Keene, who is one of his successors in *Punch*, is

conspicuously excellent, even in the minute and accidental parts of his compositions. But his correctness would be of comparatively small importance, were it not that it enables him to express with great nicety an appreciation of character equally delicate and true. His satire is very keen, his humor subtle, and his style what people mean when they say genial—that is, good-natured, cheery, and suggestive of pleasant thoughts. One of the best examples of his style that has yet appeared in *Punch* is a scene between an old baronet and his butler. The former, sitting at table with a face of disgust at a scarce-tasted glass of wine before him, turns to the latter and asks, "Swiggles, what induced you to put such wine as this before me?" and gets for answer, "Well, you see, Sir William, as *somebody* must drink it—and there ain't none of us in the Hall as can touch it." The humorous impudence of the reply is magnificent, and makes a good story of itself. But the character of the personages in the drawing, and their momentary expression of countenance, are given with an exquisitely delicate and truthful pencil. The two men are about the same age, and it is plain that they have grown old together under the same roof. They are both dandies in their way, and their style of dress is much the same—the butler being rather the more exquisite personage of the two. Respectability, authority, and assured position appear in every line of his face as well as of his master's; and yet how



SIR WILLIAM AND SWIGGLES.—BY KEENE.

clearly and decidedly is it shown that the latter is aristocratic, and a master, and the former plebeian and servile! In this delicate, firm distinction of nice shades of character Keene is without a superior, almost without a rival, among all the caricaturists whose works are known to us. Among Keene's recent contributions to *Punch* there is a capital little social sketch in which Captain Fitz Flint and Lucy Brabazon are the personages. The fun in the words is not much; but Miss Brabazon is the most satisfactory representation of the high-bred young woman of society that we have ever seen. The artist has managed to express a real softness and delicacy and modesty, combined with a certain firmness and hard, high polish and aplomb which are only to be found in a woman who is at once a true woman and a thorough-bred woman of the world. Her companion is her fitting match. The delicacy and decision of hand shown in the heads of this sketch are indicative of rare gifts and high artistic culture.

So much—insufficient to the topic though it be—for the English caricaturists of the day; and they are, with three eminent exceptions, the great masters of their art in this period. Of the exceptions two are Frenchmen, and one is an American. The Germans have comic papers, some of the drawings in which are funny enough, but rather grotesque than humorous, and too little enlivened by marked distinction of individual character. They have yet produced no great works in this department of art, except Kaulbach's illustrations of *Reineke Fuchs*, in which the expression of human character and emotion by the lineaments of beasts is a true, though singular, application of the art of caricature. Kaulbach has in this series of plates exhibited a mastery of the anatomy of expression both in man and beast—to say nothing of the drawing of the animals and the composition of the groups—which would make him immortal had he accomplished nothing else. Italy, beneath whose bosom, beauteous and bountiful, literature and art were regenerate, and which gave modern caricature its life and its name, has been so long in the power of tyrants who sought to crush both soul and body that her laughing offspring left her. Even in France caricature is forced to respect power, though not decency, and works with hands half-manacled. The French caricatures are almost entirely of social subjects, and are either mere comical whims, like those of Cham, designed with a certain coarse freedom, or they are social satires, the humor being conveyed in the thought, and not in the figures, as, for instance, those of Gavarni.

This artist is one of the two great French caricaturists above mentioned; yet his works are, strictly, not caricatures. For in them the figures are not overcharged; they are, no less than Hogarth's, faithful representations of certain types of French character. All of them—*Fourberies de Femmes*, *Clichy*, *Paris le soir*, *Paris le matin*, *La vie de jeune homme*, *Les Débardeurs*, *Le Carnival*, *Les Lorettes*, *Les Enfants terribles*

—are of this kind, and, almost without exception, the point on which they turn is amorous intrigue. *Monsieur Coquardeau* and *Mademoiselle Beauptuis* are their staple characters. One or the other is generally present, and if not present is implicated, in nearly every scene. Even the little children are made innocently to enlist in this service. In the very *Enfants terribles*, by far the greater number of the subjects are of like character; and the tendency of nearly all of this popular artist's compositions is to make faith and purity ridiculous. But his works, as studies of French social life in the second quarter of the century 1800, can not be overestimated for their vivid faithfulness. In some of his later drawings he has abandoned his earlier choice of subject, and views life from a stand-point more elevated and in a purer atmosphere. Experience has probably taught him that vice must at some time put off the guise of gayety, and that virtue is not inconsistent with a satisfying happiness. Without being old, he has lived long enough to see what kind of fruit life bears. Among his recent works *Les Lorettes vieilles* (The Lorettes grown old) makes this confession with alternating wit and pathos. Lorettes are always represented young and pretty, as if, like butterflies, they died but never grew old. Gavarni first thought of showing the declining years of those of whose youthful days he had so faithfully portrayed the specious brightness. The spectacle is heart-breaking. "Sophie," says one wretched, broken-down creature to a gay girl who is what she was, and who turns away heartlessly from her petitions, "your mother was my chambermaid!" Lorettes rarely have children. They do not know the pure delight which can be given by a child's caresses, even when unlawfully obtained. Gavarni shows us a happy young mother in humble life, sitting by her cottage door, with one child at her breast and a boy who had been playing round her knee. A haggard woman approaches, way-worn, emaciated, and forlorn, concealing the face which she was once so solicitous to decorate and to show, and says: "In the name of those little loves, who will console your age, Madame, have pity on me!" And the little boy leans pensively upon his mother's knee, and looks with sad wonder at the strange figure, doubtful whether it is a woman such as his mother is, not knowing that it is a woman such as his mother might have been. This is admirable; but it is not caricature. It is but the bare, unexaggerated truth. So in a series of plates styled *Le Propos de Thomas Vireloque* (The sentiments of Thomas Vireloque). Vireloque is a creature of monstrous person, a squalid human animal, with the figure of a Caliban and the wit of a Thersites, who wanders about satirizing the world. At the sight of two young men fighting, he exclaims. "Brothers? possible! but cousins?—no, not cousins." But it is the world as he finds it, and as it is. Except himself, there is not an exaggerated, overcharged conception in the whole series of drawings. Gavarni is again a charac-

terist. So are Leech and Keene; Doyle being always a caricaturist either in the figures or in the incidents of his drawing, and generally in both. But the two former are caricaturists also; and even in their social satire their humor is broader, the incidents more highly colored, than in the drawings of Gavarni.

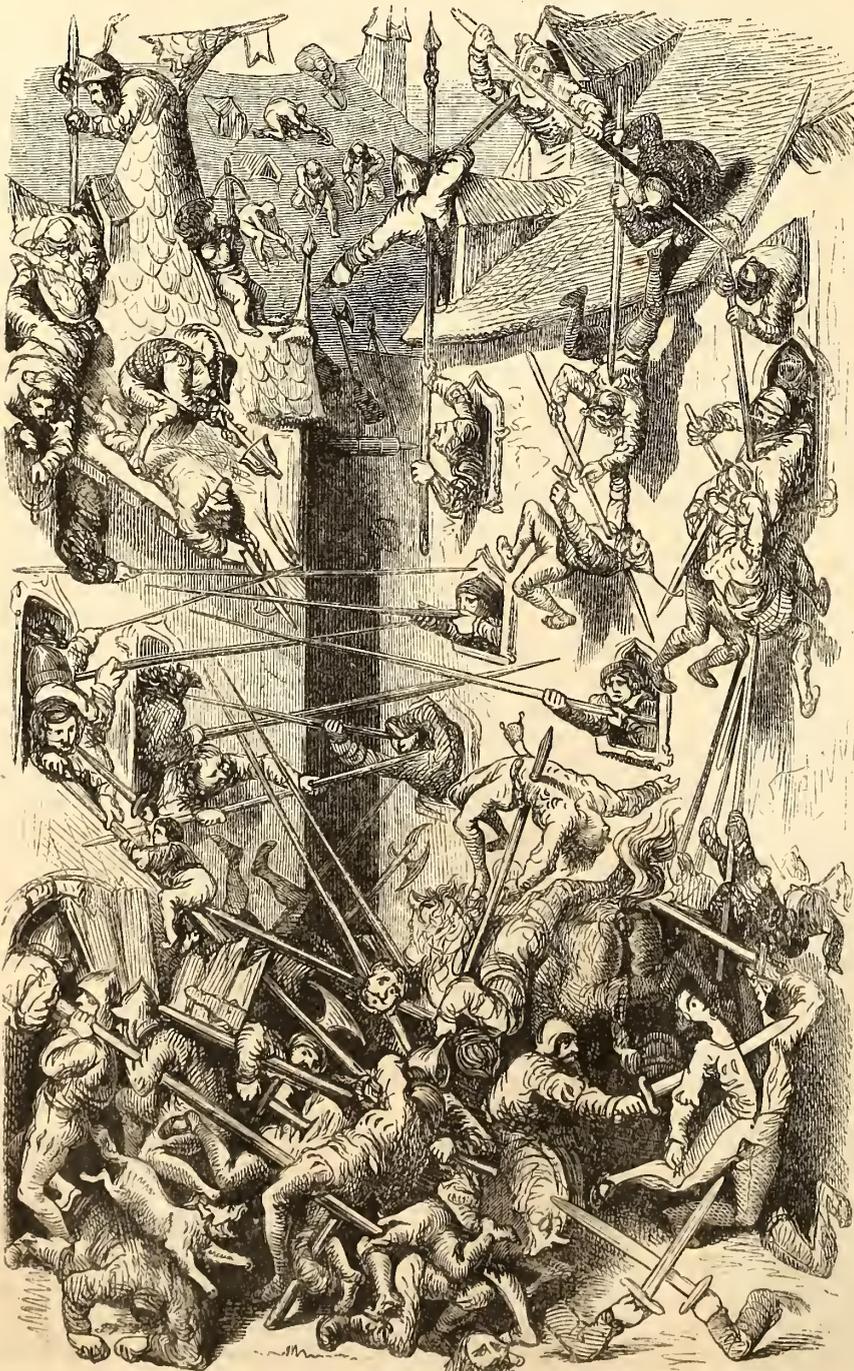
But in Gustave Doré France has not only one of the greatest of caricaturists but one of the most gifted artists of the age. Doré is the Rembrandt of caricature. He unites all of that painter's miraculous mastery of light and shade to a knowledge of physiognomy and a grotesqueness and a humor which, while they are inferior to those of no other caricaturist, are peculiarly his own. He does not choose his subjects from nowadays political or social life, but goes back into the times of chivalry and superstition. Kings, knights, ladies, feats of arms, from single com-

bats to the shocks of mail-clad armies, and scenes of enchantment and sorcery engage his pencil. Upon all of these he pours merciless ridicule. He is never tired of showing how really absurd are the descriptions of battles, jousts, and other feats of arms in the old romances:—tales of one man putting a hundred to flight, of men cut in two at a blow, of two or three knights killed at a single thrust of a spear, of those combats in which hosts of men chop each other into human hash seasoned with bits of steel armor. In one drawing he shows a body of men at arms who have charged another and driven them pell-mell off a precipice. The action does not transcend the descriptions of such scenes which are sometimes found even in romances of modern days; and yet its impossibility has an absurd likeness to possibility. The impetuous rush and headlong scramble are given to the life; that is, to

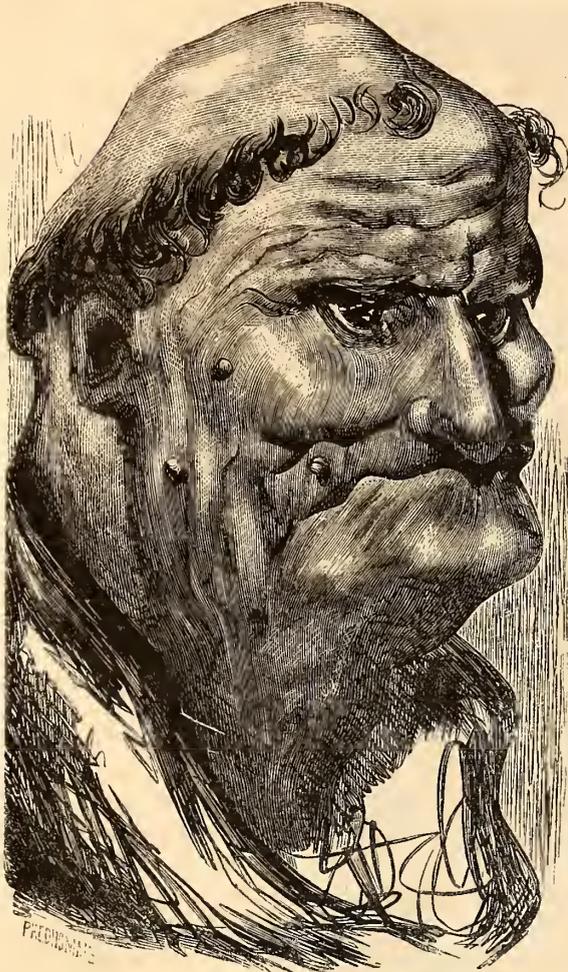
our imagination of the life. Pursuers and pursued are flying over the brink together, the former so intent upon the attack that they do not see their own fate. Their very lances partake of their furious eagerness, and shoot out miraculously far into the air over the edge of the precipice, where they spit unhappy victims, men and horses, in all sorts of uncomfortable places; while below, expectant and delighted alligators stand open-mouthed to catch up and bear off every living thing that falls.

In the accompanying design, of like motive, he whimsically illustrates the statement of his author, that a certain arrest "was the cause of great troubles and taking up of arms in the town," by representing a tumultuous fight in a narrow street and the houses commanding it, in which almost every man is at once killing some other man and being killed himself, and where combatants break out of the roofs and walls of houses like an eruption.

His heads of monks, and judges, and ancient dignitaries of all classes and grades are quite marvelous in their union of faithfulness to a type



A MUNICIPAL MISUNDERSTANDING.—BY DOEBBE.



THE HOLY ABBOT OF MARMOUSTIERS.—BY DORÉ.

and overcharge of characteristic traits. He excels in the delineation of extreme and senile old age, of pompous fatuity, and of countenances so malformed or so distorted that while they preserve marked traits of humanity and of individual character, they approach the monstrous. Even in his most exaggerated heads, the very types of which are removed from us by centuries of a mollifying civilization and refinement, we always recognize at least the germs of character that we have observed, if not the very characters themselves.

He caricatures not only men and things, but the impressions which they make upon the mind; and some of his most striking designs are those in which he presents us with what we see at a glance represents the appreciation of one of his personages by the other. Thus he shows us a king admiring a pretty peasant-girl; and his majesty has "that growed, and that swelled, and that gentle-folke'd" in the dazzled eyes of the poor girl and her mother, that he and his puffed and slashed sleeves and his plumed cap nearly fill the cabin in which they sit.

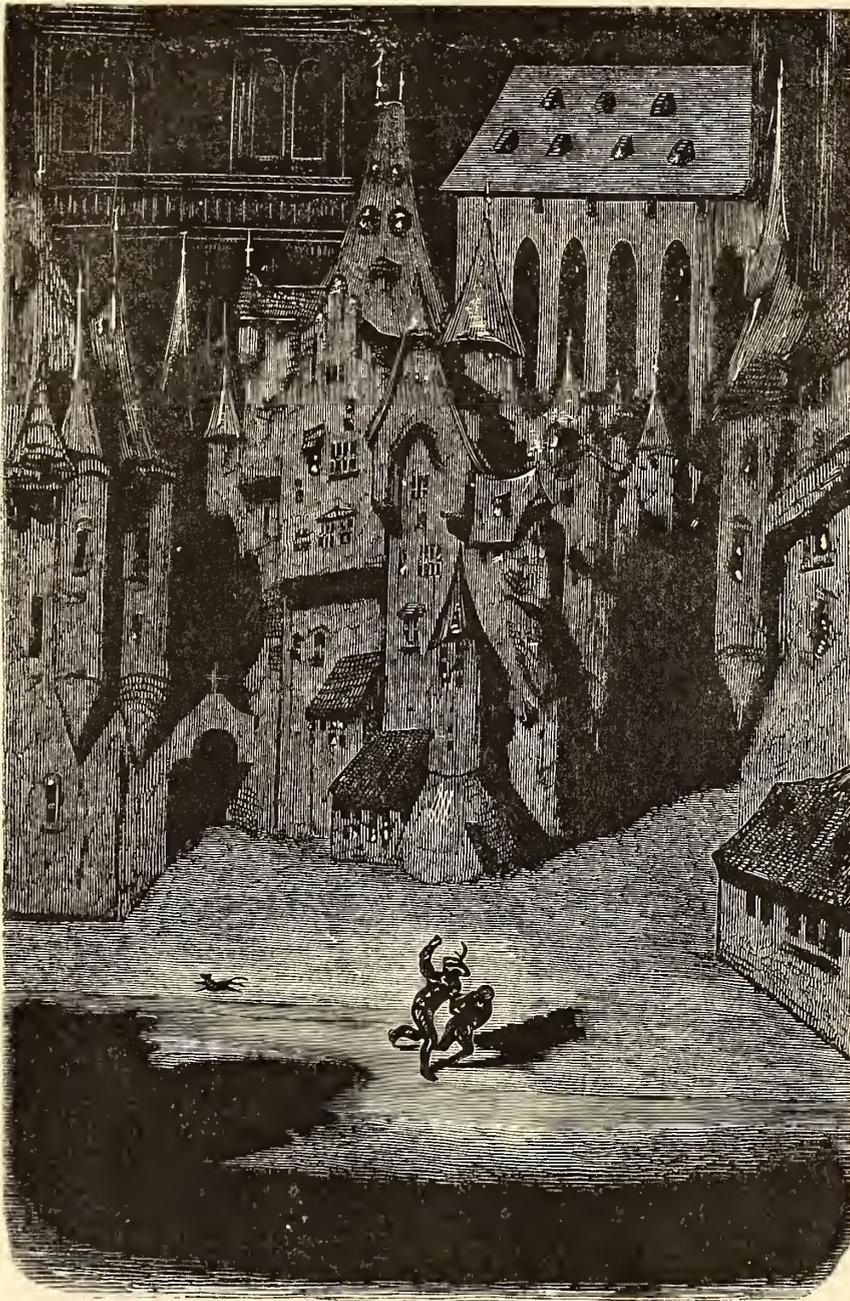
He makes endless fun of monks and the incidents of monkish life. One of his drollest compositions is one in which he represents the rush of a convent full of monks to greet the return of one of their number, who was a great favorite with them. They rush headlong down a hill to meet him; dancing, kicking, tumbling over one another, sprawling. They pour out of the postern in an impossible yet possible-seeming throng; they jump out of the uppermost windows, and sail down with their frocks expanded like parachutes. He is never tired of turning chivalric ceremonies and heraldic symbols into ridicule; and it having been the custom to embroider coats of arms upon garments, he shows some of his figures kneeling with their faces from us, and displaying thus armorial bearings which in any other position would be hidden, though blazoned upon seats of honor.

Doré caricatures architecture and even landscape; and in his treatment of these subjects shows that mastery of light and shade which makes him the rival of Rembrandt. Some of his drawings of old towns seen by moonlight or torchlight, where the narrow streets run tortuously between houses which are covered with projecting turrets, and balconies, and galleries, and pent-houses, and winding staircases, and irregular projections of all kinds which catch the light on all their angles and curves, look as if the architecture had sprouted, and was blossoming out into a monstrous growth—a fungus growth of stone, and brick, and mortar. The exaggeration is enormous, yet there is keeping and coherence; and the effect is not less mysterious than grotesque. So in his landscapes the effects of gloom are so heightened that his trees become portentous and his shadows ominous. He shows us the awful reduced to an absurdity; and yet makes us feel that awe can not be entirely made absurd, and that even ridicule can not quite free us from its power.

The best drawings that Doré has yet published are his illustrations of Balzac's *Contes Drolatiques*—a book in the highest degree indecorous, and written in French so old as to be un-



THE KING IN THE COTTAGE.—BY DORÉ.



OLD STREETS BY MOONLIGHT.—BY DORÉ.

readable to most Frenchmen; but admirable, whether for its wit, its ingenuity of construction, or the faithfulness with which the author has thought in the spirit of the times whose language he adopted. The examples of Doré's style which accompany this article are from the illustrations to the *Contes Drolatiques*. His illustrations to the legend of the "Wandering Jew" are marvelous combinations of the awful and the grotesque, the element of humor being almost entirely eliminated. But although in these he had larger space in which to work, there is little in them, even in grandeur of effect, which can not be found in the illustrations to the first-named book. Doré has just published a set of illustrations to Dante's *Inferno*, which teems with subjects congenial to his pencil. He has furnished a most important addition to our modes of enjoying Dante; but it is to be hoped that the report that he is engaged upon illustrations of Shakspeare is unfounded. He could not make

Shakspeare ridiculous, but he might Doré.

In this brief review of the history of caricature America claims little space. For thirty years past caricatures, so called, have been published in America; but with very rare exceptions nothing more sad and depressing could have been devised than the mass of these publications. Many funerals are conducted in a manner far better calculated to minister to the sense of the ridiculous. They have generally been intricate and pointless examples of the emblematic style of satirical drawing, with no intrinsic power of exciting laughter; whereas the designs in *Punch*, or the Paris *Charivari*, or the German *Fliegende Blätter*, are laughable in themselves, even to those who do not know the incidents which they illustrate, or understand the language in which they are explained. This defect was the radical fault of *Yankee Doodle*—a satirical paper published in New York about twelve years ago. Its literary matter was good, far better than *Punch's* is nowadays, and its illustrations were full of sharp hits, but there was no fun in them; the figures

were as serious as so many drum-majors. This failure of the caricatures which, till recently, have been published here, in the essential quality of such drawings, is no proof of the lack of humor in America; for, until within the last few years, our caricatures have been drawn by English or Irish artists. It is indeed but quite recently that Americans have thought it worth while to turn their attention to this branch of art; and the readers of *Harper's Magazine*, who for ten years back have been delighted with the fruits of Mr. M'Lenan's humor and penetrative observation, or who know his illustrations of the "Fisher's River Sketches," need not be told that our aptitude for caricature is no longer to be disputed.

Many attempts at caricature fail because they endeavor to make that ridiculous which, however unreasonable or disagreeable, has not the elements which make it a fit subject for ridicule. As it has been remarked before in this paper, caricature is a kind of reverse ideal. High

art places its ideal in the attainment of a typical representation of a species: caricature attains its effects by heightening exceptional deviations from that type. The one concerns itself with that which is general, the other that which is particular. A man or an incident must present something salient to be a fit subject for caricature. Thus, it would be almost impossible to caricature the Venus of Milo, or the Antinous of the Capitol, or the Apollo Belvidere; yet in the latter a certain assumed scornfulness of expression might be ludicrously overcharged, and a caricature be the result. But close observation and keen perception are important elements in the genius of a caricaturist, whose success will be great in proportion as he sees peculiarities where the general eye does not see them. Surprise is one of the sensations excited by good caricature; incongruity joined with consistency, one of its most effective weapons. You laugh at a caricature because it is so unlike, and yet looks so like, a figure at which you do not laugh. That which merely heightens defects which in

themselves are painful and ridiculous, only attains an inferior object by puerile means and in a cruel manner. Caricature, to be effective, need not be malicious, or wound by making its subject himself personally ridiculous. When used for the gratification of private pique, and with the mere purpose of giving pain, it is as base and mean as any scandal, or slander, or anonymous attack. Nay, even baser and meaner: for to ridicule there is no reply; against it there is no redress. What is ridiculous is ridiculous, and no explanation or vindication will make it otherwise. This, so often forgotten, should ever be remembered by those who have the gift of ridicule in any form. For ridicule is a terrible weapon, but an unjust balance. It is the deadly foe of folly, but it is not the test of truth. What is foolish and base it makes appear more foolish and more base; but it aims its dazzling shafts with equal readiness, and often with equal success, against wisdom and honor. Its purpose only justifies it. That may make it harmless, even commendable.



HAM RACHEL OF ALABAMA.—BY M'LENAN.



THE SHIP-YARD.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

WHETHER it was the example of the nautilus, or that of the broad-tailed squirrel, that first taught man to go down to the sea in ships, it is impossible to say. Only this much we do know—that the time has been when the race were as innocent of the navigation of the sea as they were of the air. Even within the time of historical record nations can be found who repudiated utterly the art of navigation as an impracticable thing.

The first ship upon record was the ark—a structure which, though built with high regard to the rules of construction, was not, as far as we have Scriptural history, precluded by other great vessels; and, what is stranger still, did not seem to teach the posterity of its builders any thing beyond the original coracles and rafts. Through thousands of years of attempts at navigation of the sea, it was reserved unto our own day to achieve any thing approaching to scientific control of the great waters, and the combination of beauty, safety, and speed in the ships that sail upon them.

With this short introduction let us together

look through the ship-yards, and see the building of a ship.

The first thing that will strike you, as we enter the territory of the ship-builder, will be the army of stalwart men, bronzed by the sun and weather, and armed every one with a broad, gleaming axe, which they fling with an apparent recklessness that bodes little safety to the groups of eager children who cluster about them, intent on filling their baskets with the scattered chips—realizing once again in our own day the poetry of the gleaners. You will observe that I said “apparent recklessness,” for the hundreds of little snatching fingers and obtrusive toes need be under no apprehension. The blow of that ax-man is as true and certain as that of the Indian master of the sword, who cleft an apple held upon the open palm of his friend by one sweeping stroke without touching the skin. There are quite as marvelous stories told of these wielders of the broad-axe; of the feats they have performed; of their truth of hand and certainty of eye.

You will look over to your right, where, un-



AXEMEN.

der a shed, you will see sundry men performing strange movements, which, naturally enough, you will associate in your mind with those of the gymnast. We will approach nearer, when you will find that the half score of bowing men are *top sawyers*, bending in response to another half score who are in the pit below—the whole score spending their days in pulling this great-toothed saw backward and forward, through log

and plank, to aid in putting together the wonderful structure that shall arise at our bidding.

Cast your eyes over the left, where you will see an oblong box raised upon a frame a few feet from the ground, and about thirty feet in length. This is the steam-box; the receptacle of such pieces of timber as may be required especially flexible. To make them so they are inclosed within it for about an hour and a half,

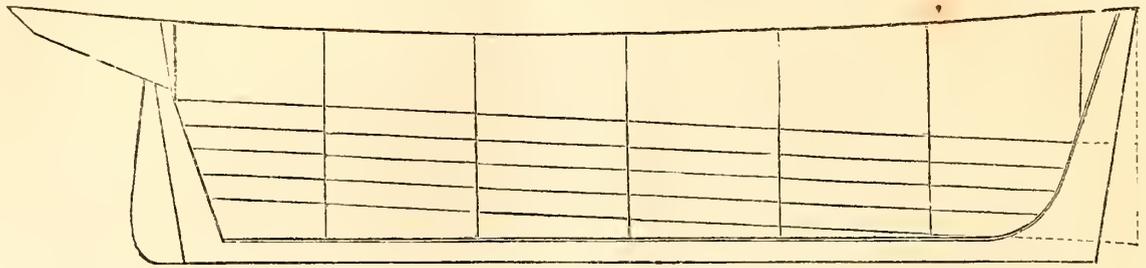
the steam is introduced, the timber is saturated, and is easily bent the required curve. Modern vessels require much less of this steam-box than those of a quarter century ago, being straighter in all their lines and larger in their proportions.

Beside this steam-box is the blacksmith's shop, the forge whereon all articles of iron-work appertaining to the ship are made, excepting such as anchors, heavy chain, and whatever massive work may be beyond its limited calibre.

We will now cross the yard to the spot where our ship is to be built.



THE STEAM-CHEST.



THE SHEER PLAN.

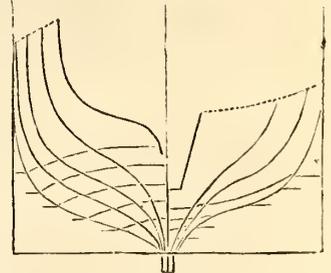
As you step occasionally over the great squared logs, can you not let your mind run for a moment back to the solemn, quiet woods where for centuries they dwelt and grew in grandeur, until one day the foot of a man rustled the autumn leaves beneath them? How he gazed up to the lofty branches and along the stout trunk! How he calculated the number of knees, cross-pieces, futtocks, and plank! How he laid his broad-axe to the noble tree, and, unresisted, hewed away unceasingly until the great dweller of the forest came thundering down, and was borne away piecemeal, that art may show what great works she can achieve! But we have no time to be poetical. We stand upon the spot where our task must commence; and yet before, as naval constructors, we can commence our work, we are dependent on the skill of the architect equally with the mason and the carpenter, who await his plans before the house goes up.

With a bit of chalk let me show you the duty of the naval architect.

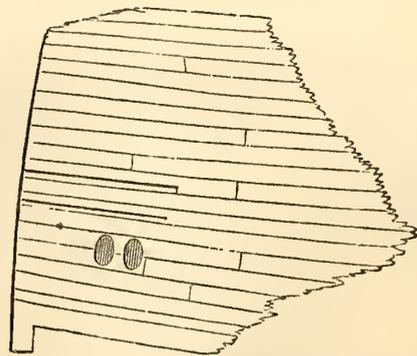
The first duty to be performed is the making of the model. This is done by doweling certain thin pieces of cedar and pine together alternately, and from the mass so joined hewing out the form required. This model is from three to six feet in length, and is finished with the utmost care and precision. Upon this model each line of the future ship is carried out in miniature. The displacement of water is calculated, and the two great points for which the naval architect and constructor work are sought for. They are, firstly, that the stem and water-line should be so formed, that while they offer the least possible resistance to the water, they shall at the same time have great buoyancy. Secondly, this water-line must run with perfect smoothness the entire length of the ship, thereby insuring free action of the rudder and good steering. In the attainment of these ends it is that all the science of the naval architect is lavished.

When this model is finished the naval architect commences his drawings. The first or principal drawing is called the *Sheer Drawing*. This is divided into three parts, called the *Sheer Plan*, the *Half-Breadth Plan*, and the *Body Plan*. To understand these drawings and the mode of making them, it is only necessary to

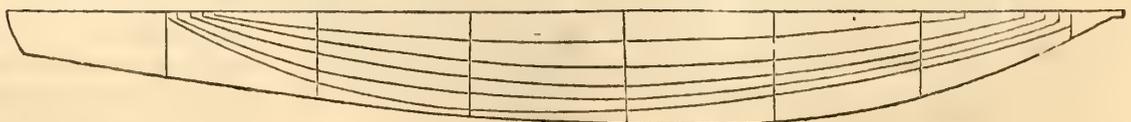
imagine yourself called on at dinner to dis sever a turkey without being posted in the ways of carving. As you will naturally do the thing wrong, allow me to suggest that, on the first slash of the knife, you will divide Mr. Turkey in two parts, from the neck to the pope's nose. That is the Sheer Plan. Or, as there is more than one way to do the thing wrong, we will suppose that you see fit to divide the bird by cutting him in two parts, equidistant between those extremes of its person mentioned above. This would be the Body Plan; while by laying it upon the side and slicing it through lengthwise, you will get the Half-Breadth Plan.



From this sheer drawing we, as practical builders, go to work and make construction drawings, which shall show the exact position of every plank and timber in the ship we are about to build. The end gained by this proceeding will be, that every plank and timber can be accurately cut according to the shape wanted, and when brought to its place on the growing ship, can be fitted with little or no trouble. To show



this, I here give you, with a few touches of my chalk, a portion of the outer planking or skin of a ship, according to the construction drawing, that you may see how easy it is, by reducing feet to inches and inches to hundredths, to get out each plank of the required width, length, and thickness to cover certain places.



THE HALF-BREADTH PLAN.

We can now begin hewing out our ship, and if we please putting her together until she looms up to the very skies, and if we do not please, we can number our timbers and planks from one to twenty thousand, and send them to Japan or Patagonia, where they shall, by competent hands, be put together, making a stately ship that shall carry the Japanese or Patagonian stars and stripes all over the world.

If we conclude to make this ship here, we must prepare blocks whereon to lay the keel. This is a simple matter, being only the placing of short, thick pieces of timber, so arranged as to allow for the declivity of the ship, which is equal to $\frac{2}{5}$ ths of an inch for every foot of her length—this inclination being made, as I shall hereafter show, for the purpose of launching.

We now proceed to lay what is termed the *First or False Keel* of our ship, being pieces of wood from four to six inches in thickness, and of the same breadth we intend our keel to be. Elm is the best wood for this purpose, seasoned by immersion in water rather than exposure to air. The object of this false keel is to prevent the ship making lee-way when sailing upon a wind, or should she go ashore, to relieve her by forcing it off and thereby lessen her draught of water.

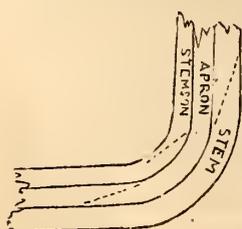
We come now to the laying of the keel, which, supposing we are about to build a first-class ship of 2500 tons, will be composed of pieces of timber about twenty inches square. As one piece of timber will not stretch the length of this great



ship, some certain means must be found to join them. This is done by *doweling*.

I have said that the keel is a piece of timber twenty inches square; but I will make a reservation in this so far as to say that a groove is cut through its whole length on either side, just deep enough to receive the planking.

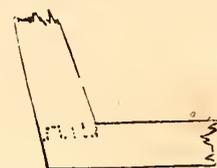
Our keel being laid, it becomes necessary to go on and set up our timbers, the most important of which is the *stem*. The stem of our ship is of the soundest and most solid pieces of oak we have in the yard. Pieces, I say, for the reason that no single piece can be found of sufficient size to make the stem. We therefore, by our *doweling*, or *scarphing*, as it is termed, join together three pieces to make the size required, allowing the top, or piece farthest away from the water, to be somewhat the largest. Directly behind this we place another piece, which is doweled to the stem and denominated the *apron*. Once more, behind the apron we place another timber, which we call the *stemson*, intended to strengthen the stem.



These three pieces, acting one upon the other by the aid of bolts, dowels, and *scarphing*, form a solid mass of timber calculated to resist heavy thumps, and, if need be, walk through an iceberg.

Having that important part of our ship erected, we will turn our backs upon it, and proceed to put up our stern-post.

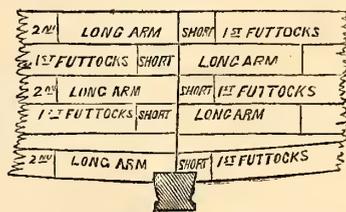
The *stern-post* is—if timber can be found sufficiently large—in one piece. This is a matter of vital importance, from the necessity of great strength, the stern-post being the piece whereon the rudder hangs, and on the safety of which the very existence of the ship depends. This also is of the most solid oak, and is grooved, like the keel and stem, for the reception of planking.



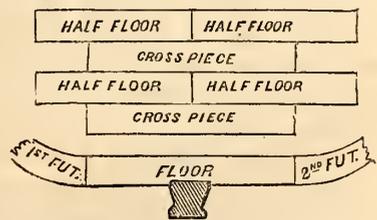
The fastening to the keel is made by teeth in the post, fitting into a mortice in the keel. To strengthen the main-post there is also an inner post doweled to it, as in the stem, making a solid combination of timber of such size as can not be had without joining. In the round stern ship timbers are worked out from this stern-post to form the shape required, and are called *post-timbers*.

We will now proceed toward setting up the frame of our ship, or that portion of the structure that gives it form and shape. This frame will be a numerous family of timbers, rejoicing in the names of cross-pieces, futtocks, top-timbers, floors, half-floors, short and long armed floors, and a few others too tedious to mention, and not at all necessary to our work. We will repudiate all technical terms, and go on with our building or laying the floor.

The floor of the ship is composed of square timbers, laid at right angles across the keel, and fitted to it by a groove. These timbers are not laid upon the keel with an equal balance, but reach alternately to the right or left; whichever end reaches farthest from the keel being termed the long arm, the other end of the same timber, on the opposite side of the keel, being called the short arm.



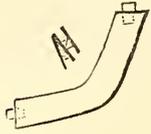
Another method of laying the floor, or rather what is termed the *half-floor*, is by a cross-piece laid equally upon the keel, and two timbers meeting on the middle line. For the purpose of making these half-floors and cross-pieces like one solid piece of timber, dowels are used, three inches in diameter, and sunk one and a half inches into both cross-piece and half-floor, and then secured to the keel by bolts.



We have now reached that point of our labor where we are about to raise our ship above the keel. We are about to handle those important timbers called *futtocks*. These, when elevated to their proper positions, will make the frame of the ship, and will much resemble those ana-

tomical preparations of the human frame which you have possibly seen in some doctor's office or museum.

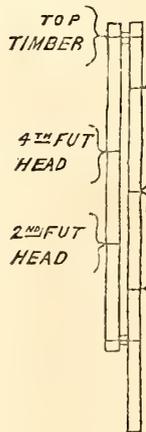
The futtocks are straight or bent timbers, as the curves of the ship may demand, and are fastened with a dowel upon the end to the end of each half-floor, cross-piece, or arm, carrying up the sides of the ship to the required height. According to the position in which they are used



they are termed first, second, third, and so forth, the first and second futtocks being nearest to the keel. To explain this still more minutely, let me say that the first futtocks are attached to the ends of the half-floor or the long arm; the third futtocks on the ends of the first futtocks; the fourth futtocks on the ends of the second futtocks; and the fifth futtocks on the ends of the third futtocks.

In the building of the ship, after speed is considered, lightness, which is the parent of speed, must be sought, as by attention to that point the carrying powers of the ship will be increased.

To insure this lightness we must use as little timber as possible consistent with strength, every stick of the frame being set at such distance apart as will admit of this strength. Three feet nine inches is the regulated distance in which shall be placed one cross-piece and one floor or half-floor, with the futtocks necessary to carry up the frame.



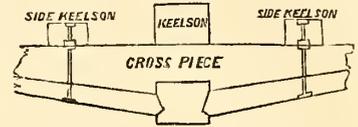
This section of the ship, as here chalked out, being put together on the ground and hoisted to the required position on the growing vessel by means of sheers or tall masts with necessary tackle. Now these floors and futtocks must vary as the building of the ship approaches the stem or stern. This is done by cutting off the floors, as well as giving them a greater cant upward, that they may meet the fut-

tockes, which, as they approach toward either end of the ship, have a greater desire to run straight up, making the ship at those points more of the wedge form.

As all these futtocks are raised to the places they are to occupy they are *shored up*. Shores are sticks of timber acting as props to keep the sections of futtocks in their places, the upper end resting against the ribbon or piece of wood fastened temporarily across the futtocks for the purpose of staying.

Our stem, stern, and side timbers being all up, the next job must be to introduce the keelsons. The principal keelson is a piece, or pieces, of timber joined the same as the keel and laid directly above it, acting as a strengthener of the vessel lengthwise, and as a means of securing the floors in their proper places. The keelson is laid directly over the keel from stem to stern, and secured by copper bolts driven through the

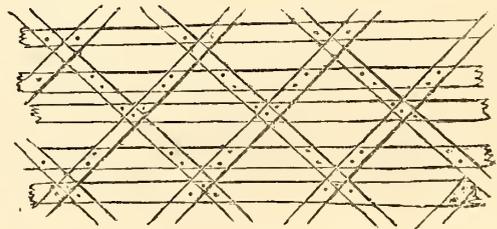
floor and keel, and by wooden dowels to the floor. Besides the main keelson there are side keelsons, sometimes two, and sometimes



four, according to the size of the ship, secured through the floors, futtocks, and outer planking. These side keelsons not only aid in making the ship more strong, but in staying for the timber that makes the stepping of the mast.

Another important point is the filling or closing of all space between the futtocks and below the water-line with timber. This is done that the ship may still be water-tight should she chance to strike upon rocks or ground, and tear off her outer planking. These timbers are fitted closely in the open spaces between the floors and the futtocks, and are well calked before either outer or inner planking is put upon the ship, making her so that without any outside planking whatever she will still float.

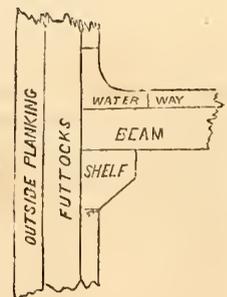
The next point is of the internal trussing or bracing the ship with iron. These braces or trusses are bands of iron from three to six inches wide, running across the timbers at acute angles from the side keelsons to the upper timbers and fastened to them by bolts. These tend to give



the frame great strength; in fact, if properly applied, making it impossible for the ship to go to pieces or to become what is technically termed *hogged*—a difficulty produced by the falling of the stem and stern and the rising of the keel, making it curve, and destroying the sailing properties of the vessel.

We have now the frame or outer shell of the ship ready for her decks. These decks will be in number according to the size of the ship. For one of the size we are now building three decks will be necessary, which we must put in, as the carpenter puts in the floors of his house.

We first, at the height we intend these decks to be, run a rib of timber longitudinally the whole length of the vessel, securing it to the side timbers by bolting. This is called the *shelf*, and on it rest the beams that stretch across the ship, on which beams the floor of the deck is laid.

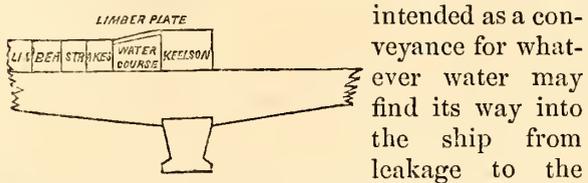


The same rule that applies to the keel, the stem, and the stern-post applies equally to all these vast timbers, whether they be shelves or beams: they must all be joined and made up from small pieces by searphing or dowering, or

both. These beams, as well as the shelf, are made from the very best of pine, and the deck planking of the same wood, taking care to select it as pitchy as possible.

In speaking here of decks I do not mean to say that we must lay them yet. There is other work to be done first. We have the frame all up, trussed, and bolted, and now we must draw the *skin*, as it is termed, over the ribs of the great monster and put in the timbers and inside ceiling.

This inside planking, which is generally worked on at the same time as the outside or skin, is called the *limber strakes* or *ceiling*. The limber strakes are a little over half the thickness of the keelson, and are worked on to the futtocks inside, in the same manner that an ordinary room floor is laid, with iron or copper bolts reaching only into the futtocks, not through them. Between the keelson and the first limber strakes an open space or gutter is left, called the water-course,

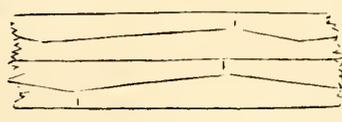


intended as a conveyance for whatever water may find its way into the ship from leakage to the wells, that the pumps may get at it. It will be the intention of the ship-builder with these limber strakes or inside planking to make them as tight upon the seams as he would outside plank, so that in the event of any injury to the skin of the ship leakage would not ensue. In small vessels it is upon this planking and upon the skin that the steam-box is mostly brought to

bear, that the timbers, especially those of the forward and aft parts of the ship, may be easily bent to the required curves. In a ship of the size we are now building, the lines being so near straight in comparison to the shortness of the pieces of strakes or plank, the steam-box is of little use.

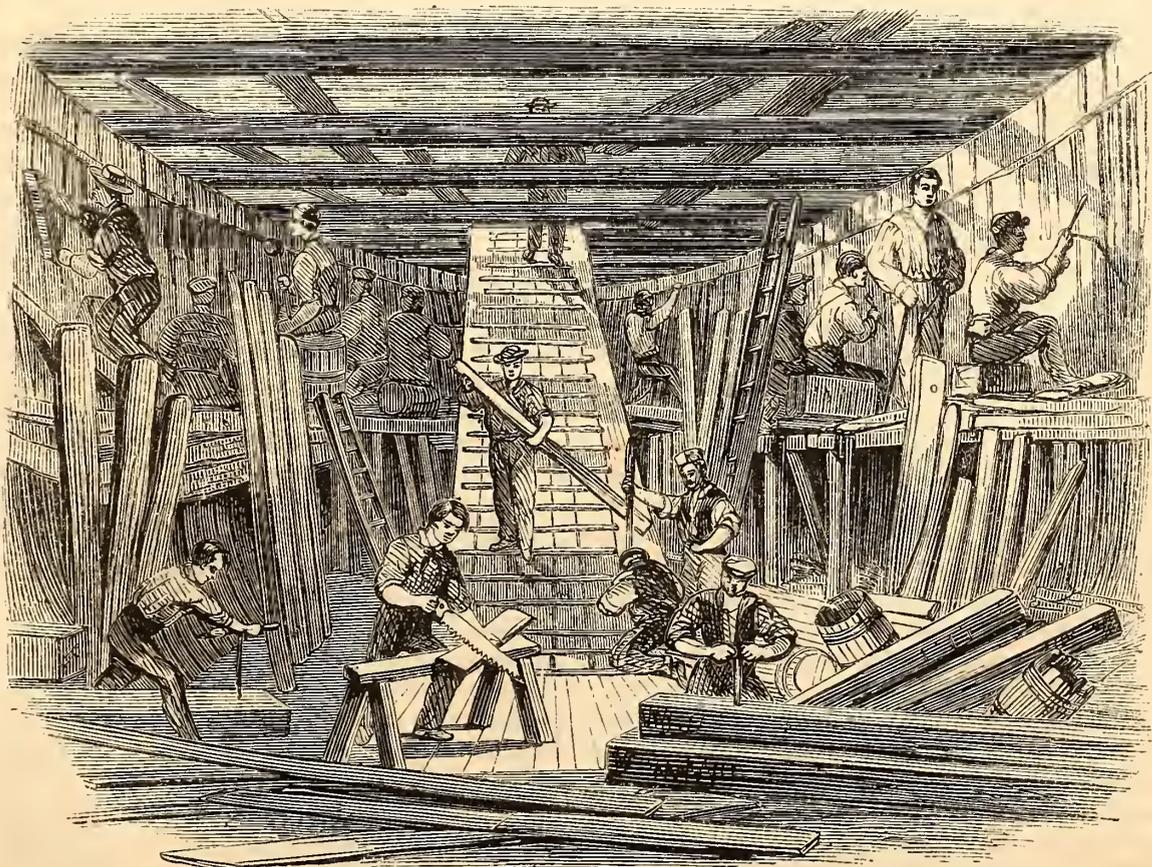
And now we will proceed to put the skin upon our ship, premising a few words upon the difference between English and American modes of planking. The English ship-builders, in planking a ship's bottom, use both English and Dantzig oak, with sometimes fir and elm, below the water-line, on account of its non-liability to split. The English oak being cut from trees largest at the lowest end, the planks come out in such shape as to make it imperatively necessary that the builder, for the sake of saving much stuff, must use

them in this angular style. The American plan differs from this in so far that we always use straight outside timbers, except in such cases as where the form of the ship demands otherwise.



Before putting the planking upon the ship it is the duty of the master-builder to see that his frame stands perfectly true and perpendicular. If it should not do so, he must slacken his shores and ribbons on the one side, and tauten them on the other, until that end is attained according to the plumb-line.

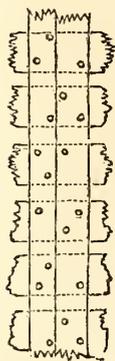
These outside planks, or skin, in a ship of the size we are now building, vary in thickness from four inches to ten, the thickest plank being



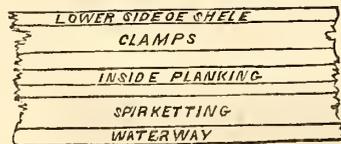
INTERIOR OF THE SHIP.

about the *wales*—or that part of the ship above water, and just below the line of the first, or upper-deck. There is no part of the building of the ship requiring so much care and judgment as does this putting on the skin. Any error in selecting the material, or in bending it wrongly, may cause splits or bruises that eventually, by leakage and decay, may endanger the very life of the ship. As this planking approaches the stem or stern it is thinned off, to admit a more easy bending and fitting to the curves and to the rabbet of the stem and stern-post.

The fastening of this skin to the futtocks, or frame, is done by wooden pegs of locust, called *tree-nails*, the holes for receiving which should be bored several days previous to using, that the sap remaining in the wood may thoroughly dry out. The tree-nail is then introduced, by a plan called double and single fastening—being the alternate driving of one and two tree-nails into each futtock.

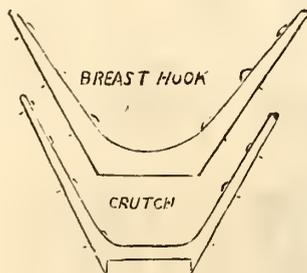


The next item for consideration is the *water-ways*, an internal hoop of timber, passing longitudinally along the ship, just above the decks, serving the same purpose on top that the shelf serves below. The inside planking just under the lower side of the shelf is called the *clamps*; and the same, just above the *water-ways*, the *spirketting*. Both the clamps and spirketting are



more strongly fastened to the timbers of the frame than any other part of the ceiling, that they may lend their aid to the support of the shelf, water-ways, and beams.

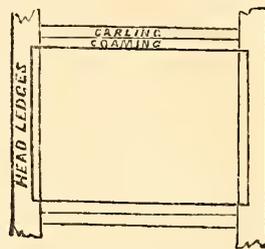
Before I go farther, let me say a word in reference to *breast-hooks* and *crutches*. These are timbers or iron, as the choice may be, intended



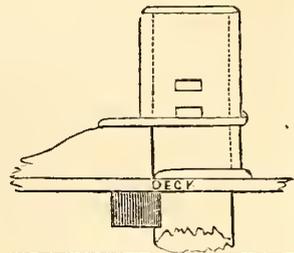
to unite the ship together at both stem and stern, where the floors do not cross the keel. When used forward they are called breast-hooks; when aft, crutches. They are intended to fit upon

the keel, stretching out their arms, which are bolted to the side-timbers. They form a part of the general system of strengthening the ship. We come now to the laying of the deck—or, as technically termed, the *framing* of the deck; the marking out the hatchways and openings, the most important of which are the mast-holes. These mast-holes are always made from three to six inches larger than the masts that are to go in them, the overplus of space being arranged by the insertion of wedges, which keep the mast in its proper position. The frame about the

mast-hole is composed of fore-and-aft partners, cross-partners, and corner chocks. The hatchways are formed square-oblong, the broadest part of the opening running across the ship.—The fore-and-aft pieces are called *coamings*, while those athwart-ship are called *head-ledges*.

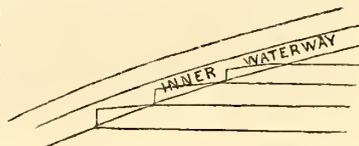


Included in the framing of the deck are the *riding-bitts*, which are intended to receive the cable when the ship is lying at anchor. It is usual, on a ship of the size we are now building, to have two pair of riding-bitts or four. These bitts, for their better security, run through two decks.



Sometimes the riding-bitts are dispensed with, and the windlass, of which I shall speak presently, is used instead.

We have nothing now but to lay our deck, which is a simple work—care only being had, in putting on the outer planking, or skin, to bend and fit the plank well and carefully, avoiding all flaws and strains, that the decks may be perfectly tight, without a chance of springing or straining from the fastenings. There must be next to the water-way a single plank, laid

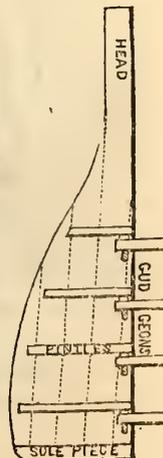


down and fitted into a rabbet in the water-way, and then gradually cut down on the outer edge until it meets the deck plank; this is called the *inner water-way*.

Upon our ship we shall put three decks—the upper deck, the main deck, and the lower deck; but in vessels of war the names of decks are numerous beyond mention.

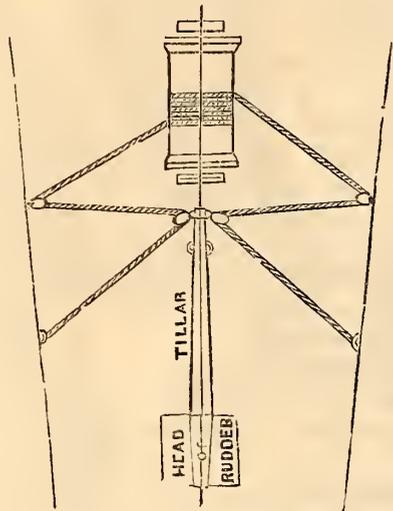
The most important parts yet to be considered are the rudder, the wheel, the capstan, the finished bow and stern, and the calking and coppering of the ship.

The *rudder* is the instrument used to guide the ship—the brain of the great mass. On the construction and proper hanging of this portion much depends. It is made from the very best of oak and elm, the head being round, while at its foot is worked a piece of plank about six inches thick, so that should the ship touch ground, this *sole-piece*, as it is called, will come away, like the false keel, and perhaps free her. The rudder is hung to the ship by pintles and gudgeons, the first attached to the rudder, the last to the stern-post.

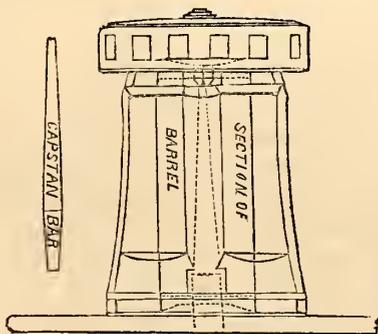


Our rudder being now hung, we will turn our attention to the wheel—the power that holds the rudder in subjection.

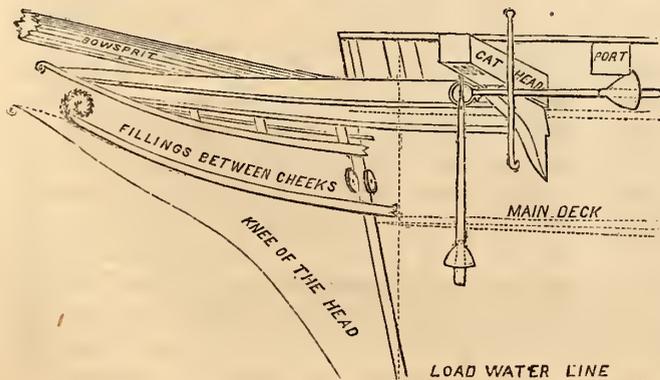
When the rudder is hung, the circular head coming above the deck is morticed to receive the tiller, or piece of wood intended to act as a lever in forcing the rudder to the right or the left, as circumstances may demand. Attached to the end farthest from the rudder-head are the tiller-



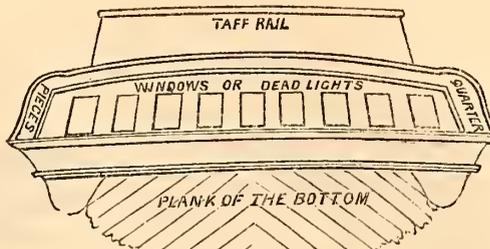
ropes, running through small blocks, and from these upon one end to the side of the vessel, upon the other to the barrel of the wheel, where it is wound seven times about the barrel, so that the barrel, upon being turned, shall slack upon one rope and haul taut upon the other. By this means a power is gained by one man that with the tiller alone could not be gained by four.



The *capstan*, or windlass, in a vessel of our class, should be double, running through two decks, and having two barrels, that two sets of men can work at once. The place of the capstan is in the extreme bow of the ship.



THE BOW.



THE STERN.

And now the artist must explain the bow or head of the ship, and her stern.

We now have our ship, only excepting calking and coppering. The first is generally done upon the outside skin while the ship is upon the stocks; but the inside timbers are often left uncalked until the ship has been several years in use, as it is supposed that as calking tends to stiffen the fabric of a ship, the inner calking comes to her aid in that way after she has been racked and strained.

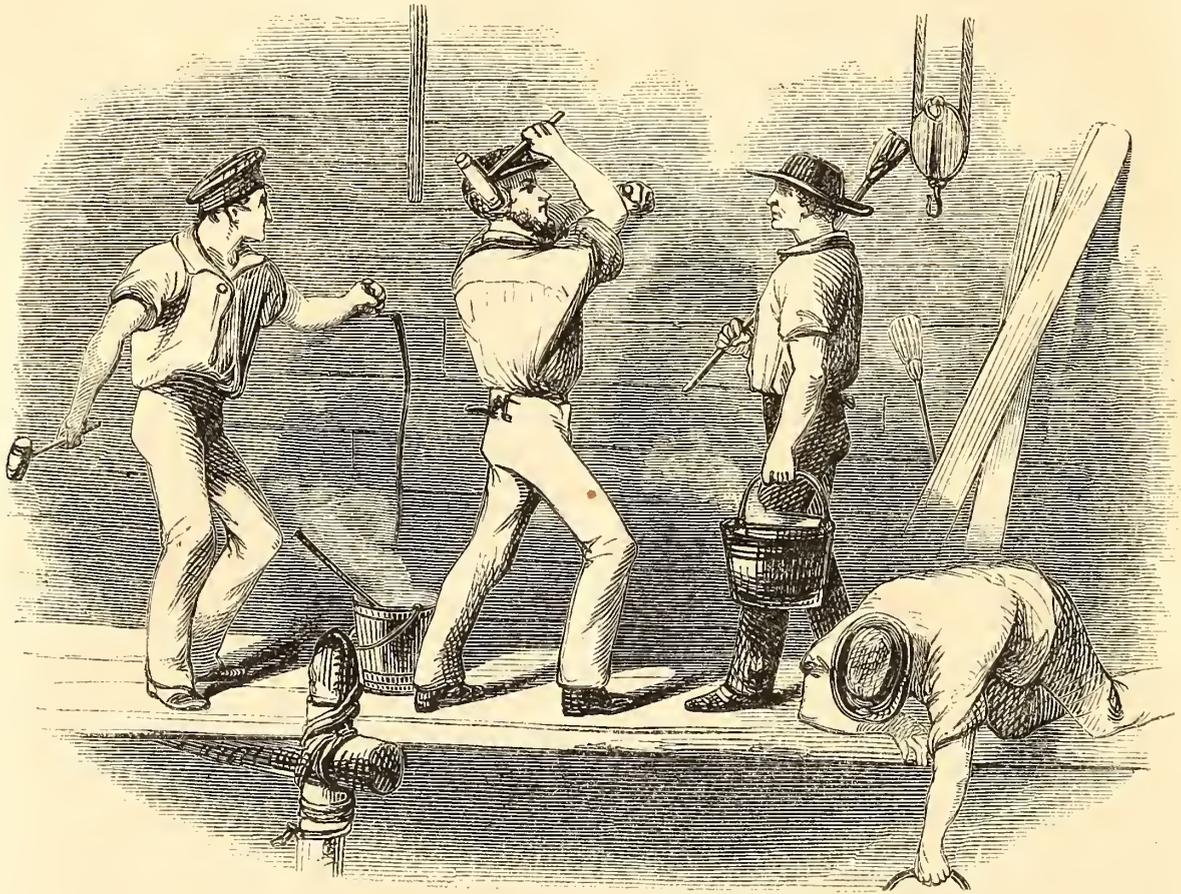
Calking is the making of the seams impervious to water, and is accomplished by forcing into them, with sharp iron wedges called *calking irons*, oakum, which is old rope, cut into short pieces and picked into threads. After these seams are all filled melted pitch is put over them with a small broom. A mixture is then made of pitch and tar, which is spread over the entire bottom of the ship, as far as the copper is intended to come, as smoothly as possible. The decks are calked in a similar manner, but instead of pitch, marine glue is used to close the seams.

We have now our ship ready for the copper. In many cases this coppering is not done until after the ship is launched, perhaps not until she has made several voyages, when she is taken out upon a dry dock, calked and coppered.

It was not until the beginning of the present century that copper was used upon the bottom of ships, previous to that time a coating of pitch and tar being thought sufficient protection. The clogging of the ship's bottom with vegetable matter, and the ravages of the sea-worm, soon taught the mariner better, and copper sheathing was the result.

It is customary in coppering a ship to use sheets measuring four feet in length by fourteen inches in breadth, and weighing from twenty to thirty-two ounces per superficial foot. These different weights are used upon the same ship, the heaviest about the bows and along the load water-line. A ship of the size we are now building will require about five thousand sheets, weighing a fraction over thirty thousand pounds.

Having reached that point where our ship is ready for launching, let us proceed to launch her. But do not deceive yourself with the idea that our ship is ready for sea; she must first go into the hands of the spar-makers and riggers. We have built the ship; the riggers' duty is



OALKING.

foreign to us, however important it may be to the ship. Therefore, while all things are getting ready for the launch, lend your ears while I speak a few words with regard to ship-building timber.

In our country little is used but oak and pine; but in England experiments have been made in almost every wood under the sun, and the general conclusion has been reached that East India teak is the best. The great difficulty to be overcome is the decay of the timbers with dry-rot, or fungi that grow and extract all the juices of the wood until it crumbles away under the least pressure or strain. Merchant vessels are more subject to this than men-of-war, ventilation being the only means to arrest its progress. By the Marine surveying laws, a ship is only allowed to remain on the first-class list twelve years, it being calculated that in such time decay has well advanced. Cases have been known where a well-built oak ship would in a few months be useless from dry-rot.

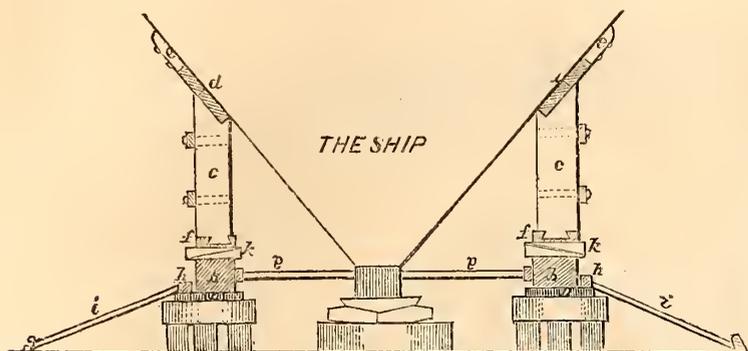
The comparative qualities of wood, according to the English valuation, for ship-building are: *First*, Teak, mahogany, pencil-cedar, Spanish and French oak. *Second*, Red cedar, white oak, and Spanish chestnut. *Third*, American oak, chestnut, larch, tamarac, pitch-pine, and ash. *Fourth*, Red pine, elm, birch, spruce, and beech. *Fifth*, Hemlock. American builders place our oak higher.

Experiments on the power of timber to resist crushing, breaking, and pulling apart, show that yellow pine withstands a pressure of 5375 pounds

to the square inch, ash 8683 pounds, oak 9509 pounds; while the cohesive strength of ash is 17,000 pounds to the square inch, and oak 10,000 pounds. A stick of oak, 8 inches by 12, and 15 feet in length, required a weight of 19,153 tons before it would break. Many experiments have also been made with timber to prevent its decay, sometimes by immersion in liquids, sometimes by drying it in ovens and kilns, and sometimes by injecting chemical substances into its pores. The process of salting timber has been in use for over half a century, and is perhaps the only real practical preserving that has yet been done. Corrosive sublimate, chloride of zinc, sulphate of copper, and kreosote, have all been used with certain success in saturating the fibres of the wood; and timber has been subjected to currents of heated air of 114° Fahrenheit, which reduced its weight 20 per cent. in sixteen days; but with all the success of these experiments none of them have been brought practically to bear in the building of the ship.

Now for the launch. We have a mass of timber, copper, iron, etc., weighing somewhere about 3000 tons, which we are anxious to get into the water with safety to ourselves and it.

As a representation of our ship's bottom I will give you an angle, in looking at which you will be kind enough to imagine that you are standing at the bow of the vessel and looking down her length. I have before mentioned that the keel of the ship is laid on a declivity of $\frac{5}{8}$ ths of an inch to a foot; and now, in our efforts at a successful launch, it will be necessary that we



should give the sliding ways, or plane upon which she is to glide into the waters, a still greater slope. We will even go so far as to give them $\frac{7}{8}$ ths of an inch declivity to each foot of distance. The smaller the vessel the greater is the declivity, much depending on the weight of the mass moved in making its own momentum.

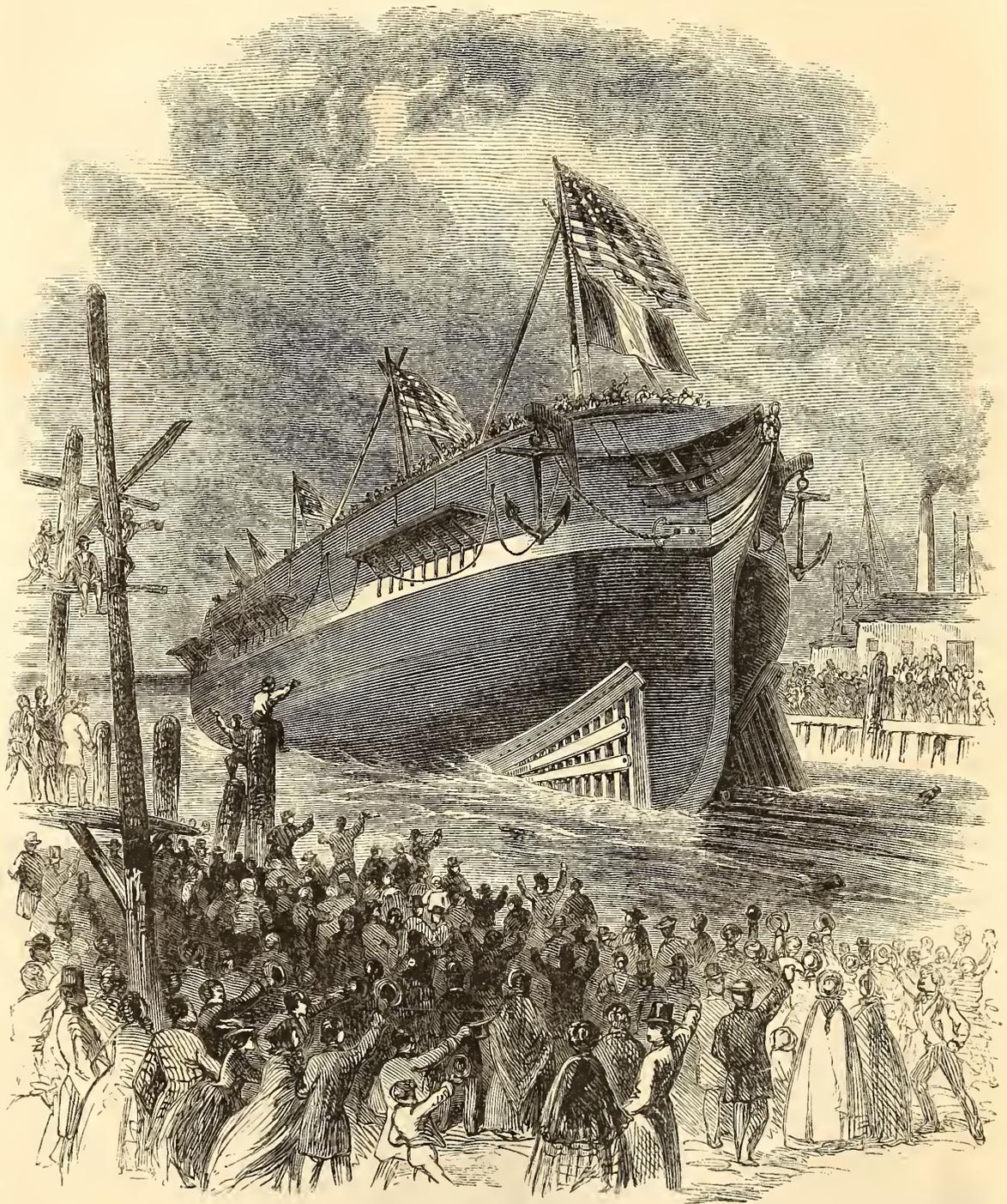
These *sliding ways*, which I shall mark *a*, are smooth plank laid upon heavy timbers, forming a continuous line from the ship to the water, and are laid when the tide is low that they may reach far out. Upon these sliding ways rest the *bilge-ways*, marked *b*, much as the runner of a sled rests on the snow. These bilge-ways, which are about $\frac{5}{8}$ ths of the length of the ship, and connected with her by certain upright timbers—*c*, called *poppets*, and others called *stopping up*, the latter of which are used amidships, the poppets before and abaft. The poppets are confined to the side of the ship by a plank, marked *d*, which is bolted to the ship's side, and farther strengthened by cleats, *e*, which are also screwed

from the keel of the ship to the inside of the bilge-ways: this prevents the bilge-ways slipping inward, while a strip, entitled a ribbon, will prevent them going outward, nailed along the sliding ways, and secured from any chance of being forced away by a shore reaching from its outside to the ground marked *h* and *i*.

This is the outline of the machinery of the launch. The additions must be made at the time of launching in the shape of wedges, grease, and soft soap. The wedges used are two upon each poppet and are called *slices*, marked *k*. They are inserted between the sole-pieces and the bilge-ways, and, just previous to the hour of launching, men are stationed at them with mallets, who, driving these wedges, raise the huge mass just sufficient to allow the blocks upon which she was built to be removed. This removal is made with all the blocks but those in the foremost part of the ship, which are split away piecemeal, and the great structure rests upon the cradle confined only by a single piece



COPPERING.



THE LAUNCH.

of timber called a *dog-shore*. This dog-shore holds her back from slipping away into the waters by being placed on one end against a secure point on the ship, the other against a cleat on the bilge-ways. To it there is affixed a trigger and a string that, on the word being given, the dog-shore may be pulled away and the ship be free. Only one thing is necessary, which is to see that the sliding ways and the under side of the bilge-ways are well covered with grease, oil, or soft soap, that the least possible friction may ensue, and the stately ship go smoothly into her future home.

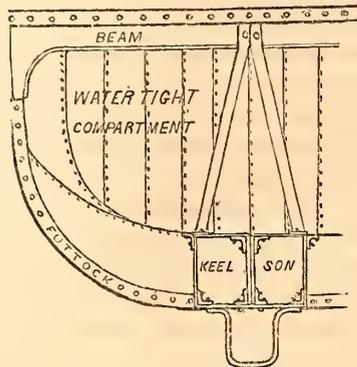
All is now ready! The gorgeous banners and gay streamers are floating and fluttering from every available point. The decks are crowded with happy people. The crowds stand in hushed and breathless expectation. The work is done,

and not even the click of a hammer is heard, nothing but the ripple of the full flood-water that breaks up to the shore, struggling as it were to kiss the great ship that is so soon to nestle upon its bosom.

A fair creature, "God's last, best gift to man," comes forth from the group upon the deck, with a flushed cheek and a sparkling eye, and casts the christening wine against her bows, calling the ship aloud by the name she shall henceforth bear. In an instant the stout voice of the builder is heard ringing over the rail, "Down, dog-shore!" and to the music of a thousand shouts the grand ship glides away with a laughing plunge into the element in which she is to make all her future conquests, whether they be of war or of commerce. Hurrah!

Once more let me, even though we have our

wooden castle finished and out upon her mission, recall your attention to ships. This time I desire to say only a few words about iron ships; and I shall not detain you long, for the very simple reason that the general theory is the same as in wood, making only the difference that, while in large vessels it is wrought in pieces, and the floors and futtocks laid upon and from it, in the smaller the keel is merely a groove made upon the bottom plate by subjecting it to pressure in a mould while hot. Still, with the aid of my chalk, I will

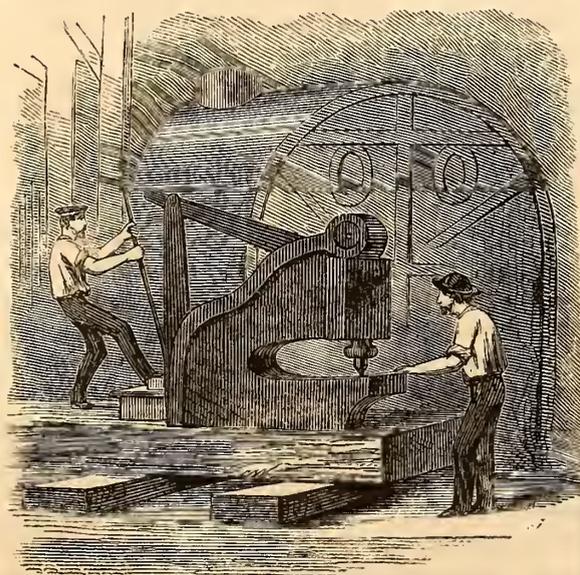


illustrate this fact, and also show you the sectional form of the floors, futtocks, and keelsons.

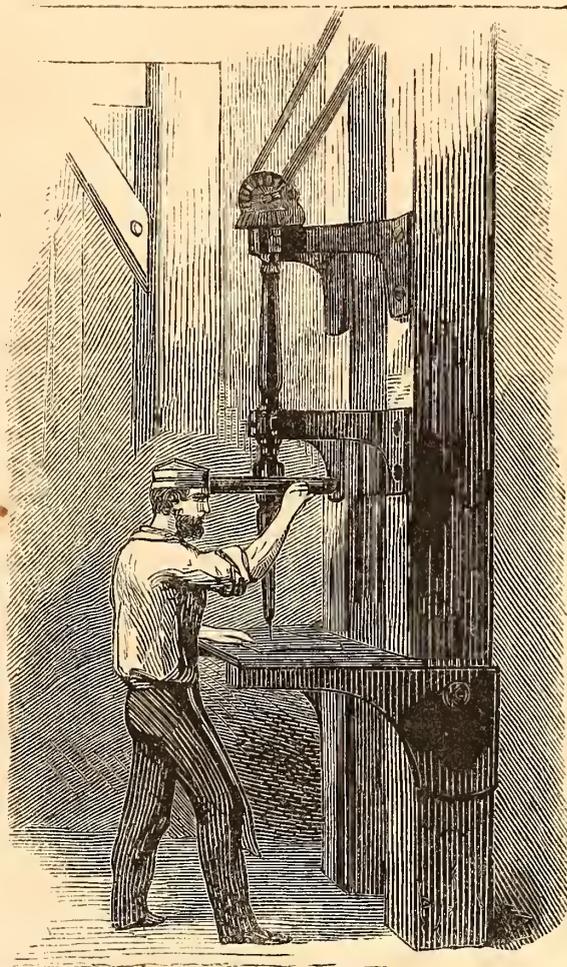
The building of the iron ship is in every respect the same as the making of the steamboat

boiler. The iron sheets only differ in quality, the boiler iron being much the best. These sheets vary in size, according to the calibre of the vessel, but the usual size is three feet by nine. In thickness they vary greatly, ranging from half an inch to seven-eighths, and of course heavy in proportion.

Upon the construction drawings being made for an iron ship they are dispatched to the foundry, and each plate is got out the exact required size. The best of this plate is made in the Pennsylvania foundries, and upon reaching the spot whereon the ship is to be built, requires only the preparation of bending, and punching for the rivets before being added to the frame. To achieve the bending the plate becomes, for a sufficient space to give it a fine red heat, the tenant of the furnace. From its fiery bed it is dragged forth upon a heavy iron floor, where, under the hammers of the moulders, it is brought



PUNCHING MACHINE.



DRILLING MACHINE.

to whatever curve may be required. The next move is to send it through the punching machine, the powerful machinery of which, worked by two men with the aid of steam, cuts a line of holes about its edge, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, with about the same ease that a healthy Miss of twelve would send her teeth through a slice of bread and butter. After this preparation the sheet is ready to become part of the vessel, and is riveted to the sheet that has gone before by overlapping, the rivet being driven from the inside, a second workman on the outside clenching it. In small vessels rivets are used to confine these sheets to the frame, but in large, bolts, the holes for which are drilled by a machine also worked by steam-power, and eating through the iron with a certainty calculated to give you a pain in the bones with the mere idea of your being a piece of iron.

This outside sheeting is graduated in thickness from the keel up, the thickest and best iron being nearest the keel. In small vessels the outside sheeting generally constitutes the ship, perhaps with the addition of inside wood planking; but in large vessels the outer sheeting is precisely the same as in wooden ships, but half the covering of the frame, the inside being covered in a similar manner, making, as it were, one vessel inside the other.

Another matter worthy for consideration is the method followed in iron ships of dividing

into water-tight compartments. The number of these will vary according to the size and capabilities of the ship, each compartment forming a complete floating vessel by itself. The advantage gained by this is, that any accident occurring by which the ship leaks, no matter to how great an extent, she will still float, the water being confined to that compartment in which the injury originated. A notable instance of this can be adduced in the case of the iron steamer that came in collision with the *Arctic*, of the Collins line, the great wooden ship sinking in a very short time, while the iron one, with injuries greater in proportion, floated and found her way to port. These compartments are made simply by partitioning the ship, leaving only openings for the doors, which are made to close with such nicety that all chance of the water making its way past the part it came in on is cut off. This partitioning is done the same as the outer or inner sheeting. Many suppose that an iron ship is all iron. This is a mistake, wood entering into her composition largely, sometimes even to the large part of the inside fittings, beams, decks, and, in fact, every thing but the mere shell of the ship.

And now, my friend, thanking you for your kind attention, and having some conscientious whisperings that I may bore you should I continue, allow me to lead you gently back into the flowery paths of private life. Do not despise this little lesson, for who knows how useful it may be to you yet! Look abroad, you will see your countrymen all over the world showing every body how to do every thing, and perhaps it may be your mission to follow in their footsteps. Who knows! If in the future it should be necessary for you to build a steamer for the Emperor of Timbuctoo, or a ship of the line for our ally the King of Madagascar, remember that we laid our first keel together; and so *au revoir*, which in American is equivalent to throwing an old shoe after you.

CALICO AND CHATTERBOX.

“DO you know, Uncle Frank, that I do not admire your writings?” abruptly remarked my niece, Annie, as one evening I prepared to assume the pen.

We were sitting at the evening table. I was smoking, and Annie, my favorite niece and housekeeper, was busying herself with some fancy-work—that is, she was industriously stitching a bit of white linen, ornamented with blue lines fantastically entangled, like the trailings of morning-glories on the lattice of the old homestead in the country, while here and there, at regular intervals, were perforations which looked extremely like the eyes of fishes, with lids that never shut, staring at you with all their might, as they do from off the marble slabs in Washington Market. For what mysterious purpose the wonderful fabric was intended probably young maidens best know. I have found upon experience that it is not always wisdom for an old bachelor

like myself to suggest innocent inquiries to the “muslin denomination” concerning aught more intangible than a “Havelock,” or the unmistakable contour of the sleeve of a “shirt,” I being invariably rebuffed by the curt remark that “Gentlemen should not be inquisitive,” and “Old bachelors should never ask any questions.”

I am an old bachelor, coming forty next May. Threads of silver are already streaking through my black hair. I have never married because I have never found that a wife was indispensable to my happiness, being blessed with plenty of nieces every way accomplished and capable of superintending my limited establishment. I live very quietly, because it suits my taste; yet I like to see my nieces enjoy themselves, and am always happy to receive their friends, that is, to have them receive them, while I smoke my quiet cigar and scribble away in the back parlor. I have ever regarded my pen as my confidential companion, and have rarely felt the need of any other. It may be selfish to live thus, but I have found it so far extremely pleasant. I see quite enough of the world at my office in town, and going to and from it, to give me an agreeable relish for the quiet of home.

I was startled by the expression of such a decided opinion from the lip of my usually quiet and amiable niece. She, to suddenly assume to criticise me, after I had won the reputation in the literary world of “being above the mass!” The remark annoyed me; though the opinion of a young girl like her—what of it? Probably the little sauce-box said it just to plague me—to draw me out, and make me say something to beguile the monotony of the long evening hours, which, to her, with her interminable fancy-work, perhaps were tedious. Of course her opinion was naught when weighed in the balance of my greatness; but turn it which way I might, it was an opinion still, and a pretty decided one, from a representative of the mass of womankind. Then arose three mighty questions in my mind, three as knotty and perplexing queries as vexed St. LEGER, while solving the Enigma of Life: “*What are we? Whence are we? Whither do we go?*”

But mine were:

I. Was it judicious to ignore a woman’s opinion?

II. Do not women constitute nearly or quite half of the readers of our magazines?

III. Why should not we defer to them and to their tastes? Their keen intuition often leads them directly to the Right, while we, vaunted wise men, go struggling on through the circuitous by-paths, ever seeking fitful glimpses of the goal which they at once descry.

But the idea of consulting my very common-sense niece about my literary affairs had never before occurred to me, though I was perfectly willing to confide to her superior judgment, young as she was, the most important considerations of actual life, knowing that they would be quite as faithfully attended to as if I, in my

absent-minded way, attempted to see to them myself. Philosophically weighing the distaste she had avowed for my writings, which the greatest of critics had expressed an admiration for, I resolved to coolly sift the matter to the very bottom. It was a subject worthy of the philosopher, and it would doubtless reward the *littérateur* who devoted his whole life and talents to the writing of what others besides himself were to read. Deliberately knocking the ashes from my prime Havana with my little finger, I rather jocosely inquired,

“Your reasons, Calico?”

And here I paused to reflect. Why did I call my niece by the sobriquet “Calico?” There sat the little vixen in her sewing-chair, stitching away as industriously as if engaged upon a wedding garment, her cherry mouth pursed up as was her wont when forming a deliberate opinion—and a thunder-clap I feared it might prove on delivery. Her dark hair neatly combed, her graceful form robed in black silk—her usual evening-dress at home—she presented, if not a very pretty, at least to me a very pleasing home-picture. Regular features, brilliant complexion, eyes that could flash fire, though they seldom did—a *tout ensemble* at once genteel and engaging. Why did I call her “Calico?”

An eminent writer once advanced the opinion—which has now almost become an adage—that unamiable people are seldom, if ever, nicknamed; that is, they are seldom dowered with those hundred-and-one sobriquets and epithets which involuntarily rise upon the tongue at the recognition of certain genial or piquant traits in the character of another. Now, my niece was christened at the sacred font by the name of Annie. To me she was ever “gentle Annie;” but I never thought of calling her so, or, indeed, of calling her by her name at all, and gradually the very sound, sweet as it is, had become almost forgotten in my house. “Puss,” “Sis,” and a host of others were far more familiar “household words.” Why was this? And her last name—“Calico”—how came it about? I will tell you:

Home from the country, the first thing she did was to invest in a couple of calico dresses, price eight cents per yard; and very pretty things they were too. Tidily fitted, and by her own hand, they seemed to me the very things. I remember that one of these said calicoes had a reddish figure, and was corded and buttoned with red, while the other, inclining to blue, was trimmed in keeping. Very artistic they were, very pretty, and very neat. I fancied coffee tasted better for being poured in such tidy costume. The peculiar style of the “eight-pennies” was decidedly novel, lovable, and home-looking, though not in the least “homely,” in the usual acceptation of the term; and liking “Puss” better in that fabric than in any other, I came at length to call her by the sobriquet of “Eight-penny,” to which she objected, on the ground of its sounding altogether too cheap for a lady of her dignity; she even threatened to “secede”

from my establishment if the obnoxious cognomen was not forthwith abandoned. Thereupon we had recourse to compromise, and both parties amicably agreed that it should be “Calico,” and Calico it has been ever since.

To me there is something pretty in the name. It awakens my slumbering ideal of woman; and who has such an exalted ideal of woman as a bachelor of forty years? Did not our grandmothers and mothers wear calico, and our sweethearts of twenty years ago? Did not the school-girls wear calico—the pretty, hoydenish, red-checked misses, whom you flirted with when you wore “roundabouts?” Can you separate your ideal of woman in her domestic sphere from calico? I can not. I never stopped to consider the subject before, but I believe there is philosophy in nicknames; and certainly there is something about a neatly-fitting calico dress in the morning that fits very snugly to a bachelor’s heart.

And now Calico, having finished pursing up her lips, commences her formidable disquisition. I knew it was coming, though it is some twenty minutes since she uttered the first fault-finding sentence. Listen:

“Oh, I am no great judge, but they do not suit me—that is, unless I am mentally dressed up, and prepared to read what the old governess would say ‘was obviously intended to improve the mind and exalt it to the highest pitch of ideality;’ and things bearing such a portentous title or preface frighten me. They are like Tiffany’s grand jewelry-shop—we are dazzled by the immense display of glittering gems, but we do not in the least enjoy them. I prefer catching up something that I can read without any mental effort, something that will at once interest and amuse me, and if it combines instruction with entertainment, all the better. I like what appeals to all mankind—or, more personal still, all womankind—something that I can read in my calico dress!”

“And so you do not like my writings, Calico?”

“Oh, I read them, out of compliment to you; but I would not read them if any one else wrote them.”

“Thank you! You have the merit at least of being frank in the expression of your opinion.”

“Oh, do not be angry. They are very fine, no doubt, but they fail to touch my heart or interest my feelings. You elevate, or try to elevate me to your sphere, for which I have no sympathy; but you never condescend to enter mine, which is wider than yours, and embraces the mass of people. You never wrote any thing *for me* but a little sketch, which I dare say you have long ago forgotten, called the ‘Poesy of Home,’ and some ‘Lines’ on my ‘Needle-work;’” and Calico pouted her lip like a spoiled child that has been deprived of its merited sugar-plums.

“Ah, indeed! I had quite forgotten them. Have you those wonderful productions to which you so flatteringly allude?”

"Yes, uncle, they are safe in my Scrap-Book: and you needn't make fun of them either; for to my mind they are far superior to all the learned things you have written since. If I was an author, I would make myself loved as well as feared."

"Feared! who fears me?"

"Oh, a great many people—almost every one I know. You do not associate with others; you keep aloof from people; and that makes you unpopular. Nobody likes to be avoided by those whom they consider their superiors; and people talk of you as if you were a distant, glittering mental iceberg—not a human being, with sympathies which might and ought to endear you to your kind. But you are not half so cross and cold as you appear, though. Nobody knows any thing of your real kindness of heart but I and—"

"Who, pray?"

"Chatterbox."

This was a cold blanket. A man of my talents—one "far above the mass"—to be truly appreciated only by a couple of giddy girls, who, I dare say, knew not the difference between æsthetics and philosophy! I was obliged to light a fresh cigar in order to keep myself in a tolerable degree of good-humor. Meanwhile, my industrious but very material niece was stitching away on that eternal fancy-work, inweaving her ideality with that interminable "Boar's Head Cotton!" We each have our fancy-work: we are none of us such vile materialists as we would fain make each other believe—not even my niece, Calico. Would that that embroidered web might speak! I begun to fairly grow jealous of it. How selfish of her to inweave all her thoughts in that bit of linen! How that pierced and perforated fabric might reveal a maiden's hopes and dreams, her reveries and air-castles! I am not sure but my niece Calico is quite as ideal as myself, only her thoughts run in other channels, and express or conceal themselves in needle-work, while mine come out strongly and bold in the blackest of ink. But one can be read as well as the other, provided the magic key to the languages is only found; oh, where is the Champollion to explain to me those hieroglyphics of Calico's needle-work! The priceless yellow fabrics in the Egyptian Museum would be eclipsed by the pocsy of this embroidered web of to-day; yet Calico and the embroidery both are silent, inscrutable, enigmatical, woman-like!

But of Chatterbox:

I must needs go back some three or four months. Tired and half sick I had returned home, and despondingly thrown myself on the lounge in the back parlor. I have no doubt that my niece would have been ready to bathe my aching brow with Cologne, and would have expressed a due amount of sympathy in my behalf; but to my certain knowledge she had been busy all day. I knew it by the nicely-dusted furniture and the tidy air of things in general—and she probably now was in her own room en-

gaged at her toilet. You see a quiet old bachelor like myself takes considerable notice of what is going on, though he seldom makes any observations, except on paper.

The folding-doors between the parlors were drawn, but not quite closed. Now, while I was lying there on the lounge in the back parlor, the door-bell rung; and when I heard a soft, silvery voice inquiring for my niece I was immediately somewhat interested. I distinguished next a light footfall, and the rustling of a lady's silken dress as she entered the front-parlor; and, old bachelor that I am! I confess to Eve's curiosity, to listening with all my might to what came next. In all, I had three items, upon which speculation, in spite of the headache, begun to build a romance.

1. The Gentle Voice.

2. The Light Footfall.

3. The Rustling Silk Dress.

But the rustling of the robe still continued, as if the fair demoiselle was comfortably and gracefully "settling herself" and her flounces there upon the sofa; and then I knew that she was both young and pretty. Next came the pattering of my niece's gaiters descending the stairs, the click of the high heels upon the oil-cloth reminding me of the beating of castanets; the door opened; there was a rush as of two comets, with ample tails, through the regions of space—a collision, as of said celestial bodies encountering each other, and—

"Joe Nelson! how glad I am to see you!"

"Oh, Annie! how *do* you do?—wanted to see you *so* bad!—couldn't wait till you had called on me—just heard you were home from the country—never got but one letter from you!"

Then followed the usual skirmishing of kisses, embraces, and the mischief knows what.

"Come home with such a cold!" muttered my niece, with a stifled voice, and a peculiar nasal twang that was an incontrovertible proof of the truth of her assertion.

"A cold! mercy: you ought to be home at my house. How I would like to doctor you up! In half an hour I would have you entirely cured. Papa calls me the 'Family Nurse;' now isn't that dignified? I keep an assortment of drugs and herbs constantly on hand: mostly the latter, for I hold to simple remedies, except in seated diseases, and then we always send for the doctor. Now, Annie, put on your things, and come right home with me and stay all night. Your uncle will not miss you. You must be taken care of, dear; for only think, what if you should go off of a 'decline' what would brother Arthur do? Oh, if there is any thing I *do* delight in, it is playing the nurse!"

"No, Joe, I can not possibly leave. I am but just returned from the country, as you know; and there was every thing to see to, for uncle has been playing 'bachelor's hall' in earnest. Bits of paper and ends of cigars were strewn about the parlor carpets from one end of the house to the other, and the carpets did not look as if Bidley had swept them once during my ab-

sence! Then, in the china closet I could not find an uncracked glass, and there were not enough dishes left to set the table! The first thing I did after resting from the fatigue of my journey was to purchase a couple of calico dresses, and after making them, to enter the house-keeping department myself, and try to get things regulated. Uncle was so pleased with my tidy calicoes that he has called me 'Calico' ever since."

"'Calico!' What a funny name!"

"Isn't it? But he's so funny: I warrant if he knew you, Joe Nelson, he would give you as queer a one. But take off your things and stay to dinner. You will have plenty of time to get home before dark. I had just been seeing to the dessert as I went up to dress."

"Oh, if you have been making any thing good I shall require no urging. I'm inclined to enjoy all the good things of this world that come within reach."

And then commenced another rustling of drapery, an untying of bonnet-strings, and a general shaking out of rumpled flounces. By noiselessly changing my position I could catch a vague glimpse of what was going on, and my acute ear (I am not yet beginning to grow deaf) detected the remainder. You must pardon an old bachelor for hearing and seeing all he could; for, being half sick and very cross, it was certainly better to study those young girls' manœuvres than to brood misanthropically over my personal ills until dinner-time; and every gentleman of my acquaintance is more or less cross just before dinner.

"Now, Joe, you are all fixed. What a pretty dress!"

"Pretty do you call it? Why, it is nothing but a last season's made over! You know it is hard times just now, and we must be economical."

Did my ears deceive me? A lady prating of economy, and a young lady too? I thought only the paterfamilias, or the matron of forty years' experience on "ways and means," were ever known to do that.

"But what have you been doing all the season, Joe? Why haven't you been in the country, too?"

"Me? oh, I couldn't be spared. You see all our beaux belong to the army, and sister and I have been so busy making 'Havelocks' and 'shirts,' and, oh, the amount of 'cake!' None of your flimsy baker's stuff, but good, substantial cake that would keep till the glorious Fourth if it wasn't eaten up—though I suppose it has been long ago—poor hungry fellows! And then the amount of 'sandwiches.' I wish you could see us pack their 'haversacks;' wasn't it fun? But after that we had to bid them 'good-by,' and that was *no fun*, I assure you. Oh, Annie, I've cried myself most to death since they went away. Pity me, my dear girl, for my beaux have all gone off and left me!" whimpered the little witch, in a sentimental tone which it was quite impossible to discover was "put on" for effect or genuine.

But how jealous I begun to grow of "those beaux," and how I wished they might all get shot, although I have ever been a stanch Unionist! I had never yet seen Miss Josephine Nelson, the friend of my niece, save the glimpse I caught of her through the interstices between the folding-doors, although she had been a frequent visitor at my house. Perhaps I had returned from my office that day somewhat earlier than usual on account of my slight indisposition, and having entered with my latch-key my niece was not aware of my presence.

"Lost all your beaux, Joe? That's bad."

"Indeed it is! Every one has gone—forsaken me for Columbia, my great rival. How I begin to hate her with her eternal 'Red, White, and Blue!' But mamma doesn't pity me a bit. She says that now I find some time to practice, and a little more time to attend to some useful things besides. But I assure you that it's *dreadful* to be left without a single beau! I've cried myself pale as a ghost."

"Well, if ghosts have such a beautiful bloom on their cheeks, I shall never be much afraid of them," laughed Calico.

"That's because the room is so warm; why don't you throw open the doors and have some air?"

"Never thought of that, but—"

Calico had advanced and pushed the doors apart before she caught sight of my uplifted finger, or heard my whispered "Hush!" But her ample crinoline concealed me, and she immediately stopped.

"Let those doors remain as they were," I whispered, "and tell this Chatterbox you are afraid you will catch more cold."

"'Chatterbox,' indeed! She'd box your ears, uncle, if she heard you call her so."

"She'd do no such thing, Miss Calico. And do you do as I bid you. I will study this unique bit of femininity."

"But listeners never hear any thing good of themselves."

"No matter; replace the doors as they were."

So my niece returned to the front parlor with a quizzical smile upon her lip, which I instinctively knew boded mischief, leaving the doors somewhat further apart than they were before.

"How long you have been opening those doors! So long, that you have quite forgot to leave them open."

"Oh no; but the breeze is strong, and I might catch more cold."

"True; how thoughtless of me! But where is your uncle? Will he be home to dinner?"

"Yes; he usually comes in about this time."

"How do I look, Annie? Is my hair well arranged? Is my head-dress becoming? I never thought of staying to dinner when I came. Remember, I have never seen him yet, and I want to look quite charming. I intend to fascinate him; you promised him to me for a beau."

"Did I?"

"Did you? Indeed you did; and now that

I am in sore need of a 'walking-stick,' I make bold to claim him."

"Why, Joe Nelson!"

"Fact."

"But he's a crabbed, cross old bachelor; very fastidious, very learned, and very dignified, and a little gray; forty years old next May—I know the very day, and must hurry and get those embroidered slippers done for his birthday present. Fancy your having such a beau!"

"No matter. 'Affairs are getting desperate,' as the brokers say in Wall Street. By-and-by, if the war continues, there will not be even a 'crabbed old bachelor' left to impress into our service; so we must take up with what we can get, and be thankful. But I'm impatient to see my lion; won't it be fun to civilize him?"

And the daring wretch clapped her hands and waltzed all round the room. I was boiling with rage and indignation. I was angry at my niece, and I was indignant at the audacious stranger for assuming to monopolize me for a "walking-stick" in default of all other beaux. But the worst was yet to come.

"Oh! I like such magnificent people vastly, and, what is very singular, they always like me. It must be the affinity of opposition that attracts us. Would you believe it, Annie, I have read all your uncle's grand writings and don't understand a word of them!"

"Why, Joe!"

"'Pon my word, I don't."

"Then I confess there are two dunces in the world, when I thought there was only one."

"Annie, what do you mean?"

"Why, that I never could understand them myself."

"What, *you*, Annie?"

"His own niece—living under the same roof with him. He is a perfect enigma to me to this day, and so are his writings; and I do wish he would condescend to write common sense."

"But he's a *genius*, Annie; and you know that is one step either above or below a *fool*."

"Hush!"

"Why 'hush?' he isn't around, is he?"

"He will be soon. But I assure you, Miss Nelson, that my uncle is no fool," replied Calico, indignantly.

"Don't be angry, dear, I only said it in fun. But if he *can*, why *doesn't* he write something that we care for—something to do us good?"

"I'm sure I can not tell; it is a thought that has often puzzled me."

"I'll tell you what let us do."

Here the dinner-bell sounded.

"What, Joe?"

"Let's tutor him into common sense."

As soon as my tormentors had descended to the dining-room I noiselessly arose, opened the door, and stole up stairs to my own apartment. What my feelings were can perhaps be better imagined than described. A "man above the mass" to be the very butt and scape-goat for the merciless ridicule, badinage, and nonsense of

two young girls—and one of them my demure niece. How little do we men know of the sex behind the folding-doors! We write abstruse theories upon woman, and think we understand her, but she outwits us after all, and the puzzle of her enigmatical nature remains unsolved.

I was standing before my mirror giving the last twist to my mustache when the servant knocked and announced:

"Mr. Tupper, dinner waits for you."

Descending the stairs, I suddenly formed a resolution.

"Miss Nelson—my uncle, Mr. Tupper."

"Very happy to see Miss Nelson. Annie, what do you give us for dinner to-day? Peter, uncover. Ah, roast veal—my favorite dish! I am a man of quiet tastes, Miss Nelson, and relish a plain dinner. May I help you to a bit of this stuffed breast?"

"Thank you."

"Some gravy, Miss Nelson?"

"I never take it."

Ah, the young lady actually knew how to dine. I half forgave her impertinence behind the folding-doors. Deliberately unfolding my napkin I now took a good look at her. I had been all along waiting for the chance; knowing when, like an experienced fisherman, to take the tide to hook my fish. I reasoned thus: When she is helped, she will be busied with her knife and fork and not be looking at me; nor was I mistaken. She was too well-bred not to commence eating after being helped; and there she sat, demure as a matron of thirty years, as if no such thing as fun and frolic had ever moved her. Light complexion, blue eyes—I could just discern their local color, for like violets in shadow they were coyly hiding beneath the drooping lids; wavy, golden hair, clinging in ripples to her fair forehead; features decidedly mobile; that is, one moment they might assume one character—as for instance that of a very imp of mischief—and the moment after they might have sat for a Saint Cecilia; a graceful neck, and a bust promising the most luxuriant type of womanhood. Just such a specimen of girlhood was she as one was accustomed to find in opulent country residences twenty or thirty years ago; a type of tangible womanhood, such as woman was ere her physique had dwindled down to a mere wire frame upon which to pad cotton and suspend crinoline. A very Hebe, dowered with the matchless graces of modern refinement.

And the young lady actually knew how to eat with grace! How had I happened to stumble upon such a treasure?

Dinner over, dessert was placed before us, and Peter removing the cover displayed my favorite apple-dumplings! Stare not, conventional reader! I have before said that I was a man of simple tastes; and these dumplings, with their special sauce, were made after the peculiar recipe handed down in our family for many generations: said recipe being now preserved in my niece's Scrap-Book, along with my wonderful lines on her Needle-work and valuable recipes for making

tarts, pickles, and pies. I dare say my mother, my grandmother, and, for aught I know to the contrary, my great grandmother, had each made dumplings after that recipe in their calico dresses! And did I love their revered shades the less for it? Not a bit; they were the more endeared to me from the probability of the ease.

"Ah, Calico, these are delicious! I have had no such dessert as this since you have been gone; nothing but bakers' tarts, and the usual run of their greasy, insipid trash, which is enough to give one the dyspepsia."

"I am glad you like them."

Dinner passed off very agreeably. Miss Nelson was both dignified and graceful; who would have ever suspected her of being the Chatterbox of the front parlor? What a strange specimen of femininity?

But to return to the conversation with my niece. Suddenly remembering the idle chat of those two girls, the thought flashed like lightning upon me that Calico had already begun to "tutor" me. Again the door-bell sounded, and enter Chatterbox.

"A perfect god-send you are, Joe! Now join with me in persuading uncle to write common sense; something *we* can understand."

"Do, pray, Mr. Tupper; condescend to be human, and remember us poor girls!"

And pleadingly the little imp stood before me, her hands demurely crossed upon her breast, in the very attitude, and with the exact air and pose of one of Carlo Dole's Madonnas. You may readily believe I leisurely took time to survey her.

"Write *us* a story," pleaded Calico.

"To be put in your famous Scrap-Book, along with your recipes for making pastry, puddings, and pies, eh, Calico?"

"But I'll have mine bound in turkey and gold, like 'Valentine's Manual for '61,' which he sent to papa, and lay it on the parlor table for all my beaux to look at when they come home from the wars, all covered with glory and scars."

Why I was annoyed at this speech it would have been difficult for me to say, but I *was* annoyed. Rather than write a story to be bound in turkey and gold and laid on Miss Nelson's parlor table for her beaux to read, I would much prefer it ever lying perdu in Calico's Scrap-Book, among the old family recipes.

"Young ladies," said I, "I will write you a story—a common-sense story—and the title shall be 'Calico and Chatterbox,' and when I have done it, I shall send for you. I intend to avail myself of your admirable criticism."

"Good!"

"Just what we wanted!"

"Well, now be off with you. I never want people around whispering secrets when I write, and you girls have an immense amount of secrets to whisper. I think if they were woven into a story they would be among the most amusing things ever written. Calico, take Chatterbox up to your room and have a good gossip,

and be very careful that there is no one listening. When next you chat together you may have something else to talk about."

"What does he mean?"

"Uncle, you are not vexed at what I said about your writings this evening, are you?"

"Not very much."

"What does he mean?" again inquired Chatterbox, very anxiously.

"Joe, I can not tell; but he has already begun writing, and we had better be off."

And the two girls left the room very reluctantly and very soberly. That was their last girlhood's gossip; the on-coming shadow of womanhood was already spreading itself over their young hearts. Do they each remember it, I wonder; and are they the less happy now that they have more important things to demand their attention?

But the room is deserted; the light of womanhood has left it; banished by my own decree, it is true, but none the less *banished*. I feel lonely. It is all my own fault that those young girls have quitted it, for they left reluctantly. And is it all my own fault that the blessed light of womanhood should not always shine upon and encircle me? I breathe a sigh—a profound sigh; it wells up from the heavy heart of a man of forty years. I light my cigar and commence:

"A BACHELOR'S IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD.

"Now, dear ladies of America, is just the time to show what stuff you are made of. You who have been lolling on the couch of apathy, dreaming of the luxury—and it *is* a luxury—of one day filling a niche in the vast economy of existence, which none other can so well fill, of nobly acting your part in the grand drama of life—and we all dream of that, no matter what are our stations and sex—arouse! There is a mighty work for you to accomplish.

"You who have firesides, cherish them. You who have parents, brothers, husband, or children, study to render them happy. Concentrate around home those fascinations which you have hitherto recklessly lavished on society in general. The world at large will scarcely thank you for your devotion to its shrine, but the home-circle will. What are your accomplishments? Remember that they are no idle things. The Creator of all good has taken pleasure in dowering you with the capacity to enjoy the æsthetic elements of his marvelous handicraft, and the hunger of the soul for types of created excellence is a taste for art; a yearning for immortality; a line of demarkation between mere physical existence and the vitality of the soul. It may express itself in different ways: the canvas, the marble, the needle even, may determine its peculiar channel or use, but the motive power is the same through all; to create a mark which shall survive the cankering tooth of time, or to strew the graceful flowers of poesy in the dusty highways of life. Without perhaps knowing it, woman is acting an important *rôle* in the world of art and literature. It is her taste that man finally consults, her dictum upon which he ultimately relies. Intuition and induction are her priceless dower; though man is usually loth to concede how much he defers to his ideal of womanhood. Like a grand castle of the

feudal ages, he is strong and mighty of himself in prosperity, but let adversity come, he clings as for very life to the grand morale of woman: it is the poesy of his life. He may assume to ignore it, but it is dear to him as his own soul, and he can not separate himself from it without doing violence to his better nature. Even though he be venerable, worn out—like a weather-beaten wreck stranded on life's voyage—he dies with the holy word of 'mother' upon his tongue. Woman is the complement to his ideal existence.

"In order that you may be all that he imagines you to be, it is plainly your duty, and should be your pleasure, to cultivate those qualities and attributes with which he so chivalrously endows you. The homage of a manly heart is no idle thing. His ideal of home is holy, and woman is the genius of the shrine; and yet I grieve to say that I know many women who possess and exercise the diabolical art of making man unhappy, and eliciting all his more gloomy and unamiable traits of character, which should be allowed to slumber in oblivion. Who has not, some time in their lives, experienced the benign chill of a soulless household, where the mistress was ever on the alert to entertain strangers, but sedulously niggard of all sweet, genial home-sympathy? Alas! it is too common to need description. Your talents, far from being solely the ministers of an idle hour, are godlike boons committed to your charge, and it should be your pleasure to voluntarily exercise them for the benefit of your family and friends in preference to strangers.

"Do you sing? Many a care-worn man has been indebted to a familiar song, fraught perhaps with the pleasing reminiscences of his youth, for saving him from hours of dark despair; for the heart gets shriveled up, like a seared and withered leaf, like the page when a flame has swept the scroll, in our fierce encounters and wars with the outer world; and if heaven-born music restores the spirit's tone, why should not we be ministered to by those we love? It is not the grandest strain, nor the most melodious voice that deepest touches the heart; the familiar tones of those we love can awaken far deeper emotion. But you are not always gay. You have your annoyances—petty they may be, when compared with ours; and man oftentimes forgets that *because* of their pettiness they are the harder to bear, and to you they are great annoyances. The spirit braces itself up for the shock when it comes in contact with a tangible evil; but the petty trials of woman's life are frequently invisible to man's material eye. Yet, beware of 'household eclipses.'

"Do you converse? Conversation is a gift, a glorious gift, usually ignored by American women. While a Parisienne prides herself on her talent of conversation, an American lady usually ignores it. But what *is* conversation? The direct, vital communication of Thought—that godlike boon—'the knell of a dead emotion' without the obtrusive intervention of any medium of art. You are not obliged, like the artist, to have recourse to the pencil; nor, like the writer, to assume the pen; nor yet, like the professed musician, to be familiar with the gamut. You have but to be mistress of your native idiom to make others the sharers of your mental wealth, and of the more valuable riches of your heart as well as of your brain.

"Are you a good reader? Few women are; yet who should better know the art of proper enunciation and correct utterance than woman, who, in every clime and age, has more or less of the formation

of the mind of youth, and guides his tottering footsteps in the path of learning? And what so grateful to the ear of man as the poems of our own grand bards repeated by the gentle voice of woman?

"Are you beautiful? Beauty is a priceless dowry when physical perfection is a type of the beauty of the soul; but mere faultless physique, unaccompanied by equal moral and mental endowment, does not rank you above a pretty doll.

"But are you plain and retiring? Then you of all others should cherish those amiable qualities that mutually endear the home-circle. Some of the most brilliant savans of the past century, perfectly insensible to the enchantments of physical beauty and mental brilliancy, became fettered for life by the insidious charms of an amiable woman with quiet tastes. But all the vaunted accomplishments sink into naught when compared to the inestimable value of a 'meek and quiet spirit.' There is no sphere in life, no worldly position where woman can not work out her immortal destiny if she wills it. America, more than any other country, should have just reason to glory in her women. To them is given a position and latitude of action withheld from elsewhere. Yet do not foolishly envy those of your sex who have made their marks in the annals of fame, many of them were only struggling for what you have already: 'Home and friends around them.' Seldom has any sordid motive been the instigator of public action in woman, and for her to go forth into the world she must previously have undergone a process of mental naturalization similar to that of the tender, tropical vine, which in its natal clime is beautiful and graceful, seeking support and putting forth delicate tendrils and fragrant flowers, becoming an ornament to the trunk which sustains it. But transplant this delicate vine of the sunny south to an ungenial atmosphere, withhold from it its wonted support, let it be swayed to and fro by the piercing blast, and you will find, if it survive the ordeal, that your graceful, clinging vine is now a sturdy shrub, capable of not only sustaining itself, but in some instances, by the adaptative law of nature, of even putting forth thorns for its protection. Who would now recognize the tender vine? Its gentleness, its grace, its beauty are gone, and gone forever! The sturdy shrub, with its obtrusive thorns, can exist in the ungenial atmosphere, but the original plant has sustained a cruel metamorphosis.

"And thus it is with many of your sex who have made their mark in the annals of fame. The mental history of the distinguished women of either your own or ancient times is too heart-rending to be told. Be happy in your homes and in the genial society of loved ones. If you say that you fail to realize the latent *Poesy of Home* that we prate so much of, be satisfied that others do. We would not have you to 'weary in well-doing;' you are perhaps artistically too near the picture to perceive its merits. You will gaze with a more appreciative eye upon the present when it shall have become sublimated into the 'irrevocable past.'

Having thus scattered my "Ideal of Womanhood" over a few sheets of paper, I rung the bell and sent for my critics. And they entered, no longer giddy girls, but with the demure steps of womanhood, and quietly seated themselves beside me. And then I read them what I had written, including all that you have been perusing thus far, oh patient reader! and paused for an expression of their opinion.

They were both in tears.

Calico looked as though she would have liked to have thrown her arms about my neck and have a good crying spell upon my shirt-bosom; which would undoubtedly have rumped the well-starched fabric sadly, so that I am very glad she did not, as I am rather particular about the appearance of my immaculate lincn. The countenance of Chatterbox was perfectly blank with amazement. She was first to speak.

"Why, Mr. Tupper, did you lie on the lounge in the back parlor the day I called, and listen to all my wild rigmarole about the beaux, and—"

"About the stern necessity of taking up with an old bachelor for a walking-stick, now that they all had deserted you for Columbia; and how you had read all my fine writings and didn't understand a word of them? And then you and Calico formed a famous 'Gunpowder Plot' to blow up the genius and reduce him to common sense. Certainly, I heard it all, and barely survived the fiery ordeal. And now that you have had your fun out—taming the lion—how do you like a bachelor's ideal of womanhood?"

"Oh, very much."

"Thank you, fair Chatterbox; it embodies common sense."

"More than I ever read in any story."

"And you found no difficulty in comprehending it?"

"None whatever."

"How is it with you, Calico? Do you understand your enigmatical uncle any better than you did?"

"I am ashamed of myself, dear uncle, that I never comprehended you any better."

"And I that I never before condescended to be human, and read the hearts of those about me. Chatterbox, I have come to the conclusion that, in order to further my literary advancement, it is necessary for me to keep a special critic whom I can consult about my writings, and who can advise me as to the most judicious way of rendering them acceptable to the mass. Do you think the story I have written likely to prove popular?"

"Oh, very popular."

"With whom, pray?"

"With us ladies."

"Then I am to be a 'ladies' man,' after all."

Just then the door-bell rung and my niece was summoned. The folding-doors were quite shut this time, and my niece entertained her visitor—whoever he was I took no trouble to ascertain—while I, taking the little hand of Chatterbox, commenced speaking in a somewhat lower key.

"Chatterbox, I sometimes have a headache, and sometimes I have a cold which makes me very cross; and sometimes I am in the humor to be 'doctored,' though it would be difficult to say whether I was ailing mentally or physically. Now, I know a young lady who, above all things, likes to play the nurse: do you think that I could engage her to take care of a cross old bachelor?"

Chatterbox was silent; but the little hand I held in mine trembled violently.

"Chatterbox, when you left the room an hour ago, why did you ask, repeatedly, 'What does he mean?' Did you fear me?"

"Not exactly; but a vague thrill, an expectation of something strange came over me."

"And did you talk all your girlish secrets over with Calico—all about the absent beaux, whose haversacks you packed so bountifully—ch, Chatterbox?"

"Oh, we talked over our affairs, *of course*; girls always do when they meet together in their own room; but I didn't say any thing about my beaux, for I didn't happen to think of them."

"But of whom *did* you think, Chatterbox? Come, be honest, and tell me what occupied your thoughts to the exclusion of those terrible beaux."

"Why—I thought—of you, Mr. Tupper, and wondered what you meant by saying that, 'When next you chat together you may have something else to talk about.'"

"Oh, you remember it, then? a foolish speech of mine. You know, Chatterbox, that a genius is the next step, either above or below a fool."

Chatterbox blushed crimson, and stammered,

"But I do not think you are a fool now; and I am very, very sorry I ever said that."

"You are forgiven, dear Chatterbox; and now to prove to you that I am neither a fool nor a Mephistopheles, I will honestly tell you what I meant by those strange words. I think you and Calico have about done with your girlish frolics; that you have finished up this very evening, and that now, suddenly, you are no longer giddy young girls, but WOMEN. You can not go back and be what you were before you heard my 'Ideal of Womanhood.' Confess that it has awakened deeper emotions within your young breast than you have ever before known."

"Yes, it has; I never thought before what a glorious thing it was to be a woman. I always thought that to be happy we must always remain giddy young girls."

"Precisely; a mistake most American ladies make. They seldom learn until too late the art of 'growing old gracefully.' Now, Chatterbox, I have come to the conclusion, for some time past, that you would make somebody an excellent wife; but it is a long time to wait for those beaux to come home from the wars."

"Oh, they were not my *lovers*—only my beaux."

"Very good. But I happen to know somebody you intended to impress into your service when affairs were getting desperate, who pertinaciously refuses to serve you as a walking-stick unless he can volunteer under the banner of Love. I think he had begun to love you before he had even seen your fair face; but you was then so full of fun and mischief that you would have laughed at the idea of a crabbed old bachelor making love—"

"Love!" screamed Calico, bursting into the apartment through those provoking folding-doors

like a seventy-four pound shot through a redoubt. "Uncle Frank, are you talking common sense?"

"The plainest of common sense, Annie; the fruit of your and Chatterbox's tuition."

"And you mean to marry Chatterbox?"

"If I can win her."

"Which you seem in a fair way to do," remarked Calico, as she suddenly disappeared with that strange, quizzical smile that always boded mischief.

I was about renewing my addresses when those troublesome folding-doors, which have figured so extensively in the first act of the drama, again parted with a rumbling noise like distant thunder, and my niece advanced with a broadcloth sleeve encircling her waist, which, on careful scrutiny, I found to appertain to a "fellow" half hidden behind her ample erinoline. Guess my astonishment to find said "fellow" was none other than Arthur Nelson, brother to Chatterbox and junior partner of the firm of Knox, Nelson, and Co., wholesale dry-goods merchants down town. Though he had been a frequent visitor at my house, the idea of his courting my niece had never suggested itself. A very nice young man he was, doubtless, but I had never condescended to exchange a dozen words with him. Alas, how much goes on in this world without one knowing it if one but happens to be "above the mass!" And now the junior partner of the firm of Knox, Nelson, and Co., dry-goods merchants, etc., advanced under convoy of the erinoline, and taking the hand of Calico, said, in a prompt, business-like tone,

"Mr. Tupper, I wish to invest my fortune in this choice lot of dry-goods."

"What? Calico? *my* Calico? The eight-penny baggage? Do you call this common sense, Miss?"

"Excellent sense, uncle; for when a 'man above the mass' makes love to a Chatterbox, Calico will soon be out of fashion."

"Never! fair niece; never! With me Calico will always be in fashion. But 'as you like it,' my dear. I perceive that you are already compromised—hopelessly confiscated. Now, if this rash young speculator considers you a desirable article, with the sanction of the elder heads of the family firm affairs may be arranged on the principle of Debit and Credit. I will take Chatterbox, and he shall have Calico."

"Hold!" cried Calico. "I protest against being bargained away like a bale of dry-goods; from henceforth I repudiate the label *Calico*. Joe Nelson! what has come over you, girl, that you keep so quiet? You surely ought to have a voice in this matter; though I plainly perceive you are no longer a *Chatterbox*. But come up in my room, dear, and let us decide 'when the bargain closes.'"

And so when the girls again met in their own room they had something else to talk about. I was a true prophet, although I am not a Mephistopheles; and I advise all old bachelors who have any courting to do, and whose nieces are around, to keep an eye upon the folding-doors.

CAMP LIFE AT THE RELAY.

THE "Relay House" is an old wooden tavern at the junction of the Baltimore and Ohio and the Washington Railroads. It is small and dingy, with a broad piazza along its front. Hither, on the 14th of last May, came the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment from Washington, following the Sixth toward Baltimore from the South, as they had previously followed it from the North. Some of the incidents of that first march have been narrated. But others, more important and more thrilling, which preceded their junction with the New York Seventh, are yet unwritten. The dash upon the steamer *Maryland* at Havre de Grace, which they supposed to be in the possession of the enemy; the cutting out of the *Constitution*; the grounding of their vessel through the treachery of the pilot; their lying foodless and waterless in the harbor of Annapolis, from Saturday night till Tuesday morning, at the mercy of the foe, who, by putting a ball through the vessel, might have sunk them at once; the welcome appearance of the Seventh, who had left them at Philadelphia; their landing and seizure of the dépôt—all these await a chronicler.

We had been allowed a few weeks' rest at Washington, after opening the way for the nation to its capital; and now, leaving our marble quarters, marching down the magnificent staircase whose panels Leutze will hardly be able to fill with pictures as glorious as that living one which then passed before them, we took the cars, were borne off, and dropped on the side of a hill about half a mile from the Relay House. Opposite to this now-famous hostelry is the dépôt, and between them the track. Along the platform saunter the guards, looking vastly like firemen off duty. They are set to examine the cars from Harper's Ferry, and while these tarry they all slumber and sleep—if they can. A few rods west of the dépôt the road divides. One track turns toward Washington, crossing the Patapsco on a massy stone viaduct; the other bends westward, hugging the northern bank of the river. Just beyond the cleft hill that here juts over the river is a narrow esplanade between the cliff and the stream. Looking frowningly toward Harper's Ferry two guns of the Boston Light Infantry are posted. These command the road to the West. The trains can not run after a certain hour; for the enemy are in force at the Point of Rocks, a few miles above, and might choose to pay us an evening visit. Beyond the viaduct the Southern Railroad runs along the edge of a valley at the base of lofty knolls. On the most prominent of these have just been pitched the tents of our comrades of the Sixth; two guns of the artillery commanding the bridge. A road winding up the hill leads to a comely private residence, standing in a clean grassy grove.

Near the base of this hill lay the troops just landed from the cars, preparing to bivouac. Little fires light up the growing darkness. Live-

ly forms bustle about them. The ship-biscuit and milkless coffee are soon swallowed; and the soldiers, wrapped in their coats and blankets, recline upon the dewy grass. But hardly has the murmur of the camp died away when the shots of sentinels and the alarm-ery of "Baltimore!" breaks the silence. The long roll sounds. We leap to our feet, seize our guns, fall into rank, and rush up the steep hill-side to the camp of the Sixth, and halt to load and prime. The rattle of ramrods and the elick of triggers smite the still air. We sweep down the road to the spot whence the ery had come. The alarm was connected with the arrest of Ross Winans. He had been taken from the train coming from Frederick. Some show of resistance had been made, but the affair is soon settled, and we return to our damp couches.

Next morning the brow of the hill opposite the mansion was appropriated to our use; and here, in the soft May air of Maryland, the white canvas town of "Camp Essex" rose like an exhalation. The camp was not arranged precisely according to "regulation," yet nearly enough to give an idea of the ideal law, which in the army, as elsewhere, is fully realized but rarely. Close to the trees was a row of tents—the *dépôts* of the Commissary and Quarter-Master, and the hospital quarters. The next row was that of the Colonel and his staff; next, the tidy quarters of the Major; then those of the Surgeon and his assistants. The yellow flag of the Surgeon was followed by the white one of the Chaplain, with whom tented the Paymaster. Arms, gold, and the Gospel seldom come into such close conjunction as they did in this tent. At night the Chaplain slept between a box of rifles and a box of money. The third and last of the official rows was that of the Captains. At right angles to these were the streets of the privates, more closely built and more densely populated than those of the officers. Yet crowded into these tents were many who in wealth, culture, and position were fully the equals of their military superiors. The son of an Ex-Senator of the United States, and the son of a "Bell-Everett" electoral candidate—himself a Boston lawyer—do duty with the musket, each enjoying his undivided fifteenth part of the canvas ten-footer with fishermen and shoemakers, carpenters and sailors for comrades.

Our flank companies are representatives of the flanks of the State. Pittsfield on the left, and Salem on the right. Next to the brilliant Salem Zouaves come the Marblehead fishermen. One of these companies deserves special mention, as the first in all the land to respond to the call of the President. At sunrise, the very next morning after the summons left Washington, this company marched from home through a storm of driving sleet, and Faneuil Hall welcomed them first of all to the service of patriotism with which it is identified. As they entered its honored walls, bound on a grander mission than any to which their fathers had responded, the "stone must have cried out of the wall, and the

beam out of the timber have answered it," in honor of the perpetual valor of this most patriotic of towns. In no less than three of the historic pictures which cover the walls of the Rotunda are representatives of Marblehead. The new pictures which shall reproduce this holier war will not be without her heroic presence. Beverley and Gloucester—wonderfully given to fun, frolic, and letter-writing—occupy the next street. Loquacious Lynn and conservative Newburyport share the last two streets. It would never have done to place all the argumentative shoemakers together: there would be no knowing how, with rifles and revolvers in their hands, they might have concluded to carry on their discussions. So Conservatism and Progress were hitched together; and the staid bearers of the name of Cushing and the lively followers of the Senatorial Crispin balanced each other. Outside of the last street was Pittsfield, looking north and west, protecting the camp on its most assailable side. So seven hundred men were housed within four-and-twenty hours after leaving the Capitol.

The view from our camp was charming. At our feet lay a narrow valley through which crept the slumberous Patapsco, covering its face with willows. It had been hard at work miles above driving mills and factories, and seemed to enjoy its release from labor: only temporary, however, for it is soon caught again, driven into sluice ways, and broken upon wheels, only finding lasting peace when it melts into the bosom of the placid Chesapeake. Just at our feet nestled the little village of Elk Ridge Landing—once a port of entry and a haven for ships. But the washings from the hills have choked up the channel, and choked off the trade. Now it seems devoted to the imbibition of whisky, of which, judging from the number of shops, enough is sold to reopen navigation, were it judiciously applied to that purpose. From the hill-top the village had a pleasant aspect, with its two churches, one embowered in trees, and the other standing in a field of blossoming clover, the white tombstones casting a moonlight lustre on the green mounds beneath. But these are almost the only adornments of the village. The main street is a collection of wood and brick houses, with no sidewalks, and few gardens and trees.

The walks around the camp were as delightful as its out-look. Deep ravines, heavily shaded, covered the northern and western sides. Through each of these trickled a tiny brook dancing down to the river. Threading the way through these glens one enters the upland, which opens into varied vistas. Above the viaduct the Patapsco runs through a deep gorge, scattered along which are mills and the dwellings of the workmen. The summits are crowned with the dwellings of the landholders and their tenants. Looking from these eminences the landscape spreads out in those softly undulating lines which rich soils only can exhibit. A hard thin soil requires mines of imported wealth and generations of

culture to give it character. But this rich earth enriches every thing. It thickens and deepens the foliage of the trees, softens the hard edges of the hills, and gives to the whole landscape a royal sweep and fullness.

Such was the out-look from our camp. Let us now look within it, and observe the regular routine of its everyday inner life:

The life of a soldier is one of real and regular work. His hours of rest and labor may not indeed be uniform, but they are none the less regulated. It is not the ten-hour system of the factory, but all-hours system of the ship. The details of the programme of a day in camp can not be as fixed as in other forms of labor; yet its general outlines are the same day after day.

At five o'clock the *reveillé* rattles. A different combination of sounds is appointed for each of the calls of the day—from *reveillé* to taps. They are intended to be harmonious. But our mother's voice arousing us from the happy morning nap did not seem as musical as when proferring her dainties. So this melodious summons never appeared especially fascinating to our drowsy ears. Up spring the soldiers at the ungenial call. Their toilets are instantly made. They leap full-armed from their slumbers. Their close-cropped skulls and unshaven chins need little manipulation. "Fall in, Company A!" rings down the street; and, with variations in the last letter, is repeated over the camp. Out tumble the sleepy-looking men. They range themselves in front of their tents. The roll is called, and in the hottest of the weather they proceed to drill. This is accomplished, much as the sunrise drills of the recitation-room in ancient college days, with great drowsiness of the flesh and profaneness of the spirit. The neighboring brook then affords them a laver and looking-glass. Then comes "pease on trencher," as breakfast was called—for what reason or by what authority we know not; that conjunction, perhaps, transpired sometime at the officers' mess, and they may have innocently supposed the luxury was general.

At the fascinating summons they take their tin plates and dippers, pewter spoons, and iron knives; and headed by their file leader in fun, to the music of the tin-plate march, they proceed to the cook's quarters of their own company. There they lie upon the ground in as complete abandon as was ever witnessed at the Symposia of Alcibiades. The milkless coffee is dipped from a huge kettle, each one being Ganymede to himself. The salt junk is taken from its pile by the five-pronged fork, which is nature's outfit. A wafer of "hard tack" follows the meat; and the history-maker, the Union-saver, the unintentional cause of innumerable future epics, proceeds in Homeric style to strengthen himself for his duty. The bread is buttered, coffee creamed, and meat potatoed with jokes and laughter. They have the music and dancing, if not the fatted calf. Sometimes the true chronicler must confess that grace is

said backward, and the dish is spiced with unseemly execerations.

After breakfast comes the everlasting pipe. At eight is guard-mounting—quite an imposing duty. The band takes its station in front of the camp, and the sections detailed for that service march thither. About one-fourth of the regiment are usually employed. They are formally reviewed, and a portion marched to their appointed posts, while the remainder is reserved for relief. At nine the whole regiment is called together. When in line a company is selected to march to head-quarters for the colors. Preceded by the band and the color-guard they move in silence. The flags are brought forth, saluted by the band in an enlivening air, carried to the front of the line and waved before the troops amidst presented arms, saluting swords, and ringing music. This exciting ceremony shows how completely the army is taught to recognize the standard as the centre of its life. It is the symbol of authority and power.

The regiment is now formed into a hollow square, officers and band standing within the lines. Behind the piled-up drums, and under the banners, the Chaplain leads the devotions of the camp. At the close of his brief prayer the band gives forth the wild warblings of "St. Martin's," the plaintive yearnings of "Sweet Home," the quick step of "Coronation," or the grand march of "Old Hundred." Pre-eminently martial and fitted for the field are these last two. We never tire of them. Only the last ought to be performed in its original movement, which is more rapid and vigorous than the slow step into which it has been drawn out. No "God save the King," or "Marseillaise," or "Star-Spangled Banner" can compare with religious airs in inspiring soldiers with that sublime force and fury that makes them as insensible as martyrs to the fear of death. One can easily understand how the psalm-singing soldiers of Cromwell and Gustavus Adolphus were roused to an almost divine rage by the passionate refrains of the religious hymns to which they marched to battle.

The service closed, the troops are sometimes drilled as a regiment, sometimes in companies or squads, and sometimes dismissed till afternoon. Going round the camp near mid-day, one can see almost every conceivable form which the feeling of ease can assume. The trees in our rear were our favorite resort in the heat of the day; for a tent is a furnace under the central fires of a July sun. The oaks spread their cool roof over the loungers. Stretched on his rubber blanket lies the sleeper, wearied with his last night's march and watching. A Sartor Resartus repatching his patch proves himself a greater than Carlyle in reducing to practice what he merely preached. Others are scanning the morning papers or the New York pictorials, or shuffle and study lesser pictorials, with that intense sobriety of countenance which is always seen on faces that are indulging in questionable sport. Others yet, prone on the belly, are making a

writing-desk of the lap of earth, and pursuing love and homesickness under difficulties. Still another, of a more romantic turn, strolls off, book in hand, to the cooler ravines and water-brooks, or, all human things and thoughts cast aside, listens to the solemn music of the woods.

"After all, there is no company like the woods," said Sir William Hamilton to an American tourist. "I can not understand why you should come over here to look at our cities and ruins. I would give more to see a forest primeval than all the treasures of Europe."

So pass the blazing hours till noon, when the regulation "roast beef" is served up. This dish, like fame, and power, and most military phantasies, is sadly changed when precipitated into reality. Our "roast beef" is not the juicy sirloin that rises at that word before one's olfactories and gustatories, but a half-de-saltpeterized, half-washed, half-cooked article, known to its devourers as "salt horse." This salt beef occasionally gives way to its fresh kindred, but is usually only varied with salter and fatter pork. Potatoes and other vegetables, pudding, pastry, sauces, and gravies have to be supplied from the kitchens of memory. For why shouldn't memory have "kitchens" as well as the "chambers" in which poets have so long quartered her? Does she only sleep and nothing more?

Were it not for the redoubled energies of the tin-dipper band, almost every dinner would be the occasion of a mutiny. As the Chinese calithumpianize the moon in an eclipse out of the mouth of the dragon that is swallowing her, so the uproarious rattling of plates and dippers, with the more uproarious rattling of merry voices, frightens away the dragon of discontent. This worse than prison fare is utterly needless, and is unworthy of the Government. There is no reason why it can not afford its defenders the moderate fare to which the poorest have become accustomed. It could be easily done. Let the Department allow the privates to commute their rations, as it does the officers. If there should be any conflict because it could not tell how many might choose to avail themselves of the privilege, let it grant the favor on the application of a company or a regiment. On thirty cents per day they could live vastly better than they do. This was tried in not a few cases. Men who utterly refused the Government fare supported themselves well from the vendors round the camp for less than that sum. Others "boarded themselves" in a home-like and decent manner within that allowance. If this is too small, Government ought to allow more. Three dollars per week is the usual price for the board of laboring men. This sum might be allowed with less cost to the country than its present mode of supplying the commissariat. If it were done, regiments would procure their own caterer and live like men. The abominations of the sutler and liquor-seller flourish chiefly because of this treatment. Let it be changed, and we shall hear but little of these official and unofficial robbers.

The afternoon glides away like the morning, till about four o'clock, when the daily regimental drill occurs. These are hours of hard work. Long marches, practice in firing, bayonet exercise, forming into squares, and into line of battle; marching in companies and in double-quick; charging imaginary batteries and battalions; and other evolutions and movements keep the troops in violent action for several hours. This work was executed on the field where they made their first bivouac, or on the slopes and plains beyond the river. Toward sunset they are marched to the camp, and the dress parade closes the regimental day. The troops are drawn up in line of battle, and the order, "Parade, rest!" given by each Captain to his command. The band "beats off;" that is, marches down and back in front of the regiment, playing slowly down, and a quick step back. The officers step four paces in front, the Major and Lieutenant-colonel in advance of the rest. The sergeants march to the centre of the column, and make their report to the Adjutant. He reports to the Colonel, and steps behind him. There is then a brisk exercise in arms, and the order of "Parade, rest!" is repeated. The officers sheath their swords, proceed to the centre, face the Colonel, and under the lead of the Adjutant march up to him, touching their hats as they approach, and, encircling him, hear his remarks and orders. Returning to their posts, the regiment breaks up into companies, each of which, marching to its quarters under the lead of the sergeants, is disbanded. Then comes the unchangeable "hard tack" and coffee, and the day's work is done.

Not, however, with all. At eight o'clock the force detailed for night-duty appears before the tent of the Adjutant, with coats, and blankets, and loaded rifles. The countersign is given them, and the officer of the night marches them to their posts. Near the camp sentinels pace lazily their brief rounds. Farther out stand a line of pickets, and yet farther another. To each of the outermost stations the three were sent together, who are to relieve each other during the night. This is preferable to sending them forth at their appointed hours, as it gives them company in their loneliness, and is a protective against sleeping and in case of attack. It is the "three brothers" practice of emigration, so marked in our early history, applied to new circumstances.

The camp puts on its liveliest air in the evening. Man has much of the wild as well as the tame beast in his composition. Darkness seems to be needed to wake him up. He goes forth to his labor till the evening, and then he goes forth to his enjoyment. And the latter is much more natural as well as agreeable than the former. It is hard work to get up a passion of the oratorical, poetical, or even the tenderer sort in the daytime. Out of many a tent issues the notes of comic, plaintive, patriotic, and even pious music. Fierce discussions, political, military, or personal, rage in other quarters. Some-

times the sportful disposition demands larger scope for indulgence, and pours through the candle-lighted streets. The elephant, well known to the exhausted frequenters of watering-place parlors, is seen waddling through the camp, a gray army blanket forming an admirable hide for his Trojan horse viscera. High on their comrade's shoulders the stilted warriors stride. On a platform, supported by half a dozen most willing subjects, Jeff Davis, kneeling, blindfolded, with a rope round his neck, and an executioner at his side, moves to his death.

Through the lively but usually not boisterous sounds may sometimes be heard the voice of social worship issuing from the clerical tent. Here are clustered a little band of praying men, who are encouraging one another to fight manfully the good fight of faith. At times this is the centre of attraction, and many come in and, sitting on the straw, join in the songs of Zion, or listen to the experience and exhortations of their Christian comrades. There are few scenes pleasanter than this. And many are the soldiers that, after the war is over, will recall with gratitude the sacred moments thus spent in the tent of the Chaplain, or under the soft sky of summer, or round the camp-fires of winter.

At ten the tattoo beats its warning notes, and, half an hour later, three taps on the drum order lights to be extinguished and sounds to cease. They, however, still linger in odd corners and official quarters. At times the spirit of fun breaks the chains of law and slumber, and ranges wildly through the camp. Gradually its devotees become exhausted, and cease to "vex with mirth the drowsy ear of night." The sentinels pace their beats, announcing the hours, adding sometimes amusing commentaries, chiefly as to the delay of their relief. So the belated straggler, ignorant of the countersign, appears at a post, and its guardsman calls for the corporal of the guard, with the number of the post at which his presence is wanted. "Corporal of the guard number one!" goes the rounds till it reaches that officer, who usually favors the wanderer with blanketless accommodations at the guard-house. Or the shot of a distant picket and the cry of "Baltimore!" cuts the air and the eords of sleep. This watchword of danger was adopted probably because our foes were at the beginning of that household. Instantly the long roll sends forth its thrilling summons, the most exciting of all the calls of the camp. The sharp voices of the Captains follow. The clear orders of the Colonel overtop all other sounds. The shorn Samsons shake off the Delilah of sleep, and the streets are black with armed men. There is a pause for further orders. Scouts are sent out to the picket whence came the alarm. It is found, perhaps, to arise from an assault by a stealthy foe, but more commonly from a wandering cow, or a particularly stern and soldier-looking strump, or from the dreaming fears of a napping sentinel. The excitement dies away, and the men fall back to their hard couches and soft dreams.

Rainy days have their appropriate variation

of damp and dullness, of mud and misery. Glee is then wrung out of the lips as the water from the clothes, and Jacob Faithful and Mark Tapley become the patron saints.

The line of demarkation between the Sabbath and its secular neighbors is very narrow in camp. The reveillé raves on the Sabbath as usual. Fast is broken in the same untempting way. Then comes a new but not very sacred scene. Inspection of tents, arms, and persons is appointed for that day. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and if the greater virtue can not be secured the less is rigidly required. Gun, man, and tent must be set in order. The first is first attended to, as being the most important and most difficult of cleansing, according to the regulation standard. In and around every tent they are driving at their task. Those on duty the night previous are excused from inspection, and lie among their busy fellows wrapped in sleep. The guns being ready, tents demand attention. These are swept and garnished. Knapsacks, coats, and blankets, carefully folded, have each their appointed place, and must be found in them. The débris around the tents and in the streets is carefully removed to the rear and burned. Officers and men are alike required to obey this order. So the burnishing, arranging, sweeping, and burning that is going on over the whole camp gives it a lively and, in a degree, home-like aspect. After this work is accomplished they put their persons in order, and the neighboring brooks are filled with splashing mermen. They contrive, in their dress, to get a faint reminiscence of former Sundays; though coarse, cowhide shoes, ignorant of blacking, and the blue shirts, blouses, and baggy pantaloons, in which they have lived night and day for months, but poorly suggest the jaunty black coat, shining collar, fancy tie, "loud" patterned "vest" and "pants," and glittering patent-leathers, in which they were wont to march forth victorious on such mornings at home. Still they did the best they could under the circumstances, and their sweet-hearts, could they but have seen them, would have no doubt esteemed them, in their patriotic garb, the superiors of Beau Brummel, or even of Solomon himself in all his glory.

At the hour of ten inspection is ordered. The regiment is drawn up in companies, the colors, staff, and band in front. The Colonel inspects his staff first, and they follow him on his tour. The band relieves the tedium of the task by music. As the officer approaches a company they "present" and then "order" arms. The ramrods dance in the barrels to show that they are unloaded. Each gun is taken and examined, and the ramrod drawn and passed through the white-gloved hand. If it is soiled, glove, gun, and man are condemned. The constant putting on and off of gloves is not common in the volunteer service. It would be an expensive operation, considering the way in which the arms are kept. The examination concluded, the troops are dismissed in companies and drawn up before their tents, while the Colonel and his

staff pursue their tour of inspection thither. The quarters are sometimes adorned with flowers, giving them a very agreeable aspect. The whole of the forenoon is occupied in this duty.

In the afternoon religious services are held; the two regiments united in this, assembling on the lawn in front of the mansion. On the grass under the trees, compact together, in companies, by hundreds and by fifties, reclined from twelve to fifteen hundred men. Most of them have a true church air of respect and reverence, though some on the outskirts smoked their pipes and kept up a low conversation. A few buried their faces in the grass and slept. If like privilege was granted a city congregation as many would probably avail themselves of it. Would not a deacon or vestryman occasionally like to recline at full length on the velvet cushions in a more velvet sleep? Would not some church-going weed-burners delight to relieve the wearisomeness of the discourse with the fragrance of a dainty Habana? When as free an expression of prevalent feelings is allowed in the church as in the army, it may be found that the soldiers are not alone in their irreverent indulgences. On the veranda and the terrace before it are seated the officers, singers, and neighbors. The Chaplain stands on the flag-stone under the banners and behind the drums, which are now "drums ecclesiastic" no less than military. In the air of a delicious dolphin-dying day he reads a sacred lyric. The choir bodies it forth in an all-animating voice. There is no singing like that of a multitude of men in the open air. It can "create a soul under the ribs of death." The Scriptures are read, prayer follows, and an exhortation is given—brief, simple, fraternal, patriotic, and religious, inciting to moral and Christian courage in the great duty which is laid upon all. Singing follows, and a short drill concludes the services in a true military style.

These exercises are enjoyed, provided they are unconstrained and brief. Formal sermonizing is counted a bore. "Firstly," "Secondly," and so on, they can not away with. The war, among its benefits, will not pass by the pulpit. The hundreds of chaplains will learn much, and communicate of their learning to their profession. Pompous discourses, carefully drawn and quartered, will give way to simple, earnest, familiar *talks* on Christian doctrine and duty. Ministers should sit in their chairs like professors or physicians, on a level with their audience, and converse with them on religious subjects, personal and doctrinal, they being expected to respond freely, whether with questions or otherwise. Such was the practice of Dr. Judson in the market-places of Burmah, and is still the custom of many missionaries. Such was the usage of the early Church, as narrated in sacred history and embodied in the very words that we have metamorphosed to mean solitary and prolix discourses. "Homily" and "sermon" signified practically, as they do etymologically, simply "talk," and even when they assumed the form of exhortation or exegesis it was without single

texts or formal arrangement; and to the time of Chrysostom the audience were permitted to interrupt the speaker with questions and propositions, as they now often do a political orator.

The camp is a grand iconoclast. It grinds to powder many notions on dress, food, beds, and shelter. It will have no small effect on preaching. The religious teacher will find a guide in the greatest of the teachers of Athens—walking in the Academy, and charming every one he met no less by his familiar manners than by his pleasantries and penetration, and by the higher thoughts to which he conversationally led them. He will find his chief model in the Great Teacher himself. His "sermons" were conversations, uttered sitting on the Mounts of Beatitudes and Olives, at Jacob's Well, in the house with Nicodemus, or walking by Tiberias, or reclining at the table of Pharisee and publican. The divinest of them, as reported by John, was spoken without book, or bands, or pulpit, or gesture, but while simply leaning on his elbow at a festival. This unrestrained talk from a full heart is the true model. May the army contribute to its revival, and the soldiers convert the chaplains and the chaplains convert the clergy! Then may the clergy hope to convert the world.

Our Sabbath evenings resembled their Puritan ancestry, though the spinning-wheel and wash-tub were not in lively exercise. One tent usually had its praying company. The camp sang with them those cheerful airs which are the blossoming of the most gladsome of Christian faiths. Uncongenial sounds were largely suppressed, and all, consciously or subconsciously, observed the consecrated hours.

Thus passed two months at the Relay. On the first of July came an order from General Banks for half of the regiment to prepare to march. They proceed to Baltimore and bivouac on a smooth hill on the Carroll place, near the house often frequented by Washington and his revolutionary associates. Little did they imagine that its grounds would be covered with thousands of Northern troops in arms to sustain the Government they had established, and that, too, against the very kindred of guest and host. This house was the head-quarters to-day of as great patriots as frequented it then. That night Marshal Kane was arrested. Within a week the rest of the regiment moves, and our camp is pitched under the fine old oaks on the place of General Stewart. This is the spot which Frederica Bremer so enthusiastically describes in her "Homes in a New World." We enjoyed the views of Baltimore, and the bay on which she dwells; but our host's absence in Virginia prevented the hospitalities which we might have otherwise received.

The country was regretfully exchanged for the city. The spot made dear by novel perils, excitements, and duties was abandoned. The fields so long trodden down by the soldiers were remanded to their proprietor. The prospect that rose so often like a new world on our awakening eyes was transferred to the living galleries within.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

THERE are few American authors whose names are more familiar to the reader than that of Halleck. The selection of his subjects—although frequently ephemeral in character—and the delicacy of sentiment and appropriateness of diction in which he clothed them, served to bestow on his writings a popularity which graver and perhaps more durable poetical contributions have often failed to obtain.

He was born and now resides in the quiet little village of Guilford, in the State of Connecticut, about midway between New Haven and New London, and in close proximity with Long Island Sound. The village itself, which numbers about two thousand inhabitants, is one of the oldest in the State, many of the tombstones in its grave-yard, hoary and venerable in appearance, bear indications of having been placed in their present position two centuries ago, when the stern and rigid rule of the Puritans, which gave rise to the famous code of "Connecticut blue laws," was in the ascendant. The epitaphs of these silent chroniclers, but more especially the old and worn parchment records of the proceedings of the town council, furnish many and rather curious illustrations of the manners of this period, and will well repay the perusal of the lover of antiquarian lore. Guilford still retains many of the old structures of this period, slightly modernized, it is true, and imbedded in the groups of trees with which the older settlers strove to beautify, for the use of future generations, the public square and its environs, around which the greater part of the village is clustered.

In one of the most antiquated of these, a large wooden structure, surrounded by a spacious veranda, and overlooking the public square, the poet resides. His style of living is simple and unostentatious. His bachelor establishment, for he has never married, is presided over by his sister. Although no longer young, age has come upon him with a kindly and gentle influence, neither sapping up those exuberant springs of fancy which made him in earlier life so charming and popular a companion, nor casting a shadow over a naturally frank and joyous temperament. With his fellow-townsperson Halleck is the simplest and most agreeable of personages. Known to, and knowing each, he has a kind word of salutation for every one he meets, and a capital story to tell to those who, like himself, have leisure to hear and taste to appreciate it.

Upon the "Head," by which name the promontory that juts far out into the sea in the neighborhood of Guilford, known as Sachem's Head, is familiarly called—for Guilford and its environs have long been celebrated for their salubrity as a resort during the warm months of summer—has sprung up a spacious and well-kept hotel, which in the season is the resort of a gay and fashionable company. At the "Head" Halleck is always a welcome vis-

itor, and his arrival is ever sure to produce some little bustle among the inmates of this retired but really beautiful watering-place. Indeed he is here looked upon as in some sort a part of their property—a kind of local lion, which they have a right to include among the attractions of the place. Halleck submits good-humoredly to all this, and talks so pleasantly that no one regrets a tarry at the "Head" if, during his sojourn, he happens to make his acquaintance. Tarrytown had its Irving, Cooperstown its Cooper, Boston its Longfellow and its Prescott; but what are these to the good people of Guilford and the "Head" so long as they possess their Halleck.

While on a summer visit to the "Head" years ago, but yet long after he had ceased to write for the press, I made Halleck's acquaintance. His appearance at that time was very much as he is represented in the portrait by Charles Elliott, from which an excellent engraving has been made for the "Homes of American Authors," except that time has somewhat silvered his head and impressed the countenance with a few tell-tale lines not observed in the picture; but the same genial, good-humored smile, the same frank expression, and the same restive and sparkling eye, delineated by the painter, were present in the living personification before me. I should have selected him without difficulty from this resemblance; but knowing little of his private life, I was agreeably surprised by his very cordial manner and great conversational powers. We had both ample leisure, and a desire to be amused. An acquaintance thus pleasantly begun has continued since without interruption, with the most agreeable appreciation of each other on either side, and certainly with a very high estimate of Halleck's social qualities on mine. In our varied wanderings through life chance occasionally throws us together, and I never fail to improve the opportunity to obtain something from Halleck's early reminiscences or fund of reading.

He always struck me as most at home in the English classics, and is particularly rich in anecdotes of the men of this best period of English literature. With the works and public acts of the statesmen of this time he is quite familiar, and does not hesitate to draw comparisons from this source by no means complimentary to the American statesmen of the present day. An amusing contretemps grew out of this circumstance about the time to which I allude, from which the parties extricated themselves very adroitly by the mutual good-breeding and knowledge of society of the two.

"Pray tell me," said Halleck, "what charming young lady that is with whom I have been conversing for the last half hour?" For he is fond of ladies' society, and is a great favorite with them.

I replied that it was the daughter of a gentleman, naming him, then high in office at Washington.

"How unfortunate!" replied Halleck. "I

have just given her my opinion regarding the status of our public men, and I am sure she will believe I intended to allude personally to her father."

"Nonsense," replied I, "she is too well-bred to entertain such an idea; but how did she receive your remarks?"

"Why she cordially concurred in them," said he, "and with much discrimination for so very young a lady." She was scarcely eighteen.

"As I thought," I replied. "I am sure you have lost nothing in her regard."

"I will, however," said he, "return and explain." And he accordingly rejoined the young lady, and informed her of his want of knowledge of her relationship to a statesman whom he held in such high esteem as her father, and who in all allusions to their inferiority should be singled out as one of the few exceptions.

She, with equal frankness, assured him that she was not only satisfied that he did not intend to include her father, but that she had already seen enough of public men to be able to appreciate the justice of his remarks.

Like most men who have obtained celebrity as a popular writer, his autograph is eagerly sought for. Our fair visitors at the "Head" did not form an exception to the rule in respect to their desire to possess this kind of memento, as the following incident will demonstrate.

We were about to have a fancy-ball, and I was assigned the duty of specifying the characters to be assumed. Among the guests was a gay and highly-accomplished lady, who often startled the sober villagers of Guilford by her daring feats of horsemanship, and would frequently whirl through their quiet streets upon a mettled steed at a speed on the jockey side of three minutes. Both the lady and her steed were the frequent subject of the village gossips, who were astonished on one occasion to observe her, accompanied by another lady, remarkable for great personal beauty, rein up at the door of the bachelor poet. They were, in fact, the bearers of a letter from me to Halleck, requesting him to send me the novel, written by Scott, containing the character of Di Vernon, with which I wished to invest our daring horsewoman on the occasion. The note sent by Halleck with the volume was one of the most playful and witty I have ever seen from his pen. As it contained an exceedingly graceful allusion to the lady in connection with the village gossip, and a not less complimentary one to her companion, I was obliged to part with it to the bearers, between whom a playful contention arose for its possession, which was finally settled by one retaining the original and the other a copy.

Halleck's notions of government struck me at the time as somewhat remarkable. He was a member of neither dominant party, and carefully avoided any interference either in local or general elections. He was, on the whole, more favorably inclined to monarchy than republicanism, and certainly favored a strong rather than a weak government. I must confess that I was

not a little startled to hear such enunciations, sustained with much good reasoning, from the lips of the author of the bold and masterly poem of Marco Bozzaris, whom he has justly styled "the Epaminondas of Modern Greece," and whose whole effect turns upon devotion to the cause of liberty. I can now perceive by the processes of my own mind how this transformation could have taken place in his.

But although Halleck's earlier and later years have been passed in Guilford, his more active ones were spent in the busy commercial metropolis, and in pursuits apparently the most un congenial to the development of a poetical taste. While a youth he entered the banking-house of Jacob Barker, of New York, one of the boldest and most prominent commercial men of his day, as a clerk. His colleagues in this establishment, Daniel Embury, now the President of the Atlantic Bank of Brooklyn, and Benjamin R. Winthrop, the present recipient of a princely estate, and a large contributor to public charities, remember their more distinguished associate with feelings of real pride unmingled with the slightest taint of envy. He was, they say, a noble youth, and a remarkably excellent companion—clear-sighted, witty, and by nature a poet, and what is the more remarkable, was an excellent accountant, and rose rapidly to the position of cashier. He afterwards went into business for himself as a merchant, as he playfully mentions in the following exquisite poem, written for the album of a daughter of Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket:"

A POET'S DAUGHTER.

"A Lady asks the Minstrel's rhyme."

A Lady asks? There was a time
When, musical as play-bell's chime
To wearied boy,
That sound would summon dreams sublime,
Of pride and joy.

But now the spell hath lost its sway,
Life's first-born fancies first decay,
Gone are the plumes and pennons gay
Of young Romance;
There linger but her ruins gray,
And broken lance.

'Tis a new world—no more to maid,
Warrior, or bard, is homage paid;
The bay-tree's, laurel's, myrtle's shade,
Men's thoughts resign;
*I'm busy in the sugar trade
And cotton line.**

"'Tis youth, 'tis beauty asks; the green
And growing leaves of seventeen
Are round her; and, half hid, half seen,
A violet flower,
Nursed by the virtues she hath been
From childhood's hour."

Blind passion's picture—yet for this
We woo the life-long bridal kiss
And blend our every hope of bliss
With hers we love;
Unmindful of the serpent's hiss
In Eden's grove.

* In the printed edition these lines are altered thus:
"Heaven placed us here to vote and trade,
Twin tasks divine!"

Beauty—the fading rainbow's pride,
 Youth—'twas the charm of her who died
 At dawn, and by her coffin's side
 A grandsire stands,
 Age-strengthened, like the oak storm-tried
 Of mountain lands.

Youth's coffin—hush the tale it tells!
 Be silent, memory's funeral bells!
 Lone in one heart, her home, it dwells
 Untold till death,
 And where the grave-mound greenly swells
 O'er buried faith.

“But what if hers are rank and power,
 Armies her train, a throne her bower,
 A kingdom's gold her marriage dower,
 Broad seas and lands?
 What if from bannered hall and tower
 A queen commands?”

A queen? Earth's regal moons have set.
 Where perished Marie Antoinette?
 Where's Bordeaux's mother? Where the jet-
 Black Haytian dame?
 And Lusitania's coronet?
 And Angoulême?

Empires to-day are upside down,
 The castle kneels before the town,
 The monarch fears a printer's frown,
 A brickbat's range;
 Give me, in preference to a crown,
 Five shillings change.

“But her who asks, though first among
 The good, the beautiful, the young,
 The birthright of a spell more strong
 Than these hath brought her;
 She is your kinswoman in song,
 A Poet's daughter.”

A Poet's daughter? Could I claim
 The consanguinity of fame,
 Veins of my intellectual frame!
 Your blood would glow
 Proudly to sing that gentlest name
 Of aught below.

A Poet's daughter—dearer word
 Lip hath not spoken nor listener heard,
 Fit theme for song of bee and bird
 From morn till even,
 And wind-harp by the breathing stirred
 Of star-lit heaven.

My spirit's wings are weak, the fire
 Poetic comes but to expire,
 Her name needs not my humble lyre
 To bid it live;
 She hath already from her sire
 All bard can give.

In 1822 Halleck visited Europe, and traveled in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, etc. Soon after his return he received an offer from John Jacob Astor to fill a highly responsible position in connection with the management of his vast estate, which post he occupied until the decease of Mr. Astor, when, finding himself possessed of a reasonable competence, he retired from his position in this employ, and has since lived for the most part in his native town. He was one of the original Trustees of the Astor Library, but resigned on removing to Connecticut.

When Halleck first became a resident of New York in 1803, it had neither assumed the metropolitan importance nor proportions to which it has since attained, but it lacked nothing in self-importance. Indeed, it is questionable whether Boston, with all its self-complacency, was more than a match for the good city of “Gotham” at

this period. Its great men were very great men—at least in the eyes of their immediate worshippers—and their movements were recorded with as much care, if not with as much formality, as if duly chronicled in a Court Journal. Among Halleck's earliest poetical compositions were some admirable and witty hits at these very important characters—conceived in no spirit of spleen, but written with such genuine good-humor as to render his castigations popular with, if not palatable to, the good people of the town.

The original conception of these satires was due to Joseph Rodman Drake, a young gentleman of rare promise, who had already written four of them before he admitted Halleck into the partnership, which continued until severed by the early death of their originator.

Dr. De Kay, a very clever and well-educated young medical man, while spending a summer at Guilford, made the acquaintance of Halleck's sister, who, on his return to town, gave him a note of introduction to her brother, and the two became warm friends. One of the wittiest sketches in “The Croakers” is the tea-party of the Doctor. Dr. De Kay knew Drake, and was the confidant of Halleck, and probably one of the very few who had any knowledge of his poetical ability. He introduced the two to each other, and by this means was instrumental in forming the literary partnership alluded to. Dr. De Kay, who had a decided literary taste, soon abandoned the practice of medicine; wrote a clever book of travels in Turkey, and published, as Zoologist to the State of New York, some valuable contributions to Natural History. He died, near New York, a few years since.

“The Croakers” were, for the most part, confined to local incidents, and were intended to satirize the follies of the day, or, at all events, to amuse by their reference to well-known personages. These were continued, conjointly, by Drake and Halleck, under the signature of “Croaker and Co.,” and were published in the newspapers during the year 1819, for the most part in the *Evening Post*, at that time the chief literary paper of the town.

These pieces, to the number of fifty, have recently been collected together and published in an authentic form, and in the best style of book-making, by the Bradford Club, one of whose rules is that no member shall sell a book. The publication, which was made in 1860, contains copious notes explanatory of the text, and is accompanied by handsome engravings of Drake and Halleck. Several of the pieces from the pens of both of these authors are brought to light in this publication for the first time, and all are so carefully annotated that they can be readily comprehended by a reader unfamiliar with the local incidents of New York of that day, although it must be confessed that those whose hits are of a purely local nature have lost their chief interest with the disappearance of the circumstances to which they owed their origin. Fortunately, however, all are not of this class. The “American Flag,” by Drake, which has been repub-

lished in every variety of form, and recently elegantly illustrated by Darley, originally appeared in the *Evening Post*. Nor are the lines by Halleck, commencing

“The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom Pleasure's shrine,”

scarcely less exquisite in versification or melody than those of his distinguished associate; and although not so widely known, are yet to be ranked among the popular productions of our poet.

Drake died, in 1820, of consumption, and Halleck, who had tenderly watched by his bedside during the long and anxious hours of his lingering illness, embalmed his memory in the poetical tribute to be found in his works on this subject. A tribute, in which he declares that the intensity of his sorrow has deprived him of the power to weave in verse a eulogy worthy of his subject, or consonant with his own grief. But Halleck's was not a temperament long to suffer from the poignancy of sorrow. Keenly attached to Drake while living, and attentive during his illness to his slightest want, when death had rent asunder the friendship that bound them together, after the first display of his grief, and with the consciousness that

“The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket,”

he chased the shadow from his brow, and although he never after found a friend with whom he so deeply sympathized, yet it was not long before his companions found in him the same frank, jovial, and gay fellow they had been accustomed to consider him, before this loss of one of their number had so shocked their sensibilities. Indeed from the perusal of Halleck's writings this tendency to gayety seems ever uppermost, and not unfrequently displays itself most unexpectedly, if not in a most unbecoming manner, as if the writer in his graver moods was constantly on his good behavior, and ever and anon, like a frolicsome school-boy kept under restraint, startles our gravity by some malapropos but witty remark. As an illustration of this I would refer to the closing lines of the pathetic poem of Alnwick Castle, which, after celebrating in fitting measure the event when,

“Seated by gallant Hotspur's side
His Katherine was a happy bride,
A thousand years ago,”

he terminates with the ludicrous incident of his visit to the castle.

But it is not always by his writings that we detect the true character of the author. We all know under what painful circumstances Cowper composed the laughable ballad of “John Gilpin,” and how very near to madness was Byron when writing the most facetious portions of *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. Nor is it in the humor displayed in conversation that a gay heart is always to be found: as an illustration of which I may cite the case of Cardini. During the time of this great wit in Rome, a distinguished med-

ical man of that city was called upon by a stranger who desired to consult him on account of an extreme depression of spirits which he was unable to chase away. After a careful examination the medical gentleman, who was unable to discover any bodily disease, advised him to seek gay society, to divert his mind from his own reflections, and especially to seek out one Cardini, who convulsed the city by his witty sallies.

“Alas!” replied the stranger, with a deep-drawn sigh, “I am that Cardini.”

I remember too an interview I had with Burton, the comedian, a year or two previous to his death, which exemplified this point. He had but a short time before, while fulfilling an engagement in Philadelphia, become suddenly and alarmingly ill. On consulting Dr. Pancost, the eminent surgeon, he had decided that he was laboring under a disease of the heart, which must inevitably prove fatal. He however expressed some hope of ultimate recovery, which I endeavored to dissuade him from, under the belief that it is better for a person laboring under an incurable malady to know the worst, in order to be prepared for the final result. I advised him to abandon the stage, give up his theatrical management, and with his abundant means endeavor to lead, for the short time he might be spared, a life of ease, and one consonant with his approaching end.

“I can not abandon the stage,” he replied; “it furnishes me with an excitement which I can not live without. I should be driven to think of myself, and should go crazy.”

He invited me to come that evening and witness the effect. He was already on the bills for Sir Toby Belch. I accepted his invitation, and never knew him to be more humorous, or more fully appreciated by the audience, who were convulsed with laughter. How little did they think that the source of all this merriment was, at that very moment, a gloomy, morose man, who had a full consciousness that he carried in his person an incurable malady that must inevitably terminate his life in a short period!

In Halleck's case, however, the humor was doubtless genuine, and sparkled up from a spirit overflowing with good-nature, and frank social qualities which made him in all circles a welcome guest, and procured for him many an invitation which, under other circumstances, one so young had hardly a right to expect.

Previous to Halleck's association with Drake in the production of the “Croakers,” he had already made his appearance, although anonymously, as an author, in a poem entitled “Twilight,” which appeared in the *Evening Post* a few months previous to his acquaintance with Drake. At this time Mr. William Coleman, a man of much literary taste, as well as a very sensitive one, was its sole editor. He was very tenacious as to the contents of the paper, and scrupulous about the productions of new contributors. When Halleck's poem was handed to him he gave it to the printer without comment, which was considered by those who knew his

fastidious tastes as a remarkable instance of appreciation. He did not learn the name of its author for some months after.

"Fanny," his longest poem, in fifteen hundred lines, was composed in 1819. "Alnwick Castle" and "Burns" were composed after his visit to Europe in 1822-'23, and were first published in a volume, in connection with other poems, in 1827. A collected edition of his works was published in 1852. Other editions of his poems have from time to time been issued.

When "Fanny" first appeared it attracted universal attention in town, and was eagerly read. Apart from the admirable manner in which the story was told, it derived additional piquancy from the circumstance that every one supposed it to be a satire, and each could picture in his imagination the personages it was intended to caricature. This, however, is doubtless a mistake, as the author declares, and apparently with much sincerity, that the creation is purely an ideal one. The edition was soon exhausted, and its author for some time hesitated to allow a second to be published. Its scarcity enhanced the desire to peruse it, and it went rapidly from hand to hand among friends, and not unfrequently sold at fabulous prices—ten dollars having been often given for a copy of it. Its authorship was attributed to a number of prominent literary men, but suspicion never rested on Halleck, who quietly enjoyed the bewilderment of the town without divulging his own secret.

In like manner the authorship of the "Croakers" was for some time concealed, and as they were exceedingly popular, many attempts were made to imitate them, but without success. Coleman says, "We have received several imitations of 'Croakers,' but none of them partake in any degree of the inspiration of his pen." Much discussion arose as to the individual merits of "Croaker" and "Croaker, Jun.," but it was finally shown that they were both from the same pen, the separate productions of Drake and Halleck appearing indifferently under the same signatures.

At last Coleman, upon being closely questioned, revealed the authorship, and Halleck suddenly, and much to his own surprise, became famous. He had always been remarkable for great modesty, and never, while in company, where allusions were made to his own productions, betrayed by word or look his own connection with them. That a part of this arose from the gratification which an individual who is able to set the whole community at bay quietly enjoys there can be no doubt; but yet, at the same time, something is chargeable to that inherent modesty which Halleck, in the full tide of his popularity as a poet, and when he was a welcome guest at the houses of the most witty and fashionable, was remarkable for.

"He possessed," said Mr. Winthrop, in speaking to me one day of Halleck, "this trait in contradistinction to myself or any other person in the employment of Barker and Co. Whenever Mr. Barker would dictate a business letter to

Halleck, which he was accustomed to do with great rapidity, and while occupied with several other things at the same moment, Halleck would quietly place on paper precisely what had been dictated. After it was presented to Mr. Barker he would often discover that it was irregular, and would frequently remark, 'Why, this is nonsense.' 'I know it,' Halleck would quietly reply. 'Why, then, did you not correct me at the time?' demanded the principal. 'Because,' modestly replied Halleck, 'I might confuse your thoughts, and you have now an opportunity of rejecting what displeases you.'" And Halleck was right, for whenever any other clerk attempted to point out an error of this kind in the process of dictation to this eccentric but masterly business man, he would become confused, and by his manner express his dissatisfaction at the interference.

While Halleck was a resident of New York he occupied, for many years, bachelor apartments in what is now far down Broadway. On one occasion, while standing opposite his lodgings observing the progress of a conflagration which was consuming the neighboring buildings, a gentleman with whom he was casually conversing suddenly said, "I see that the fire is making progress to the opposite house. I must go and secure my luggage before it is too late." "And so must I," rejoined Halleck. Each looked at the other for a moment in some surprise. "Do you occupy apartments in this house?" at last demanded the stranger. "I do," replied Halleck; "and you—?" An explanation showed that they had been fellow-lodgers for years, and although not altogether unknown to each other, had now for the first time become aware of the fact. This might readily happen in New York at the present time, but it is difficult to see how it could have occurred in the more primitive days of the city.

Since my acquaintance with Halleck he has always, when in town, occupied apartments at Bixby's. Now Bixby's is just the place for a bachelor, and certainly it is for a poet. Every body calls in at Bixby's. Poor Charles Lenpp used to go to Bixby's, Verplanck goes to Bixby's, the author of the "Sparrow-Grass Papers" goes to Bixby's. "Ik Marvel," when in town, is to be found at Bixby's. Bayard Taylor, whenever he can find rest for his weary feet, settles down at Bixby's; and last, but not least, Halleck, whether up town or down town, whenever in town is sure to be found at Bixby's.

He is now quite averse to social visits, and is very rarely induced to accept an invitation out, even from his oldest friends. Should I do so, he has often said, in declining my own offers, I should never come to town without being obliged to occupy my whole time in visiting my old friends, who now excuse me on the ground that I pay no visits; and he is doubtless right, for I know of no one whose companionship would be more eagerly sought, could it be obtained, than Halleck's. Age seems to have come upon him with such a genial touch that few can be found

so versatile in conversation, so witty, and yet withal so considerate of the feelings of others.

The only house in which I knew him to visit on any thing like social terms was that of Mr. Leupp. Alas! that hospitable mansion, with its genial host, its witty and intellectual guests, and its perfect *bonhomie*, is now forever closed. Charles M. Leupp, who had married a daughter of Gideon Lee, late Mayor of the city of New York (she died long ago), and succeeded to his business, acquired a very handsome estate, which he took pleasure in dispensing in the most liberal manner. His residence on Madison Square was an extensive and palatial one, but its chief charm consisted in an admirable gallery of modern paintings, which contained many of the best specimens of the works of our native contemporary artists, to whom he was a frequent and generous patron. Leupp was a man of very refined taste and kind feeling, and was particularly attached to his friends. He derived great pleasure in the society of men of letters, and by his own social qualities succeeded in attaching many of the more eminent literary men of the day warmly to him. With Bryant he was on terms of great intimacy, and twice visited Europe in his company. At his informal receptions Verplanck, the last of the surviving literary men of his time; his *bon ami*, John Gourley; Clemson, the son-in-law of Calhoun, and a very clever chemist; Hackett, the original Rip Van Winkle, and the very best Falstaff of his age, mingled conspicuously with the guests. The last time I met Halleck at Leupp's he left early, and was accompanied by Leupp to a street car, in which he returned to his lodgings. Upon the breaking up of the company it was found that Halleck's umbrella—he always carries one—was in the umbrella-stand, but upon reflection Leupp remembered that in his hurry he had taken one with him. It proved to be Leupp's, who wrote to him, begging to retain possession of the one left by him, a new silk one, as a souvenir, and to accept his own, an old cotton one, in return. Mr. Leupp died in 1860, deeply lamented.

Although never disputatious, Halleck was pretty certain in conversation to assume the weaker side, often, it appeared to me, to see what arguments could be urged by those who took the

opposite; but his chief forte lay in narrating the facts with which his mind was stored. He is an acute observer of men and things, and the more impartial because he lives in a world apart from the great actors of the drama of life, neither partaking of their ambitions nor their jealousies. He is, moreover, imbued with a high sense of religious feeling. His constant declaration to me has been, that all nature teaches the sublimest truths of religion; he loves to contemplate it in nature, and in man's worship he loves it best in its most idealized form, and in its most gorgeous displays. In the grand and imposing ceremonies of the Mass, amidst the peal of the organ, the rich decorations of the altar, and the burning incense, he finds a more truthful delineation of his own conceptions of a befitting worship of man to his Maker than in any other. His sentiments, in this respect, are strikingly in correspondence with those expressed by Byron:

On one occasion Sir Walter Scott called Byron's attention to the stories then afloat concerning his altered religious feeling.

"I suppose," said Byron, "you are one of those who fancy that I will become a Methodist?"

"No, my lord," replied Scott, "I should rather suppose that one of your temperament would be attracted by the gorgeous ceremonies of the Church of Rome."

"Perhaps so," said Byron, musing. "It is not improbable."

About a month after my interview with Irving at the Astor Library I met Halleck in the reading-room of the Mercantile Library. This was in the beginning of July, and the weather was any thing but cool. We expressed our mutual surprise at meeting each other in town, when all the world was rustivating in the country. He had run up for a day or two from Guilford, and professional engagements kept me at my post. I told him that, with some discomforts, I had been repaid by a few advantages, among the best of which I reckoned my interview with Irving, and the delightful mood in which I found him.

"Ah," said Halleck, "Irving is always a pleasant companion with those he likes; but he is taciturn if he thinks a crowd is listening to what he says, and apt to be dumb in the presence of a dull or stupid person."

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER XLV.

SHOWING HOW MRS. ORME COULD BE VERY WEAK-MINDED.

I VENTURE to think, I may almost say to hope, that Lady Mason's confession at the end of the last chapter will not have taken any body by surprise. If such surprise be felt, I must have told my tale badly. I do not like such revulsions of feeling with regard to my

characters as surprises of this nature must generate. That Lady Mason had committed the terrible deed for which she was about to be tried, that Mr. Furnival's suspicion of her guilt was only too well founded, that Mr. Dockwrath with his wicked ingenuity had discovered no more than the truth, will, in its open revelation, have caused no surprise to the reader; but it did cause terrible surprise to Sir Peregrine Orme.

And now we must go back a little and en-

deavor to explain how it was that Lady Mason had made this avowal of her guilt. That she had not intended to do so when she entered Sir Peregrine's library is very certain. Had such been her purpose she would not have asked Mrs. Orme to visit her at Orley Farm. Had such a course of events been in her mind she would not have spoken of her departure from The Cleeve as doubtful. No. She had intended still to keep her terrible secret to herself; still to have leaned upon Sir Peregrine's arm as on the arm of a trusting friend. But he had overcome her by his generosity; and in her fixed resolve that he should not be dragged down into this abyss of misery the sudden determination to tell the truth, at least to him, had come upon her. She did tell him all; and then, as soon as the words were out of her mouth, the strength which had enabled her to do so deserted her, and she fell at his feet overcome by weakness of body as well as spirit.

But the words which she spoke did not at first convey to his mind their full meaning. Though she had twice repeated the assertion that she was guilty, the fact of her guilt did not come home to his understanding as a thing that he could credit. There was something, he doubted not, to surprise and harass him—something which, when revealed and made clear, might or might not affect his purpose of marrying—something which it behooved this woman to tell before she could honestly become his wife, something which was destined to give his heart a blow. But he was very far as yet from understanding the whole truth. Let us think of those we love best, and ask ourselves how much it would take to convince us of their guilt in such a matter. That thrusting of the lie down the throat of Joseph Mason had become to him so earnest a duty, that the task of believing the lie to be on the other side was no easy one. The blow which he had to suffer was a cruel blow. Lady Mason, however, was merciful, for she might have enhanced the cruelty ten-fold.

He stood there wondering and bewildered for some minutes of time, while she, with her face hidden, still clung round his knees. "What is it?" at last he said. "I do not understand." But she had no answer to make to him. Her great resolve had been quickly made and quickly carried out, but now the reaction left her powerless. He stooped down to raise her, but when he moved she fell prone upon the ground; he could hear her sobs as though her bosom would burst with them.

And then by degrees the meaning of her words began to break upon him. "I am guilty of all this with which they charge me." Could that be possible? Could it be that she had forged that will; that with base, premeditated contrivance she had stolen that property; stolen it, and kept it from that day to this—through all these long years? And then he thought of her pure life, of her womanly, dignified repose, of her devotion to her son—such devotion indeed!—of her sweet pale face and soft voice! He

thought of all this, and of his own love and friendship for her—of Edith's love for her! He thought of it all, and he could not believe that she was guilty. There was some other fault, some much lesser fault than that, with which she charged herself. But there she lay at his feet, and it was necessary that he should do something toward lifting her to a seat.

He stooped and took her by the hand, but his feeble strength was not sufficient to raise her. "Lady Mason," he said, "speak to me. I do not understand you. Will you not let me seat you on the sofa?"

But she, at least, had realized the full force of the revelation she had made, and lay there covered with shame, broken-hearted, and unable to raise her eyes from the ground. With what inward struggles she had played her part during the last few months no one might ever know! But those struggles had been kept to herself. The world, her world, that world for which she had cared, in which she had lived, had treated her with honor and respect, and had looked upon her as an ill-used, innocent woman. But now all that would be over. Every one now must know what she was. And then, as she lay there, that thought came to her. Must every one know it? Was there no longer any hope for her? Must Lucius be told? She could bear all the rest, if only he might be ignorant of his mother's disgrace—he for whom all had been done! But no. He and every one must know it. Oh! if the beneficent Spirit that sees all and pities all would but take her that moment from the world!

When Sir Peregrine asked her whether he should seat her on the sofa, she slowly picked herself up, and, with her head still crouching toward the ground, placed herself where she before had been sitting. He had been afraid that she would have fainted, but she was not one of those women whose nature easily admits of such relief as that. Though she was always pale in color and frail-looking, there was within her a great power of self-sustenance. She was a woman who with a good cause might have dared any thing. With the worst cause that a woman could well have, she had dared and endured very much. She did not faint, nor gasp as though she were choking, nor become hysteric in her agony; but she lay there, huddled up in the corner of the sofa, with her face hidden, and all those feminine graces forgotten which had long stood her in truth so royally. The inner, true, living woman was there at last—that and nothing else.

But he—what was he to do? It went against his heart to harass her at that moment; but then it was essential that he should know the truth. The truth, or a suspicion of the truth, was now breaking upon him; and if that suspicion should be confirmed, what was he to do? It was at any rate necessary that every thing should be put beyond a doubt.

"Lady Mason," he said, "if you are able to speak to me—"

“Yes,” she said, gradually straightening herself, and raising her head, though she did not look at him—“yes, I am able.” But there was something terrible in the sound of her voice. It was such a sound of agony that he felt himself unable to persist.

“If you wish it I will leave you, and come back—say in an hour.”

“No, no—do not leave me.” And her whole body was shaken with a tremor as though of an ague fit. “Do not go away, and I will tell you every thing. I did it.”

“Did what?”

“I—forged the will. I did it all.—I am guilty.”

There was the whole truth now, declared openly and in the most simple words, and there was no longer any possibility that he should doubt. It was very terrible—a terrible tragedy. But to him at this present moment the part most frightful was his and her present position. What should he do for her? How should he counsel her? In what way so act that he might best assist her without compromising that high sense of right and wrong which in him was a second nature. He felt at the moment that he would still give his last shilling to rescue her—only that there was the property! Let the heavens fall, justice must be done there. Even a wretch such as Joseph Mason must have that which was clearly his own.

As she spoke those last words she had risen from the sofa, and was now standing before him resting with her hands upon the table, like a prisoner in the dock.

“What!” he said; “with your own hands?”

“Yes; with my own hands. When he would not do justice to my baby, when he talked of that other being the head of his house, I did it, with my own hands—during the night.”

“And you wrote the names—yourself?”

“Yes; I wrote them all.” And then there was again silence in the room; but she still stood, leaning on the table, waiting for him to speak her doom.

He turned away from the spot in which he had confronted her and walked to the window. What was he to do? How was he to help her? And how was he to be rid of her? How was he to save his daughter from further contact with a woman such as this? And how was he to bid his daughter behave to this woman as one woman should behave to another in her misery? Then too he had learned to love her himself—had yearned to call her his own; and though this, in truth, was a minor sorrow, it was one which at the moment added bitterness to the others. But there she stood, still waiting her doom, and it was necessary that that doom should be spoken by him.

“If this can really be true—”

“It is true. You do not think that a woman would falsely tell such a tale as that against herself!”

“Then I fear that this must be over between you and me.”

There was a relief to her, a sort of relief, in those words. The doom, as so far spoken, was so much a matter of course that it conveyed no penalty. Her story had been told in order that that result might be attained with certainty. There was almost a tone of scorn in her voice as she said, “Oh yes; all that must be over.”

“And what next would you have me do?” he asked.

“I have nothing to request,” she said. “If you must tell it to all the world, do so.”

“Tell it; no. It will not be my business to be an informer.”

“But you must tell it. There is Mrs. Orme.”

“Yes; to Edith!”

“And I must leave the house. Oh, where shall I go when he knows it? And where will he go?” Wretched, miserable woman, but yet so worthy of pity! What a terrible retribution for that night’s work was now coming on her!

He again walked to the window to think how he might answer these questions. Must he tell his daughter? Must he banish this criminal at once from his house? Every one now had been told of his intended marriage; every one had been told through Lord Alston, Mr. Furnival, and such as they. That, at any rate, must now be untold. And would it be possible that she should remain there, living with them at The Cleeve, while all this was being done? In truth, he did not know how to speak. He had not hardness of heart to pronounce her doom.

“Of course I shall leave the house,” she said, with something almost of pride in her voice. “If there be no place open to me but a jail, I will do that. Perhaps I had better go now and get my things removed at once. Say a word of love for me to her—a word of respectful love.” And she moved as though she were going to the door.

But he would not permit her to leave him thus. He could not let the poor, crushed, broken creature wander forth in her agony to bruise herself at every turn, and to be alone in her despair. She was still the woman whom he had loved; and over and beyond that, was she not the woman who had saved him from a terrible downfall by rushing herself into utter ruin for his sake? He must take some steps in her behalf—if he could only resolve what those steps should be. She was moving to the door, but stopping her, he took her by the hand. “You did it,” he said, “and he, your husband, knew nothing of it?” The fact itself was so wonderful, that he had hardly as yet made even that all his own.

“I did it, and he knew nothing of it. I will go now, Sir Peregrine; I am strong enough.”

“But where will you go?”

“Ah me, where shall I go?” And she put the hand which was at liberty up to her temple, brushing back her hair as though she might thus collect her thoughts. “Where shall I go? But he does not know it yet. I will go now to Orley Farm. When must he be told? Tell me that. When must he know it?”

"No, Lady Mason; you can not go there to-day. It's very hard to say what you had better do."

"Very hard," she echoed, shaking her head.

"But you must remain here at present—at The Cleeve, I mean, at any rate, for to-day. I will think about it. I will endeavor to think what may be the best."

"But—we can not meet now. She and I—Mrs. Orme?" And then again he was silent; for in truth the difficulties were too many for him. Might it not be best that she should counterfeit illness, and be confined to her own room? But then he was averse to recommend any counterfeit; and if Mrs. Orme did not go to her in her assumed illness, the counterfeit would utterly fail of effect in the household. And then, should he tell Mrs. Orme? The weight of these tidings would be too much for him if he did not share them with some one. So he made up his mind that he must tell them to her—though to no other one.

"I must tell her," he said.

"Oh yes," she replied; and he felt her hand tremble in his, and dropped it. He had forgotten that he thus held her as all these thoughts pressed upon his brain.

"I will tell it to her, but to no one else. If I might advise you, I would say that it will be well for you now to take some rest. You are agitated, and—"

"Agitated! yes. But you are right, Sir Peregrine. I will go at once to my room. And then—"

"Then, perhaps, in the course of the morning, you will see me again."

"Where?—will you come to me there?"

"I will see you in her room, in her dressing-room. She will be down stairs, you know." From which last words the tidings were conveyed to Lady Mason that she was not to see Mrs. Orme again.

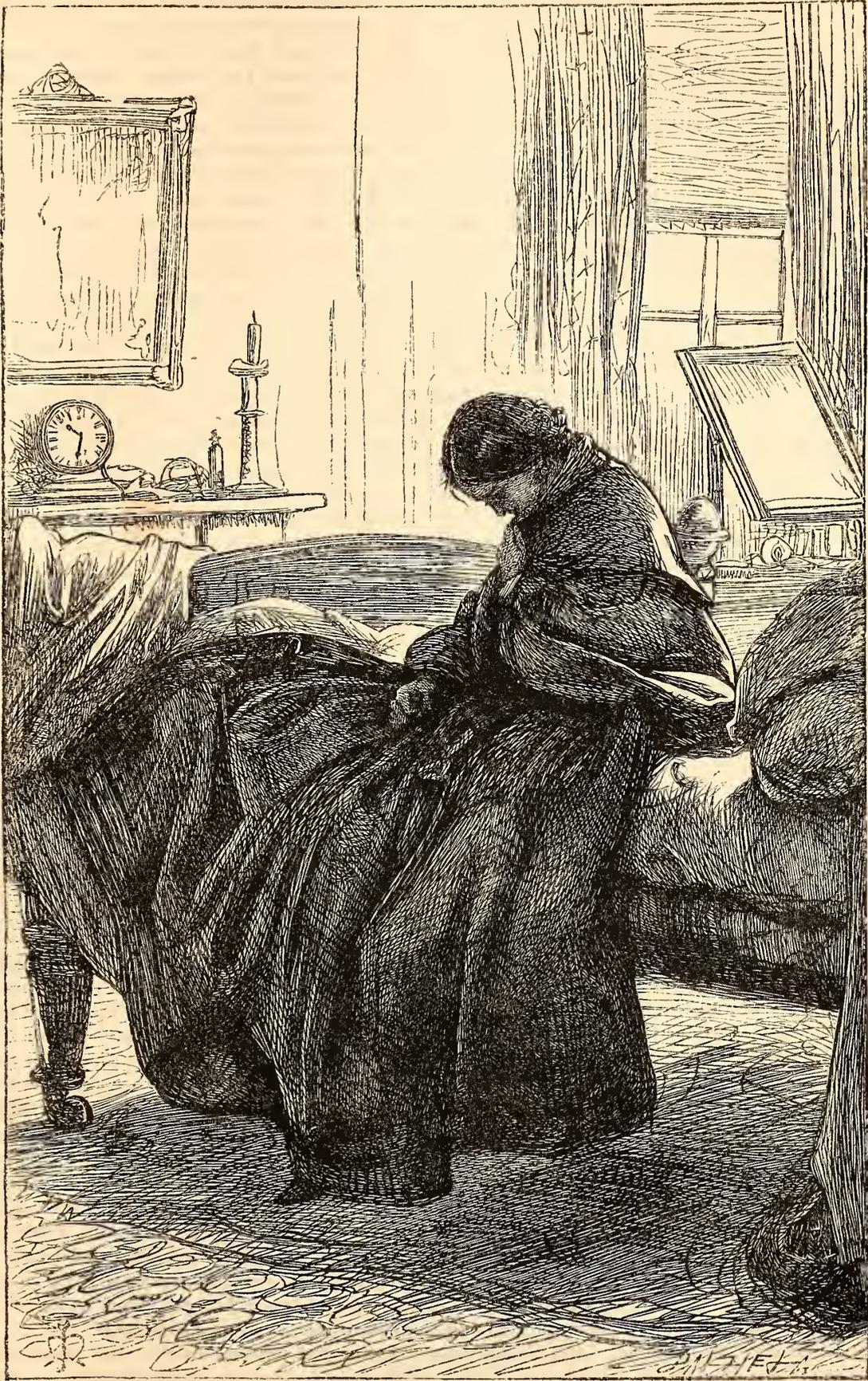
And then she went, and as she slowly made her way across the hall she felt that all of evil, all of punishment that she had ever anticipated, had now fallen upon her. There are periods in the lives of some of us—I trust but of few—when, with the silent inner voice of suffering, we call on the mountains to fall and crush us, and on the earth to gape open and take us in; when, with an agony of intensity, we wish that our mothers had been barren. In those moments the poorest and most desolate are objects to us of envy, for their sufferings can be as nothing to our own. Lady Mason, as she crept silently across the hall, saw a servant-girl pass down toward the entrance to the kitchen, and would have given all, all that she had in the world, to have changed places with that girl. But no change was possible to her. Neither would the mountains crush her, nor would the earth take her in. There was her burden, and she must bear it to the end. There was the bed which she had made for herself, and she must lie upon it. No escape was possible to her. She had herself mixed the cup, and she must now drink of it to the dregs.

Slowly and very silently she made her way up to her own room, and having closed the door behind her sat herself down upon the bed. It was as yet early in the morning, and the servant had not been in the chamber. There was no fire there although it was still mid-winter. Of such details as these Sir Peregrine had remembered nothing when he recommended her to go to her own room. Nor did she think of them at first as she placed herself on the bedside. But soon the bitter air pierced her through and through, and she shivered with the cold as she sat there. After a while she got herself a shawl, wrapped it close around her, and then sat down again. She bethought herself that she might have to remain in this way for hours, so she rose again and locked the door. It would add greatly to her immediate misery if the servants were to come while she was there, and see her in her wretchedness. Presently the girls did come, and being unable to obtain entrance were told by Lady Mason that she wanted the chamber for the present. Whereupon they offered to light the fire, but she declared that she was not cold. Her teeth were shaking in her head, but any suffering was better than the suffering of being seen.

She did not lie down, or cover herself further than she was covered with that shawl, nor did she move from her place for more than an hour. By degrees she became used to the cold. She was numbed, and, as it were, half dead in all her limbs, but she had ceased to shake as she sat there, and her mind had gone back to the misery of her position. There was so much for her behind that was worse! What should she do when even this retirement should not be allowed to her? Instead of longing for the time when she should be summoned to meet Sir Peregrine, she dreaded its coming. It would bring her nearer to that other meeting when she would have to bow her head and crouch before her son.

She had been there above an hour, and was in truth ill with the cold when she heard—and scarcely heard—a light step come quickly along the passage toward her door. Her woman's ear instantly told her who owned that step, and her heart once more rose with hope. Was she coming there to comfort her, to speak to the poor bruised sinner one word of feminine sympathy? The quick light step stopped at the door, there was a pause, and then a low, low knock was heard. Lady Mason asked no question, but dropping from the bed hurried to the door and turned the key. She turned the key, and as the door was opened half hid herself behind it—and then Mrs. Orme was in the room.

"What! you have no fire?" she said, feeling that the air struck her with a sudden chill. "Oh, this is dreadful! My poor, poor dear!" And then she took hold of both Lady Mason's hands. Had she possessed the wisdom of the serpent as well as the innocence of the dove she could not have been wiser in her first mode of addressing the sufferer. For she knew it all.



LADY MASON AFTER HER CONFESSION.

During that dreadful hour Sir Peregrine had told her the whole story; and very dreadful that hour had been to her. He, when he attempted to give counsel in the matter, had utterly failed. He had not known what to suggest, nor could she say what it might be wisest for them all to do; but on one point her mind

had been at once resolved. The woman who had once been her friend, whom she had learned to love, should not leave the house without some sympathy and womanly care. The guilt was very bad; yes, it was terrible; she acknowledged that it was a thing to be thought of only with shuddering. But the guilt of twenty years

ago did not strike her senses so vividly as the abject misery of the present day. There was no pity in her bosom for Mr. Joseph Mason when she heard the story, but she was full of pity for her who had committed the crime. It was twenty years ago, and had not the sinner repented? Besides, was she to be the judge? "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged," she said, when she thought that Sir Peregrine spoke somewhat harshly in the matter. So she said, altogether misinterpreting the Scripture in her desire to say something in favor of the poor woman.

But when it was hinted to her that Lady Mason might return to Orley Farm without being again seen by her, her woman's heart at once rebelled. "If she has done wrong," said Mrs. Orme—

"She has done great wrong—fearful wrong," said Sir Peregrine.

"It will not hurt me to see her because she has done wrong. Not see her while she is in the house! If she were in the prison, would I not go to see her?" And then Sir Peregrine had said no more, but he loved his daughter-in-law all the better for her unwonted vehemence.

"You will do what is right," he said—"as you always do." Then he left her; and she, after standing for a few moments while she shaped her thoughts, went straight away to Lady Mason's room.

She took Lady Mason by both her hands, and found that they were icy cold. "Oh, this is dreadful!" she said. "Come with me, dear." But Lady Mason still stood, up by the bed-head, whither she had retreated from the door. Her eyes were still cast upon the ground, and she leaned back as Mrs. Orme held her, as though by her weight she would hinder her friend from leading her from the room.

"You are frightfully cold," said Mrs. Orme.

"Has he told you?" said Lady Mason, asking the question in the lowest possible whisper, and still holding back as she spoke.

"Yes; he has told me; but no one else—no one else." And then for a few moments nothing was spoken between them.

"Oh, that I could die!" said the poor wretch, expressing in words that terrible wish that the mountains might fall upon her and crush her.

"You must not say that. That would be wicked, you know. He can comfort you. Do you not know that He will comfort you, if you are sorry for your sins and go to Him?"

But the woman in her intense suffering could not acknowledge to herself any idea of comfort. "Ah me!" she exclaimed, with a deep bursting sob which went straight to Mrs. Orme's heart. And then a convulsive fit of trembling seized her so strongly that Mrs. Orme could hardly continue to hold her hands.

"You are ill with the cold," she said. "Come with me, Lady Mason, you shall not stay here longer."

Lady Mason then permitted herself to be led out of the room, and the two went quickly down

the passage to the head of the front stairs, and from thence to Mrs. Orme's room. In crossing the house they had seen no one and been seen by no one; and Lady Mason when she came to the door hurried in, that she might again hide herself in security for the moment. As soon as the door was closed Mrs. Orme placed her in an arm-chair which she wheeled up to the front of the fire, and seating herself on a stool at the poor sinner's feet chafed her hands within her own. She took away the shawl and made her stretch out her feet toward the fire, and thus seated close to her she spoke no word for the next half hour as to the terrible fact that had become known to her. Then, on a sudden, as though the ice of her heart had thawed from the warmth of the other's kindness, Lady Mason burst into a flood of tears, and flinging herself upon her friend's neck and bosom begged with earnest piteousness to be forgiven.

And Mrs. Orme did forgive her. Many will think that she was wrong to do so, and I fear it must be acknowledged that she was not strong-minded. By forgiving her I do not mean that she pronounced absolution for the sin of past years, or that she endeavored to make the sinner think that she was no worse for her sin. Mrs. Orme was a good churchwoman, but not strong, individually, in points of doctrine. All that she left mainly to the woman's conscience and her own dealings with her Saviour—merely saying a word of salutary counsel as to a certain spiritual pastor who might be of aid. But Mrs. Orme forgave her—as regarded herself. She had already, while all this was unknown, taken this woman to her heart as pure and good. It now appeared that the woman had not been pure, had not been good!—And then she took her to her heart again! Criminal as the woman was, disgraced and debased, subject almost to the heaviest penalties of outraged law and justice, a felon against whom the actual hands of the law's myrmidons would probably soon prevail, a creature doomed to bear the scorn of the lowest of her fellow-creatures—such as she was, this other woman, pure and high, so shielded from the world's impurity that nothing ignoble might touch her—this lady took her to her heart again, and promised in her ear with low, sweet words of consolation that they should still be friends. I can not say that Mrs. Orme was right. That she was weak-minded I feel nearly certain. But, perhaps, this weakness of mind may never be brought against her to her injury, either in this world or in the next.

I will not pretend to give the words which passed between them at that interview. After a while Lady Mason allowed herself to be guided all in all by her friend's advice as though she herself had been a child. It was decided that for the present—that is, for the next day or two—Lady Mason should keep her room at The Cleeve as an invalid. Counterfeit in this there would be none certainly, for indeed she was hardly fit for any place but her own bed. If inclined and able to leave her room, she should be

made welcome to the use of Mrs. Orme's dressing-gown. It would only be necessary to warn Peregrine that for the present he must abstain from coming there. The servants, Mrs. Orme said, had heard of their master's intended marriage. They would now hear that this intention had been abandoned. On this they would put their own construction, and would account in their own fashion for the fact that Sir Peregrine and his guest no longer saw each other. But no suspicion of the truth would get abroad when it was seen that Lady Mason was still treated as a guest at The Cleeve. As to such future steps as might be necessary to be taken, Mrs. Orme would consult with Sir Peregrine, and tell Lady Mason from time to time. And as for the sad truth, the terrible truth—that, at any rate, for the present, should be told to no other ears. And so the whole morning was spent, and Mrs. Orme saw neither Sir Peregrine nor her son till she went down to the library in the first gloom of the winter evening.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A WOMAN'S IDEA OF FRIENDSHIP.

SIR PEREGRINE after the hour that he had spent with his daughter-in-law—that terrible hour during which Lady Mason had sat alone on the bedside—returned to the library, and remained there during the whole of the afternoon. It may be remembered that he had agreed to ride through the woods with his grandson; but that purpose had been abandoned early in the day, and Peregrine had in consequence been hanging about the house. He soon perceived that something was amiss, but he did not know what. He had looked for his mother, and had indeed seen her for a moment at her door; but she had told him that she could not then speak to him. Sir Peregrine also had shut himself up, but about the hour of dusk he sent for his grandson; and when Mrs. Orme, on leaving Lady Mason, went down to the library she found them both together.

They were standing with their backs to the fire, and the gloom in the room was too dark to allow of their faces being seen, but she felt that the conversation between them was of a serious nature. Indeed what conversation in that house could be other than serious on that day? "I see that I am disturbing you," she said, preparing to retreat. "I did not know that you were together."

"Do not go, Edith," said the old man. "Peregrine, put a chair for your mother. I have told him that all this is over now between me and Lady Mason."

She trembled as she heard the words, for it seemed to her that there must be danger now in even speaking of Lady Mason—danger with reference to that dreadful secret, the divulging of which would be so fatal.

"I have told him," continued Sir Peregrine,

"that for a few minutes I was angry with him when I heard from Lady Mason that he had spoken to her; but I believe that, on the whole, it is better that it should have been so."

"He would be very unhappy if any thing that he had done had distressed you," said Mrs. Orme, hardly knowing what words to use or how to speak. Nor did she feel quite certain as yet how much had been told to her son, and how much was concealed from him.

"No, no, no," said the old man, laying his arm affectionately on the young man's shoulder. "He has done nothing to distress me. There is nothing wrong—nothing wrong between him and me. Thank God for that! But, Perry, we will think now of that other matter. Have you told your mother any thing about it?" And he strove to look away from the wretchedness of his morning's work to something in his family that still admitted of a bright hope.

"No, Sir, not yet. We won't mind that just now." And then they all remained silent, Mrs. Orme sitting, and the two men still standing with their backs toward the fire. Her mind was too intent on the unfortunate lady up stairs to admit of her feeling interest in that other unknown matter to which Sir Peregrine had alluded.

"If you have done with Perry," she said at last, "I would be glad to speak to you for a minute or two."

"Oh yes," said Peregrine, "we have done." And then he went.

"You have told him," said she, as soon as they were left together.

"Told him; what, of her? Oh no. I have told him that that—that idea of mine has been abandoned." From this time forth Sir Peregrine could never endure to speak of his proposed marriage, nor to hear it spoken of. "He conceives that this has been done at her instance," he continued.

"And so it has," said Mrs. Orme, with much more of decision in her voice than was customary with her.

"And so it has," he repeated after her.

"Nobody must know of this," said she, very solemnly, standing up and looking into his face with eager eyes—"nobody but you and I."

"All the world, I fear, will know it soon," said Sir Peregrine.

"No, no. Why should all the world know it? Had she not told us we should not have known it. We should not have suspected it. Mr. Furnival, who understands these things—he does not think her guilty."

"But, Edith—the property!"

"Let her give that up—after a while—when all this has passed by. That man is not in want. It will not hurt him to be without it a little longer. It will be enough for her to do that when this trial shall be over."

"But it is not hers. She can not give it up. It belongs to her son—or is thought to belong to him. It is not for us to be informers, Edith—"

"No, no; it is not for us to be informers. We must remember that."

"Certainly. It is not for us to tell the story of her guilt; but her guilt will remain the same, will be acted over and over again every day, while the proceeds of the property go into the hands of Lucius Mason. It is that which is so terrible, Edith—that her conscience should have been able to bear that load for the last twenty years! A deed done, that admits of no restitution, may admit of repentance. We may leave that to the sinner and his conscience, hoping that he stands right with his Maker. But here, with her, there has been a continual theft going on from year to year—which is still going on. While Lucius Mason holds a sod of Orley Farm true repentance with her must be impossible. It seems so to me." And Sir Peregrine shuddered at the doom which his own rectitude of mind and purpose forced him to pronounce.

"It is not she that has it," said Mrs. Orme. "It was not done for herself."

"There is no difference in that," said he, sharply. "All sin is selfish, and so was her sin in this. Her object was the aggrandizement of her own child; and when she could not accomplish that honestly she did it by fraud, and—and—and— Edith, my dear, you and I must look at this thing as it is. You must not let your kind heart make your eyes blind in a matter of such moment."

"No, father; nor must the truth make our hearts cruel. You talk of restitution and repentance. Repentance is not the work of a day. How are we to say by what struggles her poor heart has been torn?"

"I do not judge her."

"No, no; that is it. We may not judge her—may we? But we may assist her in her wretchedness. I have promised that I will do all I can to aid her. You will allow me to do so—you will, will you not?" And she pressed his arm and looked up into his face, entreating him. Since first they two had known each other he had never yet denied her a request. It was a law of his life that he would never do so. But now he hesitated, not thinking that he would refuse her, but feeling that on such an occasion it would be necessary to point out to her how far she might go without risk of bringing censure on her own name. But in this case, though the mind of Sir Peregrine might be the more logical, the purpose of his daughter-in-law was the stronger. She had resolved that such communication with crime would not stain her, and she already knew to what length she would go in her charity. Indeed, her mind was fully resolved to go far enough.

"I hardly know as yet what she intends to do; any assistance that you can give her must, I should say, depend on her own line of conduct."

"But I want your advice as to that. I tell you what I purpose. It is clear that Mr. Furnival thinks she will gain the day at this trial."

"But Mr. Furnival does not know the truth."

"Nor will the judge and the lawyers, and all the rest. As you say so properly, it is not for us to be the informers. If they can prove it, let them. But you would not have her tell them all against herself?" And then she paused, waiting for his answer.

"I do not know. I do not know what to say. It is not for me to advise her."

"Ah, but it is for you," she said; and as she spoke she put her little hand down on the table with an energy which startled him. "She is here—a wretched woman, in your house. And why do you know the truth? Why has it been told to you and me? Because without telling it she could not turn you from that purpose of yours. It was generous, father—confess that; it was very generous."

"Yes, it was generous," said Sir Peregrine.

"It was very generous. It would be base in us if we allowed ourselves to forget that. But I was telling you my plan. She must go to this trial."

"Oh yes; there will be no doubt as to that."

"Then—if she can escape, let the property be given up afterward."

"I do not see how it is to be arranged. The property will belong to Lucius, and she can not give it up then. It is not so easy to put matters right when guilt and fraud have set them wrong."

"We will do the best we can. Even suppose that you were to tell Lucius afterward—you yourself! if that were necessary, you know."

And so by degrees she talked him over; but yet he would come to no decision as to what steps he himself must take. What if he himself should go to Mr. Round, and pledge himself that the whole estate should be restored to Mr. Mason, of Groby, on condition that the trial were abandoned? The world would probably guess the truth after that; but the terrible trial, and the more terrible punishment which would follow it, might be thus escaped. Poor Sir Peregrine! Even when he argued thus within himself, his conscience told him that in taking such a line of conduct he himself would be guilty of some outrage against the law by aiding a criminal in her escape. He had heard of misprision of felony; but nevertheless, he allowed his daughter-in-law to prevail. Before such a step as this could be taken the consent of Lady Mason must of course be obtained; but as to that Mrs. Orme had no doubt. If Lucius could be induced to abandon the property without hearing the whole story, it would be well. But if that could not be achieved—then the whole story must be told to him. "And you will tell it," Mrs. Orme said to him. "It would be easier for me to cut off my right arm," he answered; "but I will do my best."

And then came the question as to the place of Lady Mason's immediate residence. It was evident to Mrs. Orme that Sir Peregrine expected that she would at once go back to Orley Farm—not exactly on that day, nor did he say on the day following. But his words made it

very manifest that he did not think it right that she should, under existing circumstances, remain at The Cleeve. Sir Peregrine, however, as quickly understood that Mrs. Orme did not wish her to go away for some days.

"It would injure the cause if she were to leave us quite at once," said Mrs. Orme.

"But how can she stay here, my dear—with no one to see her; with none but the servants to wait upon her?"

"I should see her," said Mrs. Orme, boldly.

"Do you mean constantly—in your old, friendly way?"

"Yes, constantly; and," she added after a pause, "not only here, but at Orley Farm also." And then there was another pause between them.

Sir Peregrine certainly was not a cruel man, nor was his heart by any means hardened against the lady with whom circumstances had lately joined him so closely. Indeed, since the knowledge of her guilt had fully come upon him, he had undertaken the conduct of her perilous affairs in a manner more confidential even than that which had existed while he expected to make her his wife. But, nevertheless, it went sorely against the grain with him when it was proposed that there should still exist a close intimacy between the one cherished lady of his household and the woman who had been guilty of so base a crime. It seemed to him that he might touch pitch and not be defiled—he or any man belonging to him. But he could not reconcile it to himself that the widow of his son should run such risk. In his estimation there was something almost more than human about the purity of the only woman that blessed his hearth. It seemed to him as though she were a sacred thing, to be guarded by a shrine—to be protected from all contact with the pollutions of the outer world. And now it was proposed to him that she should take a felon to her bosom as her friend!

"But will that be necessary, Edith?" he said; "and after all that has been revealed to us now, will it be wise?"

"I think so," she said, speaking again with a very low voice. "Why should I not?"

"Because she has shown herself unworthy of such friendship; unfit for it, I should say."

"Unworthy! Dear father, is she not as worthy and as fit as she was yesterday? If we saw clearly into each other's bosoms, whom should we think worthy?"

"But you would not choose for your friend one—one who could do such a deed as that?"

"No; I would not choose her because she had so acted; nor perhaps, if I knew all beforehand, would I open my heart to one who had so done. But it is different now. What are love and friendship worth if they can not stand against such trials as these?"

"Do you mean, Edith, that no crime would separate you from a friend?"

"I have not said that. There are circumstances always. But if she repents, as I am

sure she does, I can not bring myself to desert her. Who else is there that can stand by her now; what other woman? At any rate I have promised her, and you would not have me break my word."

Thus she again gained her point, and it was settled that for the present Lady Mason should be allowed to occupy her own room—her own room, and occasionally Mrs. Orme's sitting-room, if it pleased her to do so. No day was named for her removal, but Mrs. Orme perfectly understood that the sooner such a day could be fixed the better Sir Peregrine would be pleased. And, indeed, his household, as at present arranged, was not a pleasant one. The servants had all heard of his intended marriage, and now they must also hear that that intention was abandoned. And yet the lady would remain up stairs as a guest of his! There was much in this that was inconvenient; but under circumstances as they now existed, what could he do?

When all this was arranged and Mrs. Orme had dressed for dinner, she again went to Lady Mason. She found her in bed, and told her that at night she would come to her and tell her all. And then she instructed her own servant as to attending upon the invalid. In doing this she was cunning in letting a word fall here and there, that might teach the woman that that marriage purpose was all over; but nevertheless there was so much care and apparent affection in her mode of speaking, and she gave her orders for Lady Mason's comfort with so much earnestness, that no idea could get abroad in the household that there had been any cause for absolute quarrel.

Late at night, when her son had left her, she did go again to her guest's room, and sitting down by the bedside she told her all that had been planned, pointing out, however, with much care that, as a part of those plans, Orley Farm was to be surrendered to Joseph Mason. "You think that is right, do you not?" said Mrs. Orme, almost trembling as she asked a question so pertinent to the deed which the other had done, and to that repentance for the deed which was now so much to be desired.

"Yes," said the other, "of course it will be right." And then the thought that it was not in her power to abandon the property occurred to her also. If the estate must be voluntarily surrendered, no one could so surrender it but Lucius Mason. She knew this, and felt at the moment that of all men he would be the least likely to do so, unless an adequate reason was made clearly plain to him. The same thought at the same moment was passing through the minds of them both; but Lady Mason could not speak out her thought, and Mrs. Orme would not say more on that terrible day to trouble the mind of the poor creature whose sufferings she was so anxious to assuage.

And then Lady Mason was left alone, and having now a partner in her secret, slept sounder than she had done since the tidings first reached her of Mr. Dockwraith's vengeance.



BREAD SAUCE IS SO TICKLISH.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE GEM OF THE FOUR FAMILIES.

AND now we will go back to Noningsby. On that evening Graham ate his pheasant with a relish although so many cares sat heavy on his mind, and declared, to Mrs. Baker's great satis-

faction, that the cook had managed to preserve the bread sauce uninjured through all the perils of delay which it had encountered.

"Bread sauce is so ticklish; a simmer too much and it's clean done for," Mrs. Baker said, with a voice of great solicitude. But she had been accustomed perhaps to patients whose ap-

petites were fastidious. The pheasant and the bread sauce and the mashed potatoes, all prepared by Mrs. Baker's own hands to be eaten as spoon-meat, disappeared with great celerity; and then, as Graham sat sipping the solitary glass of sherry that was allowed to him, meditating that he would begin his letter the moment the glass was empty, Augustus Staveley again made his appearance.

"Well, old fellow," said he, "how are you now?" and he was particularly careful so to speak as to show by his voice that his affection for his friend was as strong as ever. But in doing so he showed also that there was some special thought still present in his mind—some feeling which was serious in its nature, if not absolutely painful.

"Staveley," said the other, gravely, "I have acquired knowledge to-day which I trust I may carry with me to my grave."

"And what is that?" said Augustus, looking round to Mrs. Baker, as though he thought it well that she should be out of the room before the expected communication was made. But Mrs. Baker's attention was so riveted by her patient's earnestness that she made no attempt to go.

"It is a wasting of the best gifts of Providence," said Graham, "to eat a pheasant after one has really done one's dinner."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Augustus.

"So it is, Sir," said Mrs. Baker, thinking that the subject quite justified the manner.

"And of no use whatsoever to eat only a little bit of one as a man does then. To know what a pheasant is you should have it all to yourself."

"So you should, Sir," said Mrs. Baker, quite delighted and very much in earnest.

"And you should have nothing else. Then, if the bird be good to begin with, and has been well hung—"

"There's a deal in that," said Mrs. Baker.

"Then, I say, you'll know what a pheasant is. That's the lesson which I have learned to-day, and I give it you as an adequate return for the pheasant itself."

"I was almost afraid it would be spoilt by being brought up the second time," said Mrs. Baker. "And so I said to my lady; but she wouldn't have you woke, nohow." And then Mrs. Baker, having heard the last of the lecture, took away the empty wine-glass and shut the door behind her.

"And now I'll write those two letters," said Graham. "What I've written hitherto I wrote in bed, and I feel almost more awkward now I am up than I did then."

"But what letters are they?"

"Well, one to my laundress, to tell her I shall be there to-morrow; and one to Mary Snow, to say that I'll see her the day after."

"Then, Felix, don't trouble yourself to write either. You positively won't go to-morrow—"

"Who says so?"

"The governor. He has heard from my mo-

ther exactly what the doctor said, and declares that he won't allow it. He means to see the doctor himself before you stir. And he wants to see you also. I am to tell you he'll come to you directly after breakfast."

"I shall be delighted to see your father, and am very much gratified by his kindness; but—"

"But what?"

"I am a free agent, I suppose, to go when I please?"

"Not exactly. The law is unwritten; but by traditional law a man laid up in his bedroom is not free to go and come. No action for false imprisonment would lie if Mrs. Baker kept all your clothes away from you."

"I should like to try the question."

"You will have the opportunity, for you may be sure that you'll not leave this to-morrow."

"It would depend altogether on the evidence of the doctor."

"Exactly so. And as the doctor in this case would clearly be on the side of the defendants, a verdict on behalf of the plaintiff would not be by any means attainable." After that the matter was presumed to be settled, and Graham said no more as to leaving Noningsby on the next day. As things turned out afterward, he remained there for another week.

"I must at any rate write a letter to Mary Snow," he said. And to Mary Snow he did write some three or four lines, Augustus sitting by the while. Augustus Staveley would have been very glad to know the contents, or rather the spirit of those lines; but nothing was said about them, and the letter was at last sealed up and intrusted to his care for the post-bag. There was very little in it that could have interested Augustus Staveley or any one else. It contained the ordinary, but no more than the ordinary terms of affection. He told her that he found it impracticable to move himself quite immediately. And then as to that cause of displeasure—that cause of supposed displeasure as to which both Mary and Mrs. Thomas had written, he declared that he did not believe that any thing had been done that he should not find it easy to forgive after so long an absence.

Augustus then remained there for another hour, but not a word was said between the young men on that subject which was nearest, at the moment, to the hearts of both of them. Each was thinking of Madeline, but neither of them spoke as though any such subject were in their thoughts.

"Heaven and earth!" said Augustus at last, pulling out his watch. "It only wants three minutes to seven. I shall have a dozen messages from the judge before I get down, to know whether he shall come and help me change my boots. I'll see you again before I go to bed. Good-by, old fellow!" And then Graham was again alone.

If Lady Staveley were really angry with him for loving her daughter—if his friend Staveley were in very truth determined that such love must under no circumstances be sanctioned—

would they treat him as they were treating him? Would they, under such circumstances, make his prolonged stay in the house an imperative necessity? He could not help asking himself this question, and answering it with some gleam of hope. And then he acknowledged to himself that it was ungenerous in him to do so. His remaining there—the liberty to remain there which had been conceded to him—had arisen solely from the belief that a removal in his present state would be injudicious. He assured himself of this over and over again, so that no false hope might linger in his heart. And yet hope did linger there, whether false or true. Why might he not aspire to the hand of Madeline Staveley—he who had been assured that he need regard no woman as too high for his aspirations.

“Mrs. Baker,” he said that evening, as that excellent woman was taking away his tea-things, “I have not heard Miss Staveley’s voice these two days.”

“Well, no; no more you have,” said she. “There’s two ways, you know, Mr. Graham, of going to her part of the house. There’s the door that opens at the end of the passage by her mamma’s room. She’s been that way, and that’s the reason, I suppose. There ain’t no other, I’m sure.”

“One likes to hear one’s friends if one can’t see them; that’s all.”

“To be sure one does. I remember as how when I had the measles—I was living with my lady’s mother, as maid to the young ladies. There was four of ’em, and I dressed ’em all—God bless ’em! They’ve all got husbands now and grown families—only there ain’t one among ’em equal to our Miss Madeline, though there’s some of ’em much richer. When my lady married him—the judge, you know—he was the poorest of the lot. They didn’t think so much of him when he came a-courting in those days.”

“He was only a practicing barrister then.”

“Oh yes; he knew well how to practice, for Miss Isabella—as she was then—very soon made up her mind about him. Laws, Mr. Graham, she used to tell me every thing in them days. They didn’t want her to have nothing to say to Mr. Staveley at first; but she made up her mind, and though she wasn’t one of them as has many words, like Miss Furnival down there, there was no turning her.”

“Did she marry at last against their wish?”

“Oh dear, no; nothing of that sort. She wasn’t one of them flighty ones neither. She just made up her own mind and bided. And now I don’t know whether she hasn’t done about the best of ’em all. Them Oliphants is full of money, they do say—full of money. That was Miss Louisa, who came next. But, Lord love you, Mr. Graham, he’s so erammed with gout as he can’t ever put a foot to the ground; and as cross—as cross as cross. We goes there sometimes, you know. Then the girls is all plain; and young Mr. Oliphant, the son—why, he never so much as speaks to his own father; and though they’re rolling in money, they say

he can’t pay for the coat on his back. Now our Mr. Augustus, unless it is that he won’t come down to morning prayers and always keeps the dinner waiting, I don’t think there’s ever a black look between him and his papa. And as for Miss Madeline—she’s the gem of the four families. Every body gives that up to her.”

If Madeline’s mother married a barrister in opposition to the wishes of her family—a barrister who then possessed nothing but his wits—why should not Madeline do so also? That was of course the line which his thoughts took. But then, as he said to himself, Madeline’s father had been one of the handsomest men of his day, whereas he was one of the ugliest; and Madeline’s father had been encumbered with no Mary Snow. A man who had been such a fool as he, who had gone so far out of the regular course, thinking to be wiser than other men, but being in truth much more silly, could not look for that success and happiness in life which men enjoy who have not been so lamentably deficient in discretion! ’Twas thus that he lectured himself; but still he went on thinking of Madeline Staveley.

There had been some disagreeable confusion in the house that afternoon after Augustus had spoken to his sister. Madeline had gone up to her own room, and had remained there chewing the cud of her thoughts. Both her sister and her brother had warned her about this man. She could, moreover, divine that her mother was suffering under some anxiety on the same subject. Why was all this? Why should these things be said and thought? Why should there be uneasiness in the house on her account in this matter of Mr. Graham? She acknowledged to herself that there was much uneasiness—and she almost acknowledged to herself the cause.

But while she was still sitting over her own fire, with her needle untouched beside her, her father had come home, and Lady Staveley had mentioned to him that Mr. Graham thought of going on the next day.

“Nonsense, my dear,” said the judge. “He must not think of such a thing. He can hardly be fit to leave his room yet.”

“Pottinger does say that it has gone on very favorably,” pleaded Lady Staveley.

“But that’s no reason he should destroy the advantages of his healthy constitution by insaue imprudence. He’s got nothing to do. He wants to go merely because he thinks he is in your way.”

Lady Staveley looked wishfully up in her husband’s face, longing to tell him all her suspicions. But as yet her grounds for them were so slight that even to him she hesitated to mention them.

“His being here is no trouble to me, of course,” she said.

“Of course not. You tell him so, and he’ll stay,” said the judge. “I want to see him to-morrow myself; about this business of poor Lady Mason’s.”

Immediately after that he met his son. And

Augustus also told him that Graham was going.

"Oh no; he's not going at all," said the judge. "I've settled that with your mother."

"He's very anxious to be off," said Augustus, gravely.

"And why? Is there any reason?"

"Well; I don't know." For a moment he thought he would tell his father the whole story; but he reflected that his doing so would be hardly fair toward his friend. "I don't know that there is any absolute reason; but I'm quite sure that he is very anxious to go."

The judge at once perceived that there was something in the wind, and during that hour in which the pheasant was being discussed up in Graham's room, he succeeded in learning the whole from his wife. Dear, good, loving wife! A secret of any kind from him was an impossibility to her, although that secret went no further than her thoughts.

"The darling girl is so anxious about him, that—that I'm afraid," said she.

"He's by no means a bad sort of man, my love," said the judge.

"But he's got nothing—literally nothing," said the mother.

"Neither had I, when I went a-wooing," said the judge. "But, nevertheless, I managed to have it all my own way."

"You don't mean really to make a comparison?" said Lady Staveley. "In the first place, you were at the top of your profession."

"Was I? If so, I must have achieved that distinction at a very early age." And then he kissed his wife very affectionately. Nobody was there to see, and under such circumstances a man may kiss his wife even though he be a judge, and between fifty and sixty years old. After that he again spoke to his son, and in spite of the resolves which Augustus had made as to what friendship required of him, succeeded in learning the whole truth.

Late in the evening, when all the party had drunk their cups of tea, when Lady Staveley was beginning her nap, and Augustus was making himself agreeable to Miss Furnival—to the great annoyance of his mother, who half rousing herself every now and then, looked sorrowfully at what was going on with her winking eyes—the judge contrived to withdraw with Madeline into the small drawing-room, telling her, as he put his arm round her waist, that he had a few words to say to her.

"Well, papa," said she, as at his bidding she sat herself down beside him on the sofa. She was frightened, because such summonses were very unusual; but nevertheless her father's manner toward her was always so full of love that even in her fear she felt a comfort in being with him.

"My darling," he said, "I want to ask you one or two questions—about our guest here who has hurt himself—Mr. Graham."

"Yes, papa." And now she knew that she was trembling with nervous dread.

"You need not think that I am in the least angry with you, or that I suspect you of having done or said, or even thought any thing that is wrong. I feel quite confident that I have no cause to do so."

"Oh, thank you, papa."

"But I want to know whether Mr. Graham has ever spoken to you—as a lover?"

"Never, papa."

"Because under the circumstances of his present stay here, his doing so would, I think, have been ungenerous."

"He never has, papa, in any way—not a single word."

"And you have no reason to regard him in that light?"

"No, papa." But in the speaking of these last two words there was a slight hesitation—the least possible shade of doubt conveyed, which made itself immediately intelligible to the practiced ear of the judge.

"Tell me all, my darling; every thing that there is in your heart, so that we may help each other if that may be possible."

"He has never said any thing to me, papa."

"Because your mamma thinks that you are more anxious about him than you would be about an ordinary visitor."

"Does she?"

"Has any one else spoken to you about Mr. Graham?"

"Augustus did, papa; and Isabella, some time ago."

"Then I suppose they thought the same."

"Yes; I suppose they did."

"And now, dear, is there any thing else you would like to say to me about it?"

"No, papa, I don't think there is."

"But remember this always; that my only wishes respecting you, and your mother's wishes also, are to see you happy and good."

"I am very happy, papa."

"And very good also to the best of my belief." And then he kissed her, and they went back again into the large drawing-room.

Many of my readers, and especially those who are old and wise—if I chance to have any such—will be inclined to think that the judge behaved foolishly in thus cross-questioning his daughter on a matter, which, if it were expedient that it should die away, would die away the more easily the less it were talked about. But the judge was an odd man in many of the theories of his life. One of them, with reference to his children, was very odd, and altogether opposed to the usual practice of the world. It was this—that they should be allowed, as far as was practicable, to do what they liked. Now the general opinion of the world is certainly quite the reverse—namely this, that children, as long as they are under the control of their parents, should be hindered and prevented in those things to which they are most inclined. Of course the world in general, in carrying out this practice, excuses it by an assertion—made to themselves or others—that children customarily like

those things which they ought not to like. But the judge had an idea quite opposed to this. Children, he said, if properly trained, would like those things which were good for them. Now it may be that he thought his daughter had been properly trained.

"He is a very clever young man, my dear; you may be sure of that," were the last words which the judge said to his wife that night.

"But then he has got nothing," she replied; "and he is so uncommonly plain."

The judge would not say a word more, but he could not help thinking that this last point was one which might certainly be left to the young lady.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE ANGEL OF LIGHT UNDER A CLOUD.

ON the following morning, according to appointment, the judge visited Felix Graham in his room. It was only the second occasion on which he had done so since the accident, and he was therefore more inclined to regard him as an invalid than those who had seen him from day to day.

"I am delighted to hear that your bones have been so amenable," said the judge. "But you must not try them too far. We'll get you down stairs into the drawing-room, and see how you get on there by the next few days."

"I don't want to trouble you more than I can help," said Felix, sheepishly. He knew that there were reasons why he should not go into that drawing-room, but of course he could not guess that those reasons were as well known to the judge as they were to himself.

"You sha'n't trouble us—more than you can help. I am not one of those men who tell my friends that nothing is a trouble. Of course you give trouble."

"I am so sorry!"

"There's your bed to make, my dear fellow, and your gruel to warm. You know Shakspeare pretty well by heart, I believe, and he puts that matter—as he did every other matter—in the best and truest point of view. Lady Macbeth didn't say she had no labor in receiving the king. 'The labor we delight in physics pain,' she said. 'Those were her words, and now they are mine.'"

"With a more honest purpose behind," said Felix.

"Well, yes; I've no murder in my thoughts at present. So that is all settled, and Lady Staveley will be delighted to see you down stairs to-morrow."

"I shall be only too happy," Felix answered, thinking within his own mind that he must settle it all in the course of the day with Augustus.

"And now perhaps you will be strong enough to say a few words about business."

"Certainly," said Graham.

"You have heard of this Orley Farm case, in which our neighbor Lady Mason is concerned."

"Oh yes; we were all talking of it at your table; I think it was the night, or a night or two, before my accident."

"Very well; then you know all about it. At least as much as the public knows generally. It has now been decided on the part of Joseph Mason—the husband's eldest son, who is endeavoring to get the property—that she shall be indicted for perjury."

"For perjury!"

"Yes; and in doing that, regarding the matter from his point of view, they are not deficient in judgment."

"But how could she have been guilty of perjury?"

"In swearing that she had been present when her husband and the three witnesses executed the deed. If they have any ground to stand on—and I believe they have none whatever—but if they have, they would much more easily get a verdict against her on that point than on a charge of forgery. Supposing it to be the fact that her husband never executed such a deed, it would be manifest that she must have sworn falsely in swearing that she saw him do so."

"Why, yes; one would say so."

"But that would afford by no means conclusive evidence that she had forged the surreptitious deed herself."

"It would be strong presumptive evidence that she was cognizant of the forgery."

"Perhaps so—but uncorroborated would hardly bring a verdict after such a lapse of years. And then, moreover, a prosecution for forgery, if unsuccessful, would produce more painful feeling. Whether successful or unsuccessful it would do so. Bail could not be taken in the first instance, and such a prosecution would create a stronger feeling that the poor lady was being persecuted."

"Those who really understand the matter will hardly thank them for their mercy."

"But then so few will really understand it. The fact, however, is that she will be indicted for perjury. I do not know whether the indictment has not been already laid. Mr. Furnival was with me in town yesterday, and at his very urgent request I discussed the whole subject with him. I shall be on the Home Circuit myself on these next spring assizes, but I shall not take the criminal business at Alston. Indeed I should not choose that this matter should be tried before me under any circumstances, seeing that the lady is my near neighbor. Now Furnival wants you to be engaged on the defense as junior counsel."

"With himself?"

"Yes; with himself—and with Mr. Chaffanbrass."

"With Mr. Chaffanbrass!" said Graham, in a tone almost of horror—as though he had been asked to league himself with all that was most disgraceful in the profession; as indeed perhaps he had been.

"Yes—with Mr. Chaffanbrass."

"Will that be well, judge, do you think?"

"Mr. Chaffanbrass no doubt is a very clever man, and it may be wise in such a case as this to have the services of a barrister who is perhaps unequaled in his power of cross-examining a witness."

"Does his power consist in making a witness speak the truth, or in making him conceal it?"

"Perhaps in both. But here, if it be the case, as Mr. Furnival suspects, that witnesses will be suborned to give false evidence—"

"But surely the Rounds would have nothing to do with such a matter as that?"

"No, probably not. I am sure that old Richard Round would abhor any such work as you or I would do. They take the evidence as it is brought to them. I believe there is no doubt that at any rate one of the witnesses to the codicil in question will now swear that the signature to the document is not her signature."

"A woman—is it?"

"Yes; a woman. In such a case it may perhaps be allowable to employ such a man as Mr. Chaffanbrass; and I should tell you also, such another man as Mr. Solomon Aram."

"Solomon Aram, too! Why, judge, the Old Bailey will be left bare."

"The shining lights will certainly be down at Alston. Now under those circumstances will you undertake the case?"

"Would you—in my place?"

"Yes; if I were fully convinced of the innocence of my client at the beginning."

"But what if I were driven to change my opinion as the thing progressed!"

"You must go on, in such a case, as a matter of course."

"I suppose I can have a day or two to think of it?"

"Oh yes. I should not myself be the bearer to you of Mr. Furnival's message, were it not that I think that Lady Mason is being very cruelly used in the matter. If I were a young man in your position, I should take up the case *con amore*, for the sake of beauty and womanhood. I don't say that that Quixotism is very wise; but still I don't think it can be wrong to join yourself even with such men as Chaffanbrass and Mr. Solomon Aram, if you can feel confident that you have justice and truth on your side." Then after a few more words the interview was over, and the judge left the room, making some further observation as to his hope of seeing Graham in the drawing-room on the next day.

On the following morning there came from Peckham two more letters from Graham, one of course from Mary Snow, and one from Mrs. Thomas. We will first give attention to that from the elder lady. She commenced with much awe, declaring that her pen trembled within her fingers, but that nevertheless she felt bound by her conscience and that duty which she owed to Mr. Graham to tell him every thing that had occurred—"word by word"—as she expressed it. And then Felix, looking at the letter, saw that he held in his hand two sheets

of letter paper, quite full of small writing, the latter of which was crossed. She went on to say that her care had been unremitting, and her solicitude almost maternal; that Mary's conduct had on the whole been such as to inspire her with "undeviating confidence;" but that the guile of the present age was such, especially in respect to female servants—who seemed, in Mrs. Thomas's opinion, to be sent in these days express from a very bad place for the express assistance of a very bad gentleman—that it was impossible for any woman, let her be ever so circumspect, to say "what was what, or who was who." From all which Graham learned that Mrs. Thomas had been "done;" but by the middle of the third page he had as yet learned nothing as to the manner of the doing.

But by degrees the long reel unwinded itself; angel of light, and all. Mary Snow had not only received but had answered a lover's letter. She had answered that lover's letter by making an appointment with him; and she had kept that appointment—with the assistance of the agent sent express from that very bad gentleman. All this Mrs. Thomas had only discovered afterward by finding the lover's letter, and the answer which the angel of light had written. Both of these she copied verbatim, thinking probably that the original documents were too precious to be intrusted to the post; and then ended by saying that an additional year of celibacy, passed under a closer espionage, and with more severe moral training, might still, perhaps, make Mary Snow fit for the high destiny which had been promised to her.

The only part of this letter which Felix read twice was that which contained the answer from the angel of light to her lover. "You have been very wicked to address me," the angel of light said, severely. "And it is almost impossible that I should ever forgive you!" If only she could have brought herself to end there! But her nature, which the lover had greatly belied in likening it to her name, was not cold enough for this. So she added a few more words very indiscreetly. "As I want to explain to you why I can never see you again, I will meet you on Thursday afternoon, at half past four, a little way up Clapham Lane, at the corner of the doctor's wall, just beyond the third lamp." It was the first letter she had ever written to a lover, and the poor girl had betrayed herself by keeping a copy of it.

And then Graham came to Mary Snow's letter to himself, which, as it was short, the reader shall have entire:

"MY DEAR MR. GRAHAM,—I never was so unhappy in my life, and I am sure I don't know how to write to you. Of course I do not think you will ever see me again unless it be to upbraid me for my perfidy, and I almost hope you won't, for I should sink into the ground before your eyes. And yet I didn't mean to do any thing very wrong, and when I did meet him I wouldn't as much as let him take me by the hand—not of my own accord. I don't know what she has said to you, and I think she ought to have let me read it; but she speaks to me now in such a way that I don't know how to bear it. She has rummaged

among every thing I have got, but I am sure she could find nothing except those two letters. It wasn't my fault that he wrote to me, though I know now I ought not to have met him. He is quite a genteel young man, and very respectable in the medical line; only I know that makes no difference now, seeing how good you have been to me. I don't ask you to forgive me, but it nearly kills me when I think of poor papa.

"Yours always, most unhappy, and very sorry for what I have done,
MARY SNOW."

Poor Mary Snow! Could any man under such circumstances have been angry with her? In the first place, if men will mould their wives, they must expect that kind of thing; and then, after all, was there any harm done? If ultimately he did marry Mary Snow, would she make a worse wife because she had met the apothecary's assistant at the corner of the doctor's wall, under the third lamp-post? Graham, as he sat with the letters before him, made all manner of excuses for her; and this he did the more eagerly, because he felt that he would have willingly made this affair a cause for breaking off his engagement, if his conscience had not told him that it would be unhandsome in him to do so.

When Augustus came he could not show the letters to him. Had he done so it would have been as much as to declare that now the coast was clear as far as he was concerned. He could not now discuss with his friend the question of Mary Snow, without also discussing the other question of Madeline Staveley. So he swept the letters away, and talked almost entirely about the Orley Farm case.

"I only wish I were thought good enough for the chance," said Augustus. "By Heavens! I would work for that woman as I never could work again for any fee that could be offered me."

"So would I; but I don't like my fellow-laborers."

"I should not mind that."

"I suppose," said Graham, "there can be no possible doubt as to her absolute innocence?"

"None whatever. My father has no doubt. Furnival has no doubt. Sir Peregrine has no doubt—who, by-the-by, is going to marry her."

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, but he is, though. He has taken up her case *con amore* with a vengeance."

"I should be sorry for that. It makes me think him a fool, and her—a very clever woman."

And so that matter was discussed, but not a word was said between them about Mary Snow, or as to that former conversation respecting Madeline Staveley. Each felt then there was a reserve between them; but each felt also that there was no way of avoiding this. "The governor seems determined that you sha'n't stir yet a while," Augustus said as he was preparing to take his leave.

"I shall be off in a day or two at the furthest all the same," said Graham.

"And you are to drink tea down stairs to-night. I'll come and fetch you as soon as we're out of the dining-room. I can assure you that

your first appearance after your accident has been duly announced to the public, and that you are anxiously expected." And then Staveley left him.

So he was to meet Madeline that evening. His first feeling at the thought was one of joy, but he soon brought himself almost to wish that he could leave Noningsby without any such meeting. There would have been nothing in it—nothing that need have called for observation or remark—had he not told his secret to Augustus. But his secret had been told to one, and might be known to others in the house. Indeed he felt sure that it was suspected by Lady Staveley. It could not, as he said to himself, have been suspected by the judge, or the judge would not have treated him in so friendly a manner, or have insisted so urgently on his coming down among them.

And then, how should he carry himself in her presence? If he were to say nothing to her, his saying nothing would be remarked; and yet he felt that all his powers of self-control would not enable him to speak to her in the same manner that he would speak to her sister. He had to ask himself, moreover, what line of conduct he did intend to follow. If he was still resolved to marry Mary Snow, would it not be better that he should take this bull by the horns and upset it at once? In such case, Madeline Staveley must be no more to him than her sister. But then he had two intentions. In accordance with one he would make Mary Snow his wife; and in following the other he would marry Miss Staveley. It must be admitted that the two brides which he proposed to himself were very different. The one that he had moulded for his own purposes was not, as he admitted, quite equal to her of whom nature, education, and birth had had the handling.

Again he dined alone; but on this occasion Mrs. Baker was able to elicit from him no enthusiasm as to his dinner. And yet she had done her best, and placed before him a sweetbread and dish of sea-kale that ought to have made him enthusiastic. "I had to fight with the gardener for that like any thing," she said, singing her own praises when he declined to sing them.

"Dear me! They'll think that I am a dreadful person to have in the house."

"Not a bit. Only they sha'n't think as how I'm going to be said 'no' to in that way when I've set my mind on a thing. I know what's going, and I know what's proper. Why, laws, Mr. Graham, there's heaps of things there, and yet there's no getting of 'em—unless there's a party or the like of that. What's the use of a garden, I say, or of a gardener either, if you don't have garden stuff? It's not to look at. Do finish it now—after all the trouble I had, standing over him in the cold while he cut it."

"Oh dear, oh dear, Mrs. Baker, why did you do that?"

"He thought to perish me, making believe it took him so long to get at it; but I'm not so

easy perished; I can tell him that! I'd have stood there till now but what I had it. Miss Madeline see'd me as I was coming in, and asked me what I'd been doing."

"I hope you didn't tell her that I couldn't live without sea-kale?"

"I told her that I meant to give you your dinner comfortable as long as you had it up here; and she said—; but laws, Mr. Graham, you don't care what a young lady says to an old woman like me. You'll see her yourself this evening, and then you can tell her whether or no the sea-kale was worth the eating! It's not so badly biled; I will say that for Hannah Cook, though she is rampagious sometimes." He longed to ask her what words Madeline had used, even in speaking on such a subject as this; but he did not dare to do so. Mrs. Baker was very fond of talking about Miss Madeline, but Graham was by no means assured that he should find an ally in Mrs. Baker if he told her all the truth.

At last the hour arrived, and Augustus came to convoy him down to the drawing-room. It was now many days since he had been out of that room, and the very fact of moving was an excitement to him. He hardly knew how he might feel in walking down stairs, and could not quite separate the nervousness arising from his shattered bones from that other nervousness which came from his—shattered heart. The word is undoubtedly a little too strong, but as it is there, there let it stay. When he reached the drawing-room he almost felt that he had better decline to enter it. The door, however, was opened, and he was in the room before he could make up his mind to any such step, and he found himself being walked across the floor to some especial seat, while a dozen kindly anxious faces were crowding round him.

"Here's an arm-chair, Mr. Graham, kept expressly for you, near the fire," said Lady Staveley. "And I am extremely glad to see you well enough to fill it."

"Welcome out of your room, Sir," said the judge. "I compliment you, and Pottinger also, upon your quick recovery; but allow me to tell you that you don't yet look like a man fit to rough it alone in London."

"I feel very well, Sir," said Graham.

And then Mrs. Arbuthnot greeted him, and Miss Furnival, and four or five others who were of the party, and he was introduced to one or two whom he had not seen before. Marian too came up to him—very gently, as though he were as brittle as glass, having been warned by her mother. "Oh, Mr. Felix," she said, "I was so unhappy when your bones were broken. I do hope they won't break again."

And then he perceived that Madeline was in the room and was coming up to him. She had in truth not been there when he first entered, having thought it better, as a matter of strategy, to follow upon his footsteps. He was getting up to meet her, when Lady Staveley spoke to him.

"Don't move, Mr. Graham. Invalids, you know, are chartered."

"I am very glad to see you once more down stairs," said Madeline, as she frankly gave him her hand—not merely touching his—"very, very glad. But I do hope you will get stronger before you venture to leave Noningsby. You have frightened us all very much by your terrible accident."

All this she said in her peculiarly sweet silver voice, not speaking as though she were dismayed and beside herself, or in a hurry to get through a lesson which she had taught herself. She had her secret to hide, and had schooled herself how to hide it. But in so schooling herself she had been compelled to acknowledge to herself that the secret did exist. She had told herself that she must meet him, and that in meeting him she must hide it. This she had done with absolute success. Such is the peculiar power of women; and her mother, who had listened not only to every word, but to every tone of her voice, gave her exceeding credit.

"There's more in her than I thought there was," said Sophia Furnival to herself, who had also listened and watched.

"It has not gone very deep with her," said the judge, who on this matter was not so good a judge as Miss Furnival.

"She cares about me just as Mrs. Baker does," said Graham to himself, who was the worst judge of them all. He muttered something quite unintelligible in answer to the kindness of her words; and then Madeline, having gone through her task, retired to the further side of the round table, and went to work among the tea-cups.

And then the conversation became general, turning altogether on the affairs of Lady Mason. It was declared as a fact by Lady Staveley that there was to be a marriage between Sir Peregrine Orme and his guest, and all in the room expressed their sorrow. The women were especially indignant. "I have no patience with her," said Mrs. Arbuthnot. "She must know that such a marriage at his time of life must be ridiculous, and injurious to the whole family."

The women were very indignant—all except Miss Furnival, who did not say much, but endeavored to palliate the crimes of Lady Mason in that which she did say. "I do not know that she is more to blame than any other lady who marries a gentleman thirty years older than herself."

"I do, then," said Lady Staveley, who delighted in contradicting Miss Furnival. "And so would you too, my dear, if you had known Sir Peregrine as long as I have. And if—if—if—but it does not matter. I am very sorry for Lady Mason—very. I think she is a woman cruelly used by her own connections; but my sympathies with her would be warmer if she had refrained from using her power over an old gentleman like Sir Peregrine, in the way she has done." In all which expression of sentiment the reader will know that poor dear Lady Staveley was wrong from the beginning to the end.

"For my part," said the judge, "I don't

see what else she was to do. If Sir Peregrine asked her, how could she refuse?"

"My dear!" said Lady Staveley.

"According to that, papa, every lady must marry any gentleman that asks her," said Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"When a lady is under so deep a weight of obligation I don't know how she is to refuse. My idea is that Sir Peregrine should not have asked her."

"And mine too," said Felix. "Unless indeed he did it under an impression that he could fight for her better as her husband than simply as a friend."

"And I feel sure that that is what he did think," said Madeline, from the further side of the table. And her voice sounded in Graham's ears as the voice of Eve may have sounded to Adam. No; let him do what he might in the world—whatever might be the form in which his future career should be fashioned, one thing was clearly impossible to him. He could not marry Mary Snow. Had he never learned to know what were the true charms of feminine grace and loveliness it might have been possible for him to do so, and to have enjoyed afterward a fair amount of contentment. But now even contentment would be impossible to him under such a lot as that. Not only would he be miserable, but the woman whom he married would be wretched also. It may be said that he made up his mind definitely, while sitting in that arm-chair, that he would not marry Mary Snow. Poor Mary Snow! Her fault in the matter had not been great.

When Graham was again in his room, and the servant who was obliged to undress him had left him, he sat over his fire, wrapped in his dressing-gown, bethinking himself what he would do. "I will tell the judge every thing," he said at last. "Then, if he will let me into his house after that, I must fight my own battle." And so he betook himself to bed.

SHAYS'S REBELLION.

THE practical workings of that great early error of the Fathers—namely, the admission of the principle of independent State sovereignty into their scheme of government for the emancipated colonies—soon bore mischievous fruit; so mischievous, that the same Fathers hastened to correct the dangerous evil by forming a National Government, composed of the whole *people*, wherein the *States*, as such, were made subordinate.

The fruit of that political error was early developed in Massachusetts—a State which, as a Colony and a freed Commonwealth, had worked nobly, side by side with Virginia, in the front rank of patriotism during the war for Independence, then just closed. The impulses of her people were naturally generous, patriotic, and righteous; but the poverty engendered by the war, the pressure of public debt, demanding heavy taxation for relief, and the wickedness of

selfish demagogues, seduced many of them from the paths of duty as good citizens, and placed them in the attitude of rebels before the world.

Soon after the close of the Revolution Massachusetts found itself burdened with a debt of \$5,000,000, incurred chiefly during that struggle; and also subjected to a call for as much more by the Continental Congress, as its quota for the liquidation of the National debt. The impoverished people looked upon this burden with dismay, and a large number of them, the dupes of designing men, were taught to believe that their State being now sovereign, and perfectly independent of the National Government, was not legally bound to pay any portion of the National debt. Such doctrine, dishonest in fact, was legal, so far as any thing to the contrary could be found in the *Articles of Confederation*, which formed the old organic law of the inchoate Republic. This doctrine had been promulgated in all the States, and the General Congress found themselves powerless. Each State collected its own revenues, and applied them first to its own use. The National Treasury was exhausted. Its resources were dried up. The public credit was prostrated. The National Government was brought into contempt at home and abroad; and the League of States soon found that the powerful solvent known as "State Rights" was rapidly reducing the bond to a rope of sand. Anarchy was lighting the torch of Discord, preparatory to laying in ashes the fair fabric for the dwelling-place of rational liberty erected by Washington and his compatriots. A feeling prevailed that every man was "a law unto himself." It was fairly argued that, if the *States* were absolutely independent of the National Government, the *counties* must be independent of the States, and the *towns* of the counties, and *individuals* of all municipal law; for in this, as

"In Nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike."

Upon the latter postulate—a necessary conclusion of "State Rights" logic—those who engaged in "Shays's Rebellion," in Massachusetts, in the years 1785 and 1786, based their action. They assumed the right, each for himself, to judge of the propriety of any law passed by his State Legislature, and to obey or defy it according to his own pleasure. This was a germ of Nullification that was watered by politicians during Washington's administrations; blossomed in the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798-'99; promised ample products in New England in 1812-'14; bore its first ripe fruit in 1832-'33; and produced an abundant harvest in 1861-'62.

The Legislature of Massachusetts, in 1785-'86, had a controlling number of members in whom the people felt but little confidence; and the upright men of that body were subjected to unjust suspicions because they were found in bad company. The acts of the Legislature were watched with the keenest scrutiny, and designing politicians, taking advantage of this wide-spread jealousy, persuaded the least-informed of the

population, in various parts of the State, that they had a right, by irregular conventions and by force, to rid themselves of the restraints of government and laws, and even to overturn both and establish new ones. Fortunately for the safety of the Commonwealth it had a Governor, in the person of James Bowdoin, an unswerving patriot of the Revolution, then almost sixty years of age, whose firmness and leniency conducted the vessel of state safely through one of the severest storms to which it was ever exposed. He lamented the feebleness of the National Government; exhorted the people to give it strength; and called upon them to vindicate their patriotism by submitting cheerfully to heavy taxation, in order to provide means for sustaining the State and National credit. For that purpose it was found that the sum to be raised in 1786 was about a million and a half of dollars. The Legislature timidly and somewhat reluctantly seconded the Governor's views, by providing for the assessment and collection of the taxes, and in laying the appalling exhibit of indebtedness before the people. Having discharged his duty the Governor prorogued the Legislature early in July (1785) to the month of January following.

The demagogues were soon busily engaged in stirring up the people. In several counties conventions of the inhabitants were held, and measures were adopted well calculated to clog the movements of the Government by resisting taxation and suppressing courts of justice. These assemblages and their proceedings were so alarming that the Governor called an extraordinary session of the Legislature in September, when the alleged grievances of the people were laid before them. These were more numerous than weighty. The malcontents chiefly complained of the excise law; of the application of the revenue from imposts to the payment of the national taxes; of the enormity of the poll-tax; of the high valuation of farm-lands; of the compensation allowed to the officers of the late war, who held the notes of the State for the amount due them; of the costs of civil suits and the collection of debts; of the growing riches and influence of lawyers at the expense of the people; of the existence of courts of common pleas, which they regarded as useless; of the salaries of all public officers; of many of the provisions of the State Constitution, especially that portion which provided for a State Senate—a body which they held to be superfluous, and a useless public burden; in a word, of the whole machinery of Government as a scheme to oppress the people.

One of the most important of the conventions held previous to the meeting of the Legislature assembled at Hatfield, in Hampshire County. It was composed of delegates from about fifty towns. They professed to disapprove of all mobs and riots; yet three weeks afterward not less than fifteen hundred men, many of them delegates of the convention, and nearly all of them armed, appeared at Northampton, the shire of the county, and prevented the sitting of the Court of Common Pleas. The convention, which

was in session three days, considered many alleged grievances, including all above enumerated, and demanded the emission of bills of credit that should be made a legal tender in all transactions of the Commonwealth. They ordered their proceedings to be published, and copies of them to be sent into other counties where symptoms of discontent had been exhibited.

On hearing of the seditious movement at Northampton, the Governor issued a temperate proclamation, forbidding assemblages of the people for unlawful purposes, and calling upon the officers of the Government and all good citizens to aid in suppressing such dangerous combinations. This proclamation only served to increase the zeal of the demagogues and the discontents of their dupes, and to bring into more immediate action the disorderly spirit that prevailed in almost every part of the State. Grown bold by the evidences of strength around them, the leaders, especially in Worcester, Middlesex, Bristol, and Berkshire counties, became more open in their exhibition of disloyalty. On the first of September three hundred armed men appeared at Worcester, and prevented the holding of a Court of Common Pleas there. Soon afterward a larger body of insurgents assembled near Springfield, where the Supreme Court was about to be held, for the purpose of preventing its sitting also. These, the most formidable in number, arms, and personal character of any that had yet appeared, were led by DANIEL SHAYS, who had been an officer in the Continental army, and was then in the prime of life, being forty-five years of age. He was an enthusiastic, daring, and ambitious man; cool and cautious, persevering and not very scrupulous as to the means used for accomplishing his purposes, whatever they might be.

The vigilant Governor, anticipating this demonstration, took measures to give the insurgents a proper reception at Springfield. He ordered Major-General Shepard, commander of the divisions of militia in that District, to assemble a sufficient number to take possession of and hold the Court-house, and to protect the Court in its proceedings. Shepard collected about six hundred of the militia, many of them men of much substance both in wealth and character. Shays heard of these preparations, but was not dismayed. He appeared before Springfield at the time for the assembling of the Court, with a large number of followers, all well-armed, and most of them of the poorer and least-informed classes. The Court assembled, and the proceedings went on for three days without much interruption. Shays attempted to communicate with the Court, but his messages were treated with disdain. He was greatly exasperated, and it was thought that he would attack General Shepard. The alarm of the inhabitants became so great and painful that the Court finally adjourned, and on the morning of the fourth day Shays and his followers disappeared, to the great relief of the people. They were a lawless mob. They insulted every man who would not join

them or approve their conduct; and others, more timid, threatened with severe punishments in the event of non-compliance, fell into their ranks and shared their odium.

In Bristol County similar disorders occurred. There, too, the vigilant Governor, Bowdoin, provided defenses for the Court. Major-General Cobb, the commander of the militia in that district, and who was also Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, was directed to summon the militia to Taunton, the capital of the county. There the Court assembled at the appointed time, and there, too, the insurgents appeared in numbers much greater than the militia. But the firm and spirited conduct of General Cobb kept them at bay. He went out boldly alone and confronted them. He spoke to them kindly but firmly, and concluded by telling them that he intended to "sit as a judge or die as a general." He was well known to most of them. They believed his words; and also believing prudence to be the better part of valor, they dispersed without attempting any interference with the Court. That body, however, thought it best to adjourn, on account of the great alarm of the inhabitants, and the difficulty in procuring the presence of witnesses. Not long afterward the insurgents attempted to prevent the sitting of the Supreme Court in Bristol County; but they were promptly met and dispersed by the resolute General Cobb.

In Middlesex, at about this time, the insurgents unexpectedly appeared in force, and forbade the judges, about to open a Court of Common Pleas, entering upon their duties. This demonstration surprised the people. A convention had lately been held in the county, but was thinly attended, and it was the impression of the most intelligent men that the Governor's proclamation would deter the malcontents from committing any overt acts. The Court was entirely unprotected, and was compelled to obey the insurgents, whose leaders were a few men in that county, bold and bad, who were constantly exciting the heavily-taxed people against the Government. At their command the more reckless of the inhabitants had formed the expedition that broke up the Middlesex Court.

When the Legislature met, at near the close of September, the Governor laid before them a full statement of all insurgent movements up to that time, and the causes which had brought the members together. He condemned the conduct of the malcontents, and recommended the adoption of efficient measures for the total suppression of the incendiary and revolutionary spirit then pervading almost the entire Commonwealth. The Legislature were in agreement with him, and while they offered to do every thing in their power to redress any real grievance, they gave the insurgents to understand that the whole civil and military power of the Commonwealth would be brought to bear upon them; that their unlawful acts would be visited with such punishment as might be necessary to vindicate the majesty of the law. The Legislature could not

annihilate the public debt, nor omit the employment of means for the collection of taxes; but they could and did pass acts for the immediate relief of the people, and for making their pecuniary burdens somewhat less, by deferring the collection of a part of the tax to a future day. They also provided for lessening the expenses of suits at law; for making specific articles a legal tender for taxes instead of specie, and other measures for relief. At the same time, resolved to act vigorously against all offenders who should set the laws at defiance, they suspended the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, in accordance with the spirit of the English Constitution, for eight months. These acts afforded great relief to the Governor, whose firmness had been denounced as severity, and whose zeal in sustaining the laws was construed into a want of feeling for the real distresses of the people.

The Legislature issued an address to the people, setting forth the indebtedness of the State and National Governments; urging them to consider the sacred duty of sustaining the public credit, municipal and national; and appealing to them in the name of patriotism and good citizenship to discountenance all unlawful acts. This was followed by examples of economy on the part of some of the most influential men in the State, who agreed to discourage the use of foreign articles, persuaded that much of the distress occasioned by private indebtedness was chargeable to the extravagant use of fabrics and other articles from beyond the seas, which commanded enormous prices and corresponding profits, and which, on account of these profits, and the absence of any efficient commercial regulations in American ports, were brought into the country in great abundance.

Winter approached, but the insurgent spirit was not subdued—scarcely checked. While the Legislature was yet in session early in November there were indications that an attempt would be made to interfere with the sittings of the Supreme Court about to be held in Middlesex. General Brooks, a gallant officer of the Revolution, in command of the militia of that district, was ordered to have a strong force in readiness to march to Cambridge if necessary. Among those summoned, and held in readiness, were three regiments and four artillery companies of Middlesex, and one company of infantry and one of artillery in Boston. This formidable display made the malcontents of Middlesex invisible and silent at that time.

The Legislature adjourned after a session of six weeks. Their dispersion was the signal for greater activity on the part of the insurgents. They held several meetings in the Western counties, and severely censured the measures recently adopted by the Legislature. They resolved, by acclamation, to resist the execution of the laws of the State; and every where, among unprincipled men, the most lawless and alarming spirit was manifested. The leniency of the Governor was called cowardice. The acts of the Legislature were denounced as instru-

ments of tyranny. The people were excited by inflammatory appeals. They were incited to acts of violence, and the courts of justice were again interfered with.

Toward the close of November the sitting of the General Court of Sessions at Worcester was prevented by an armed mob, who, taught by demagogues and believing that they owed no other obedience to Government but in so far as they might approve its measures, declared that they had the right, if they chose, to dispense with all laws which were obnoxious to them, and that they intended to set the State authorities at defiance. In Hampshire and Middlesex similar bold demonstrations were made. The Governor perceived that the time for argument and persuasion was at an end, and that the safety of the Commonwealth, now really in danger, must be secured by energetic measures. He accordingly issued a general order for the major-generals throughout the State to see that the militia, under their respective commands, were equipped and ready to respond to any sudden demand for their services. This order inflamed the leaders of the malcontents and their deluded followers, and the insurrection began to assume the alarming form of a rebellion. The leaders, expecting severe punishment in the event of failure, became desperate, and were ready to employ desperate measures for the accomplishment of their wicked scheme. They also hoped to secure a sufficient number of adherents or defenders to procure the Governor's pardon in the event of their failure. They were doomed to be disappointed.

In December a large number of the insurgents assembled at Concord, expecting to be joined by others from Bristol, Worcester, and Hampshire. Their object was to prevent the sitting of the Court at Cambridge—the dictation of measures to the Governor—and the suspension, for a time at least, of the usual processes of law. It is evident that while these objects were acknowledged, they intended, if possible, to seize the capital, take possession of the archives, and proclaim a provisional government. But the project failed, and three of the leading traitors of Middlesex soon found themselves within the walls of Boston jail. The Sheriff, in the execution of his warrant for their arrest, was accompanied by a number of influential gentlemen and a company of Boston cavalry who volunteered their services.

At the same time loyal citizens on horseback traversed the neighboring counties to ascertain the temper of the people. They found widespread discontent, and ignorance of the relations of the people to the Government. They talked bitterly about being coerced to obey laws which they did not like, and the tyranny of the Government in adopting measures to subjugate an independent people by compelling them to comply with the requisitions of the law. Men of this stamp, to the number of at least a thousand, led by Shays, soon appeared at Worcester, notwithstanding the country was covered with deep

snow. They prevented the sitting of the Court, and billeted themselves upon the inhabitants; while Shays, and his confederates from other counties, devised a scheme for marching on the capital and rescuing their friends from the Boston jail. The project found wings. Great agitation and alarm ensued. Major-General Lincoln, a veteran officer of the Revolution, was directed to take measures for defending the capital. The militia were summoned to immediate preparation; and the firing of a cannon upon Fort Hill—one of the three eminences in Boston—was to be the signal for them to hasten to the appointed rendezvous.

The scheme of the insurgents was abandoned. They were likely to starve at Worcester; so Shays and his followers waded through the deep snow to Rutland, twelve miles distant, and found shelter in some dilapidated Continental barracks. There they suffered exceedingly from cold and hunger, and the tears of penitence and bitter regret were seen on many cheeks. But penitential tears were likely to prove of no avail; for the time when submission to the laws and the taking of the oath of allegiance would have secured their pardon was passed. It is supposed that even Shays, perceiving how desperate were the fortunes of his unholy enterprise, made informal overtures at this time to the Executive for pardon on the condition that he should abandon his disloyal schemes. But the Governor would not listen to a rebel in arms, nor trust to the word of a traitor when unaccompanied by concurrent deeds.

Shays and his followers, desperate but determined—for success or utter ruin was the alternative presented—turned their faces westward, and marched upon Springfield for the purpose of interfering with the sitting of the Court appointed for the 26th of December, and, if strong enough, to seize the Continental arsenal at that place. They arrived there on the 25th, took possession of the Court-house, and presented to the judges a written declaration that the Court should not transact business. The powerless judges were compelled to submit.

When intelligence of these proceedings reached the Governor, and information of symptoms of similar movements elsewhere was communicated to him, he determined to put forth the power of the Commonwealth which the people had placed in his hands. It was evident that longer forbearance with the rebels would be positively mischievous. His leniency was construed by them as weakness, and his generous appeals to their patriotism as the voice of timidity. It was the opinion of intelligent men that if the rebellion should not be crushed immediately, before it should assume more formidable proportions, civil war would be inevitable. Accordingly, early in January (1787), the Governor called out the militia of Suffolk, Middlesex, Essex, Worcester, and Hampshire, to the number of 4400, for thirty days. Two companies of artillery from Suffolk and Middlesex were also called into the service, and Major-General Lincoln was

appointed to the chief command. For the support of this little army the State borrowed of patriotic citizens \$20,000, the treasury being empty. At the same time the Governor circulated through all the insurgent districts an address to the people, kind and conciliatory, yet firm in tone, communicating important information concerning public affairs, appealing to the patriotism and good sense of the discontented, and assuring the incorrigible that their proceedings were criminal, and that "such opposition to the Government and the laws could not be longer endured." "Your actions," he said, "whatever may be your real or pretended motives, tend directly to anarchy and confusion in the State."

While the militia were mustering—two thousand of them near Boston, where Lincoln took the immediate command of them, and the remainder in other parts of the State—Shays was extremely busy in augmenting his insurgent army to meet them. Evidently much alarmed, he also again made overtures to the Executive for pardon and oblivion. He sent a petition to the Supreme Executive Council to that effect; but the style and temper of the document were such as men in his condition should never presume to display, for he was humbly imploring a judge for mercy. The Governor regarded the petition itself as highly reprehensible, because it impudently proposed changes in the mode of administering justice as preliminary to making a pardon satisfactory to the insurgents; and was signed by names whose owners never saw the paper. The petition was of course rejected, and Shays and his followers stood before the world as doomed outlaws.

With a courage and perseverance worthy of all praise when exercised in a good cause, Shays resolved to continue his attitude of defiance of the State laws. He issued an appeal to his "suffering fellow-citizens," urging them to join him "in support of their rights," which he alleged the Government had denied them; and, contrary to the general opinion, his forces, even in this desperate strait, increased rather than diminished. Encouraged by this, he hastened to attempt to execute that important part of his plan which contemplated the seizure of the arsenal at Springfield before Lincoln could reach there with his troops. Anticipating such design, the Governor directed General Shepard, of the Hampshire District, to assemble a thousand militia there for the protection of the courts and the arsenal. He had also been directed by the Continental Congress to take measures for the security of public property there. The militia responded with alacrity, and Shepard soon found himself at the head of eleven hundred men, well armed, and having cannon from the arsenal.

Shays, meanwhile, had been concentrating all the malcontents in arms, near Springfield, hoping to have a sufficient force there, before the arrival of Lincoln, to disperse Shepard's militia and gain possession of the arsenal. By the middle of January his forces amounted to over

eighteen hundred men, and the situation of Shepard was really a critical one. The insurgents greatly outnumbered his own troops, and they were desperate. Lincoln was still at Worcester, fifty miles distant, and could not give him immediate relief. It was evident that he must rely upon his own resources, and trust to the superiority of his weapons, the advantage of cannon, and the aid of that Providence which defends the right.

The friends of the rebels in arms attempted to detain Lincoln at Worcester by pretended desires for negotiation. Lincoln was not deceived. He knew their object to be delay in giving support to Shepard, and he moved forward as rapidly as possible. Of this Shays was informed by a spy, and he took immediate measures for attacking Shepard. He had about four hundred men at West Springfield, under Luke Day, and about as many more from Berkshire, under Eli Parsons, who were not far off. These he ordered to join him on the east side of the Connecticut River on the 25th, before the "Lincolnites" could reach him. Day was unable to comply, but in a letter, intercepted by General Shepard, he promised to be with Shays on the 26th. The latter waited until the afternoon of the 25th, when, not doubting Day's speedy arrival, and fearing that of Lincoln, he marched to attack Shepard and capture the arsenal, at about four o'clock.

Shays approached in open column. General Shepard sent a flag, warning him to desist, and informing him that he was defending the arsenal under the authority of both the State and of the Congress. Shays and his followers had little regard for either, and continued to advance. The General sent a second message, forbidding them to approach any nearer, declaring that if they did, he should fire upon them. This had no other effect than to call from one of the rebel leaders, with a defiant shout, the reply, "*That is all we want;*" evidently expecting that bloodshed would fire the insurgent heart and set the State in a blaze. They advanced more rapidly, when Shepard ordered his two cannon to fire blank cartridges, hoping to intimidate the assailants. They advanced still more rapidly, when he pointed his artillery at the centre of their column, fired, and killed three and wounded one. A wild cry of *murder* went up from the rear of the insurgent column, and the whole body, thrown into the greatest confusion, heedless of the efforts of Shays, fled, panic-stricken, to Ludlow, ten miles distant, leaving their slain behind them. The arsenal was saved. Had the rebels captured it, the event would have given them great *prestige* and power.

Shays was not discouraged, notwithstanding two hundred men deserted him after the flight from Springfield. Day joined him with his four hundred Berkshire men, and he prepared to make another effort to capture the arsenal. But General Lincoln arrived on the 27th with four regiments of infantry, a battalion of artillery, and a company of cavalry, to the great joy of the terrified inhabitants.

Pursuit of the rebels was immediately commenced. Lincoln crossed the Connecticut River on the ice with the greater portion of his troops, to disperse some armed insurgents at West Springfield, while Shepard, with the Hampshire militia, pursued Shays up the river. Those on the west side of the stream retreated in disorder to Northampton, and those under Shays to Amherst.

The insurgents still held out and defied the Government. Their leaders, expecting no mercy, hoped, with a gambler's faith, that some turn of affairs might give them success. They also counted on large support not yet developed, believing that there was a divided Commonwealth, the preponderance of strength being on the side of those who were "fighting for independence." They even expected "foreign aid" from sympathizers in the border States.

Lincoln's movements were so energetic that he prevented the concentration of insurgent bands. The service was formidable. The snow was deep and the weather was intensely cold. It was difficult to subsist a large force in that then comparatively sparsely populated country. Some of Shepard's troops were made prisoners by a band of insurgents; and for a while it seemed doubtful whether Lincoln or Shays would be the successful leader.

At this time there was a class of men in Massachusetts who were really favorable to the insurgents, but were too cowardly to declare their opinions, or to openly engage in the rebellion. They formed a treacherous *Peace Party*, more despicable than the armed leaders of the rebellion. They affected to censure the conduct of the insurgents for overt acts of opposition to the Government. They attempted to hold conventions in several counties, declaring that such meetings were necessary, on account of the great discontents of the people, to avert the horrors of civil war. To avoid that they were ready to yield every thing to the insurgents—to them *peace* was professedly preferable to *law* and *good government*. But many of the leaders of this peace party were known to be sympathizers with the rebels, and hypocritical in their professions; and their deceptive movement was so frowned upon by every loyal citizen that they soon withdrew from the presence of public contempt.

From Hadley General Lincoln addressed a letter to Shays at Pelham (in the same county, about twenty miles distant), in which he set forth the criminality of his proceedings and the personal consequences that would ensue to all under his banner of rebellion to the Government. In the name of that Government, as its authorized agent, he directed him to read the letter to his deluded followers, assuring him that if he did not comply, he should march upon him with increased energy. Shays replied, proposing as a condition for such submission, unconditional pardon for all. If this could not be granted, he asked for a suspension of hostilities until the matter could be brought before the Legislature, then about to assemble, and the result of their deliberations might be known. Lincoln had no

authority to promise pardon, nor had he any inclination to grant a suspension of hostilities, asked for no other purpose than to have delay give strength to the insurgents. He therefore prepared to move forward.

The Legislature met at the close of January. Shays and other leaders sent in a petition, in which they acknowledged their error in taking up arms against the Government, and promised to lay them down under a guaranty of unconditional pardon for all. The Government would not listen to rebels in arms, but adopted measures for reinforcing Lincoln. Shays meanwhile had marched with his main body to Petersham (about twelve miles from Pelham), where subsistence would be more certain. Lincoln pursued him. He left Hadley late in the evening, and reached Petersham early the next morning, having marched thirty miles in a severe snow-storm, and the mercury at zero. Many of his men were badly frozen; but all their discomforts were forgotten when the result of this extraordinary march was found to be complete success. The insurgents were surprised. They fled in every direction, and in the greatest disorder, without firing a gun. One hundred and fifty of them were made prisoners. The leaders and the remainder escaped. Some returned quietly to their homes, and others, more active and criminal, fled from the State.

With the dispersion of Shays's followers the back of the rebellion was broken. Yet it continued to show signs of life for weeks afterward, especially in Berkshire County, where the malcontents were very numerous, and where they expected and received aid from discontented men in New York and Vermont, who were chiefly natives of Massachusetts. Their hostility continued to be so bold and menacing that about five hundred loyal citizens of Berkshire formed themselves into a Home Guard for mutual protection and the support of the Government. Some collisions between them and the insurgents ensued; but the spirit of the latter soon began to falter, and at length the greater portion of them laid down their arms and took the oath of allegiance, while some of the most criminal fled from the State. Similar movements occurred in other parts of the Commonwealth. They were the dying convulsions of a rebellion whose hideous apparition haunted for a long time the peaceful citizens of the counties of Massachusetts bordering on Connecticut. Before the blossoms of spring appeared it was dead and buried.

The Legislature authorized special sessions of the Supreme Judicial Court in the counties where the rebellion had been most apparent, for the trial of insurgents. The Governor made application to the executives of the several adjoining States for the arrest of the fugitive rebels within their respective jurisdictions; and every proper measure was used to bring the chief criminals to justice. But toward the great body of the malcontents who had taken up arms extreme lenity marked the course of the Govern-

ment. It was well known that the rebellion was the work of a few designing politicians, who, by means of falsehood and sophistry, had deceived the illy-informed people. Three Commissioners were appointed to consider the cases of these deluded ones, and the result was, that in April no less than three hundred who had taken up arms against the Government were pardoned. Others, more culpable, were indicted for treason, fourteen of whom were convicted and sentenced to death. Eight of them received pardon from the Governor, and the remainder were relieved conditionally. Others, among whom were some magistrates, were convicted of seditious practices and punished; and one member of the State Legislature, found guilty of open opposition to civil authority, was sentenced to sit upon the gallows, and pay a heavy fine. Shays, the chief leader in the rebellion, who fled to the State of New York, escaped arrest. Finally, the legal veil of oblivion was drawn over that episode in our national history known as SHAYS'S REBELLION. The chief was pardoned, and he lived many years as a respected citizen in the village of Sparta, in Livingston County, New York. He died there on the 29th of September, 1825, at the age of eighty-five years.

MY SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

"IS the editor in? Can I see him?"

I heard the words before I saw the speaker. The voice was sweet, rich, and youthful, with a certain quality of strength and hope in it. I think one often hears in a voice a great deal besides the words it utters. I was a man of notions, of whims, if you will—an old bachelor. Not so very old though—don't busy your imagination with dyed whiskers and a scratch. I was thirty-five, and that is what Mr. Dickens and the rest of the middle-aged novelists call a young man. At any rate, my heart was neither withered nor frozen, old bachelor's heart as it was. I did not believe all men knaves, and all women schemers. That I was not married was not owing to any distrust of the sex, any cold cynicism, or mocking incredulity. It was simply that while I had admired some women, and esteemed many, I had never happened to *love* any. So much by way of explaining the interest I felt in youth and beauty every where; the spontaneous kindness and championship which certain acquaintances of mine—already *blasé* at twenty-four—were wont to laugh at as Quixotic knight-errantry.

I looked up after the words I had heard, and the speaker was just coming round the tall desk which hid the door from my view.

Young—her voice had told me so—not more than seventeen, and with a sunny, winsome countenance, not beautiful exactly, but better than that. Looking into her face it needed no subtle physiognomical lore to know what manner of woman she was. Those large brown eyes, shy yet honest, full of pride as well as of tenderness; that brow, broad and fair and open,

with the hair brushed back like a child's above the delicate little ear; the straight nose, with the thin, expressive nostril; the mouth, which could close in calm scorn, or dimple into sweetest gentleness—looking at them, I knew her as well as if I had known her all her life—understood the quick impulses of that warm, rich nature. She was very plainly dressed. It was little that I knew about feminine fashions, but I recognized in the simple muslin frock, the plain straw bonnet, and the untrimmed mantle indications of delicate taste and a slender purse.

Do not fancy that I looked at my visitor for the space of time which it has taken you to read this description. I made my observations along with my bow, and gave her my approbation and a chair together. There was a suggestive-looking white roll in her hand. Her errand was evident enough, even if she had not made it known at once, with a straight-forward simplicity quite in accordance with her face.

"Do you buy manuscripts, Mr. Fraser?"

"When they please me, yes."

The smile with which I answered her provoked a responding one, and she said, with a little blush,

"Of course I was not quite inexperienced enough to think you bought them without reading. I wanted to ask if you would read mine, and purchase it if you should like it."

"Certainly," I said, reaching my hand for the neat little roll. "I will look over it, and let you know my decision."

"I know, of course, that you have a great deal to do; but if you *could* read it soon I should be glad. It is my first venture, and its success is very important to me. Indeed I have taken great pains with it."

Of course my sympathies were aroused. Speaking in a business point of view, tender-heartedness was my besetting sin. I seemed to read a whole life-story in her crimson cheek, the eagerness of her manner, and the tremor which quivered through her voice. My fancy began picturing sick parents, hungry brothers and sisters, and I know not what other fantastic shapes of gloom and wretchedness. I resolved to find out for myself if she were in need; and I answered her as if it were the most customary thing in the world for the editor of a magazine that receives more than a hundred manuscripts in a month to call at the house of each anxious and waiting contributor with his sentence of hope or despair. She would know no better, she had seen so little of life:

"Where shall I find you, when I have read your story and am ready to communicate my decision?"

She handed me a card on which her address was delicately penciled. It was in a quiet, respectable part of the town, through which I passed daily on my way to and from my office.

"I hope it will please you," she said, rising to go, and there was a wistful pathos in her voice, an expression on her face of mingled hope and apprehension, which haunted me all day.

I did not undo the manuscript until I had reached home at night. It should have the benefit of my after-dinner mood—of the hour when I could look most complacently on men and things.

What a neat little affair it was! No question that she had, as she said, taken great pains with it. It was a pleasure to me, bored with such reams of paper covered with worse than Egyptian hieroglyphs, only to glance at that free, clear, yet dainty chirography. But there, alas! its excellence ended. She had evidently read a great many novels, and seen very little of life.

She had one heroine who was constantly drawing herself up to her full height—a stately creature, with raven hair and flashing, midnight eyes. Then there was the inevitable contrast—a gentle girl, with blue eyes and wealth of sunny tresses, who always bounded into the room; who wore white dresses even in January, and had no end of roses and myrtle flowers, with whose petals it seemed to be her chief business to litter the carpet. The hero, whom they both loved, what a desperado he was, to be sure! Picture to yourself his Spanish cloak, in which his martial figure was wrapped at all hours; his pale, sad face, with wild eyes, and haggard lines of care; his contempt of the world, which he had not loved and which had not loved him. Imagine the kisses and blisses with which the pages were embalmed; the impassioned thee-and-thou declarations, the stolen meetings, and grand climax; the wedding of the hero and the blue-eyed sister, and the black convent veil falling between the dark-eyed one and the world.

It was clear enough that any genius which Miss Ruth Hastings possessed lay in a far different channel from the writing of stories. The stuff—I spoke of it with editorial contempt and indifference—was execrable! Of course I must return it.

And yet, poor little thing! she had said it was of great importance to her, and she had taken so much pains with it! My good angel suggested that I should buy it—for myself, of course, not the firm—and pay her for it at our usual rates. I could make her understand how much accepted manuscript our safes contained, and that she must not look immediately for the appearance of her story.

This plan settled, I felt a great deal better. I took out my meerschaum, one of my bachelor comforts, and tipping back my chair and putting up my feet, like a born Yankee as I was, watched for an hour the blue smoke curling so gracefully upward, and saw, through or in it, a hazy vision of a girl's face, frank and innocent as a child's, earnest and tender as a woman's.

It was past seven o'clock in the afternoon of the next day that I found myself at the locality indicated by the card of my little contributor. The house was a small, modest one, neat and pleasant-looking, standing behind two horsechestnut trees, blazing with their June wealth of blossoms. There was no indication surely of destitution or discomfort—perhaps the twenty-

five dollars in my waistcoat pocket were going to be thrown away after all; and my brown-eyed literary aspirant was only suffering from a commonplace desire to be printed, or, at best, a feminine attraction toward the shop windows.

I went up the steps and rang the bell, feeling a little as if I had been imposed upon, slightly cross, and unamiable.

The door was opened by a boy twelve years old, perhaps, in whose face I could trace a strong family likeness to my visitor of the day before. I inquired for Miss Hastings.

“Sister is not in just now, but my mother is. Won't you walk into the parlor and speak to her?”

This was not exactly what I had hoped. If I must pay for matter which I could not use, I felt at least determined that I would be thanked by those brown eyes. I went in, resolving, if possible, to lengthen my stay until Miss Ruth's return.

A delicate, gentle-looking woman rose to meet me as I entered.

“My name is Fraser,” I said, answering her glance of inquiry. “I had a little matter of business which I wished to arrange with your daughter.”

She smiled.

“Oh yes, Ruth was expecting you. She would be very sorry to miss your visit. She went out of an errand for me, and I am sure she can not be gone much longer. If you are not in too great haste, perhaps you would sit down and wait till her return.”

I explained that I was in no haste at all—could wait just as well as not; better, in fact, since it would save me the trouble of coming again.

So I sat and talked for half an hour with Mrs. Hastings. I do not think I am an inquisitive person. I do not ask many questions, and I abhor above all things the man who cross-examines his friends as if he were a lawyer, and they were on the witness stand. I certainly never knew how it was that I contrived, in that half hour, to learn so much of the personal history of the Hastings family. I discovered that Mrs. Hastings had been left a widow two years before; that she was not by any means in actual want, though her income was so small since the death of her husband that there were many luxuries she must resign, unless there were some way of increasing the family fund. Ruth had always been her father's pet. She was not used to exertion of any kind. She had no vocation for a teacher, and the only resource she had been able to think of was her pen. They had always said at Rutgers that Ruth had a fine gift for composition, Mrs. Hastings remarked, with a little motherly pride.

I would not for the world have wounded her by suggesting the difference between the elements required for a pretty school theme and those necessary for the success of a story in a popular magazine. I was becoming every moment more interested in the Hastings family,

and more anxious to assist them, if possible, without wounding their pride. I am not of those who can not recognize any destitution except the absence of bread and potatoes. I confess to a yet keener sympathy for the genteel poor—for delicate women, accustomed to being sheltered from all the cares and worries of life, and then suddenly left to confront the world alone, and turn the thoughts which have hitherto been tinged with no sadness, present or prophetic, to the gloomy problem of getting through the year on an insufficient income. I understood now why that poor little thing had taken so much pains, and how truly that first venture was very important to her.

After a while she came. I heard the door open, and a light, quick step cross the hall.

"Oh, mamma!" cried the young, cheery voice—a voice that *would* be young, and cheery, and hopeful, no matter how dark the clouds were which might encompass her life; and then seeing me, she paused in the door, and I had an instant, before she spoke again, to engrave on my heart another picture of her simple, girlish loveliness. She wore the same dress, and the same black silk mantle flung round her shoulders with careless grace, but she had pulled off her bonnet in the hall, and was holding it by its strings. I could see the shape of her head, and the outline of the hair waving away from her face, and coiled heavily at the back of her slender neck. I had not quite realized how pretty she was before. In a moment she came up to me.

"How kind of you," she said, extending her hand with a frank smile, "to have read my manuscript so soon. But I have felt almost sure, ever since I left it, that you would have to reject it. People never do succeed at first, I believe, and you must not think I shall be disappointed to meet the same fate with so many others."

"If your expectations have been so moderate you will be all the more gratified to hear that the story is accepted. I have come to pay you for it."

I placed the money in her hand.

"So much?" she said, blushing in that pretty, girlish way of hers. "Surely this must be more than you pay to beginners?"

"We pay at one rate for all manuscript which we take. If good enough for our use it is no matter whether the author has ever written before or not."

She thanked me heartily; and then with a shy joy, very pretty to see, she crossed the room and laid the money in her mother's lap.

"My first earnings!" she said, in a voice that tried to be gay, but had a note of pathos thrilling through it. Mrs. Hastings looked at me with a smile half apologetic, and said,

"You must not think the poor child loves money too well. You can hardly understand how many pleasant and comfortable things such a sum as this represents to us."

I staid a few moments after that—long enough

to discover into what a refined and pleasant family circle chance had brought me; and to wish that, instead of being a solitary bachelor, living in lodgings which nobody cared to make pleasant, I was a son or brother in that little household, and had a right to sit down at night in that quiet, home-like room.

Before I left I intimated that it would be some time, perhaps, before the story would appear—we had so many on hand accepted previously.

"When I see it in print," she answered, "you must not be surprised if I send you another;" and then I went away.

The family interested me more than I had ever been interested on such brief acquaintance in my whole life. I could not bear to lose sight of them; but what possible pretext could I find for continuing my visits? Miss Ruth had intimated that she should not write again until she saw her story in print, and no one knew better than I what a long day off that event was likely to be.

Two weeks passed away and the very apparent impossibility of meeting again my little brown-eyed special contributor—I called her that because no eyes save mine were ever likely to read her story—only stimulated my wishes into eagerness. I confess to thinking of her a good deal. I even took out, now and then, her remarkable manuscript, and reperused it until I actually began to feel a kindly and familiar interest in the blue-eyed and black-eyed heroines, and to look with more complacency on the formidable hero with his Spanish cloak. If things had gone on for any length of time in that manner, I am not sure that I shouldn't have persuaded myself that the story was good enough to publish, were it only for the hope of her bringing me another.

It happened that I found my good fortune at length, where I least looked for it, in the columns of a morning paper. In the list of board and lodging advertisements I saw one of a room, with breakfast and tea, at No. 11 Blank Street; the very house. My resolve was taken in a moment. I had no ties to bind me where I was. A week's rent in advance would be a sufficient compensation to a landlady, who had never tried to oblige me, for the loss of her lodger. If possible I would become an inmate of that quiet, pleasant house behind the horse-chestnut trees.

Evening found me again in the little parlor. Mrs. Hastings was alone, and I did my errand, making the excuse that the location was so much nearer my place of business than my present lodgings. She seemed heartily rejoiced at my application. There were so many similar advertisements, she said, that she had hardly ventured to hope hers would attract any one, still she had thought the experiment worth trying. She owned her house, and with a responsible lodger they could get along very comfortably. It was certainly an unexpected piece of good fortune that I, with whom they already felt acquainted, should be disposed to come.

I did not see that night the brown-eyed authoress of "The Rival Sisters; or, The Mysterious Lover," but that mattered little when I was presently to be an inmate of the same dwelling.

The next evening I joined them at tea. My possessions had previously arrived, and my room was in readiness for me. I felt at once comfortable and at home. They received me as one who was to belong to the family, to share their household interests, and be one of themselves. How I blessed my stars that I found myself at last among people who had never known what it was to keep lodgers "for a living."

Of course my acquaintance with Ruth progressed rapidly. She regarded me, or I thought so, as a kind of safe, elderly friend. She borrowed my books; she came to me with all her little difficulties, sang me her new songs, and deferred so much to my opinion that I ought to have been both grateful and satisfied.

But I wasn't.

I began to discover that I wanted something more and different. It is not pleasant to be met with the simple gayety and frankness of a niece or a sister by the woman whom you would fain woo to love you. And I found out, by my very vexation at Ruth's innocent friendliness, that it was her love I wanted—that at last my day of doom had come. The blind god, whose shafts had been powerless against me for so long, had found the one spot which the waters of the Styx had never touched.

I used to think, sometimes, while I sat smoking in my room at night, what my life would be with her to share it. Looking into the blue smoke, curling up and away, I saw pleasant home-pictures—scenes which even in such dim vision made heart and pulse thrill with something dearer and sweeter than the lost youth which was slipping away from me. She would make me young again—she, with her fair child's face, her cheery voice, her gay, pleasant ways. If I could only win her love! But was there any hope of that, when her little brother did not receive my kindness or claim my attentions with any more simplicity and unconsciousness than she?

Toward autumn my condition grew yet more forlorn. A young gentleman, a friend of the family, who, it seemed, had been rusticated for a few months, returned to town, and began very often to form one of the family circle. Two or three evenings in the week he was sure to drop in. I was told what a fine young man he was, but—tastes differ—I hated him. I did not like his looks; he was too slender, too handsome for a man; foppish, decidedly; and then his singing! It might be very well, but if Ruth Hastings were all I had thought her, would she not want a husband with some higher ambition than to stand behind her chair and sing airs from "The Bohemian Girl?" To confess the truth, I believe I hated him because he *was* younger and handsomer than I, and because he had somehow found out that it was a pleasant thing to

look into certain brown eyes, to hear a certain gladsome voice. Hatred is a habit, and to this day I can not meet that fellow—Augustus Deering his name was—without an inclination to cross over to the other side of the street.

At last I was taken very ill. I do not know whether my mental disquiet had any thing to do with it. Perhaps it was staying in town all summer, and being somewhat overworked. At all events, sick I was, and for weeks I was hardly able to think at all. No one would talk to me—the physician had enjoined perfect quiet, and I lay there too weak to be any thing but obedient.

After a while I commenced to mend. Before any one else saw it I felt a change in myself. My mental power began to come back to me. I began to think. The old heartache kept me company, and my mind moved on again in the same troubled channel. I lay and pondered gloomily on my life, half tempted to curse my fate, which had taught me my heart's needs only to laugh at the tantalizing mockery of my vain desires.

Ruth waited on me more than any one else. My symptoms had not been severe enough to require a professed nurse, and she and her mother had tended me as if I were indeed one of themselves. I was ungrateful. That sweet face in my room gave me no pleasure. I shrank from the light touch of the kindly hands, and one afternoon, with a sick man's exacting and unreasoning petulance, I asked her why her mother could not just as well sit with me. Her eyes filled with sudden tears, and her voice had a sad, reproachful cadence I had never heard in it before.

"Have I neglected you?" she asked, gently. "Do I not do what you wish? Why do you dislike my being here?"

"No," I grumbled. "You don't neglect me, you do all I wish, but I know you are tired of sitting here. It is about the time Mr. Deering is in the habit of coming. You had better go and see whether he is in the parlor."

She smiled.

"Oh no, he hasn't been here this long time. I believe he is very busy."

Then she was silent again, going on with some fanciful feminine trifle on which she was at work. As I lay and thought how I had treated her, my heart smote me. I felt that I had behaved like a brute. I had manifested my gratitude for her care by almost turning her out of the room. And then I wondered if there were another woman in the world sweet-tempered enough not to have taken me at my word and gone out, leaving me to bear alone my mortification and self-reproach. After a while I murmured, half involuntarily—

"Ruth, come here."

She came in a moment, laying down her work.

"What did you wish?" in those cheery tones whose very blitheness went farther toward my healing than any medicine.

"Only to ask you to forgive me," I said, just touching with penitent lips the hand that rested for a moment on my pillow.

"Don't ask that. One never has any thing to forgive in sick people. They have a right to be a little unreasonable sometimes."

"I spoke to you savagely, but I shall never do so again. I *am* going to send you out, though. It makes me sad to see you confining yourself indoors, all these bright October days, for my sake. If you want to please me, you will go out now and walk for a while, and let Mrs. Hastings sit with me while you are gone."

She obeyed me, and presently her mother came in, with her pleasant, friendly face, and her kind inquiries about my health.

Then she sat silently for a time—I had so long been too ill for conversation that they had all left off the habit of talking to me. I lay there thinking earnestly. I loved Ruth Hastings, but her widowed mother, who had loved her so long, and would be so lonely without her, had the first claim on her. I would not seek to win the daughter unless the mother were willing to receive me as a son, and we could all make one family together. I made up my mind to ask her.

"Mrs. Hastings," I said, "I love Ruth. Do you think me too old to marry her, if I could win her heart?"

"Not too old, certainly; but indeed I never thought you cared for her in that way at all."

"I should have told you long ago, only that I fancied Mr. Deering loved her, and was in a fair way to win her."

"He did love her, at least he said so, but she could not return his regard. He has not been here in a long time."

"So she told me, and that gave me courage to speak to-night; but I must feel sure of your consent before I say any thing to her. I do not want to take her from you; but if you are willing I should be your son, I shall feel that in winning Ruth—if I can win her—I do no wrong."

Her voice trembled as she answered me:

"I am willing, more than willing, Mr. Fraser. If Ruth loves you, I shall ask no higher happiness than such security for her future as I should feel in trusting her to your care and tenderness."

It was not long before we heard her come in—the dear child! Her mother rose to go out.

"Not a word of what we have said, Mrs. Hastings," I entreated, as she went.

"Surely not—you shall plead your own cause in your own way and time."

Soon my door opened again. This time it was Ruth who entered. A sweet, subtle fragrance came in with her. I saw a bunch of tea-roses and heliotropes in her hand. She busied herself a moment with their arrangement, and then she came and set the little vase containing them on the stand at my bedside. I reached out my hand and took in it the fingers fluttering among the flower petals.

"Ruth," I said, "I wish we could all live

here together always. It is very sweet, after such a lonely life as I have had, to be so tenderly cared for by you and your dear mother."

I could see, as she stood there in the twilight, the sudden blush that flushed her cheeks. She answered me gayly:

"You would be the first to tire of that. Some day you will find a wife to take care of you, and then you won't need us any more."

I held the little hand tighter. I said, earnestly,

"I shall never find a wife, Ruth, unless I find her here. I love you, and if I could make you happy I would ask no more. But if *you* are not my wife no one will ever be. Could you love me, Ruth?"

"Could I help it?"

The words were very low, but I heard them. The little hand lay still in mine—the bright head bent lower—the dear lips timidly touched my brow—my wife was won.

When we had been married three weeks, Ruth asked me what was in that drawer in my writing-table, which was always kept locked.

"How did you know it was always locked?" I asked, speaking with pretended sternness. "Are *all* women curious? Did you never read the tragic history of Blue Beard and his closet? Ah, my Fatima, that drawer contains a keepsake; I received it from the first woman I ever loved."

The look of sadness which stole into her brown eyes reproached me. The voice was more mournful than I had ever heard it before as it murmured,

"I thought you had never loved any one else, Mark?"

"Did I say I had?" I answered, with wicked satisfaction.

"Just the same. You said that drawer contained a keepsake, and I know *I* never gave you one."

"No, you were always chary of your tokens; but I *bought* this."

I turned the key, and opening the little drawer, I took out the manuscript of "The Rival Sisters" and laid it before her.

"Why did you never ask me when that would appear?" I said, looking into her slightly vexed face.

"Because I began to think, after I knew you, that you had only bought it to do me a favor, and my pride wouldn't let me speak of it. What poor trash you must have found it!"

"Very," I said, solemnly. "Decidedly your talent is not for writing stories. Three weeks ago to-day you found your true sphere. But I bought your manuscript for my own sake. I wanted it then for a keepsake of the stranger who had charmed my bachelor fancy; and I value it now more than any thing I have in the world, except the bride it was the means of winning me."

Ruth has made me a perfect wife, but she has never written any more stories.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE her anxious mistresses were thus talking her over the servant lay on her humble bed and slept. They knew she did, for they heard her heavy breathing through the thin partition-wall. Whether, as Hilary suggested, she was too ignorant to notice the days of the week or month, or, as Selina thought, too stupid to care for any thing beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping, Elizabeth manifested no anxiety about herself or her destiny. She went about her work just as usual; a little quicker and readier, now she was becoming familiarized to it; but she said nothing. She was undoubtedly a girl of silent and undemonstrative nature.

"Sometimes still waters run deep," said Miss Hilary.

"Nevertheless, there are such things as canals," replied Johanna. "When do you mean to have your little talk with her?"

Hilary did not know. She was sitting, rather more tired than usual, by the school-room fire, the little people having just departed for their Saturday half-holiday. Before clearing off the *débris* which they always left behind, she stood a minute at the window, refreshing her eyes with the green field opposite, and the far-away wood, crowned by a dim white monument, visible in fair weather, on which those bright brown eyes had a trick of lingering, even in the middle of school-hours. For the wood and the hill beyond belonged to a nobleman's "show" estate, five miles off—the only bit of real landscape beauty that Hilary had ever beheld. There, during the last holidays but one, she, her sisters, her nephew, and, by his own special request, Mr. Lyon, had spent a whole long, merry, mid-summer day. She wondered whether such a day would ever come again!

But spring was coming again, any how: the field looked smiling and green, specked here and there with white dots which, she opined, might possibly be daisies. She half wished she was not too old and dignified to dart across the road, leap the sunk fence, and run to see.

"I think, Johanna—Hark, what can that be!"

For at this instant somebody came tearing down the stairs, opened the front door, and did—exactly what Hilary had just been wishing to do.

"It's Elizabeth, without her bonnet or shawl, with something white flying behind her. How she is dashing across the field! What can she be after? Just look."

But loud screams from Selina's room, the front one, where she had been lying in bed all morning, quite obliterated the little servant from their minds. The two sisters ran hastily up stairs.

Selina was sitting up, in undisguised terror and agitation.

"Stop her! Hold her! I'm sure she has gone mad. Lock the door—or she'll come back and murder us all."

"Who? Elizabeth! Was she here? What has been the matter?"

But it was some time before they could make out any thing. At last they gathered that Elizabeth had been waiting upon Miss Selina, putting vinegar-cloths on her head, and doing various things about the room. "She is very handy when one is ill," even Selina allowed.

"And I assure you I was talking most kindly to her: about the duties of her position, and how she ought to dress better, and be more civil-behaved, or else she never could expect to keep any place. And she stood in her usual sulky way of listening, never answering a word—with her back to me, staring right out of window. And I had just said, 'Elizabeth, my girl'—indeed, Hilary, I was talking to her in my very kindest way—"

"I've no doubt of it—but do get on."

"When she suddenly turned round, snatched a clean towel from a chair-back, and another from my head—actually from my very head, Johanna—and out she ran. I called after her, but she took no more notice than if I had been a stone. And she left the door wide open—blowing upon me. Oh, dear; she has given me my death of cold." And Selina broke into piteous complainings.

Her elder sister soothed her as well as she could, while Hilary ran down to the front door and looked, and inquired every where for Elizabeth. She was not to be seen on field or road; and along that quiet terrace not a soul had even perceived her quit the house.

"It's a very odd thing," said Hilary, returning. "What can have come over the girl? You are sure, Selina; that you said nothing which—"

"Now I know what you are going to say. You are going to blame me. Whatever happens in this house you always blame me. And perhaps you're right. Perhaps I am a nuisance—a burden—would be far better dead and buried. I wish I were!"

When Selina took this tack, of course her sisters were silenced. They quieted her a little, and then went down and searched the house all over.

All was in order; at least in as much order as was to be expected the hour before dinner. The bowl of half-peeled potatoes stood on the back-kitchen "sink;" the roast was down before the fire; the knives were ready for cleaning. Evidently Elizabeth's flight had not been premeditated.

"It's all nonsense about her going mad. She has as sound a head as I have," said Hilary to Johanna, who began to look seriously uneasy. "She might have run away in a fit of passion, certainly; and yet that is improbable; her temper is more sullen than furious. And having no lack of common sense she must know that doing a thing like this is enough to make her lose her place at once."

"Yes," said Johanna, mournfully, "I'm afraid after this she must go."

"Wait and see what she has to say for herself," pleaded Hilary. "She will surely be back in two or three minutes."

But she was not, nor even in two or three hours.

Her mistresses' annoyance became displeasure, and that again subsided into serious apprehension. Even Selina ceased talking over and over the incident which gave the sole information to be arrived at; rose, dressed, and came down to the kitchen. There, after long and anxious consultation, Hilary, observing that "Somebody had better do something," began to prepare the dinner, as in pre-Elizabethan days; but the three ladies' appetites were small.

About three in the afternoon, Hilary, giving utterance to the hidden alarm of all, said—

"I think, sisters, I had better go down as quickly as I can to Mrs. Hand's."

This agreed, she stood consulting with Johanna as to what could possibly be said to the mother in case that unfortunate child had not gone home, when the kitchen door opened, and the culprit appeared.

Not, however, with the least look of a culprit. Hot she was, and breathless; and with her hair down about her ears, and her apron rolled up round her waist, presented a most forlorn and untidy aspect; but her eyes were bright, and her countenance glowing.

She took a towel from under her arm. "There's one on 'em—and you'll get back—the other—when it's washed."

Having blurted out this, she leaned against the wall, trying to recover her breath.

"Elizabeth! Where have you been? How dared you go? Your behavior is disgraceful—most disgraceful, I say. Johanna, why don't you speak to your servant?" (When, for remissness in reproving others, the elder sister fell herself under reproof, it was always emphatically "*your sister*"—"your nephew"—"*your servant*.")

But, for once, Miss Selina's sharp voice failed to bring the customary sullen look to Elizabeth's face, and when Miss Leaf, in her milder tones, asked where she had been, she answered unhesitatingly—

"I've been down the town."

"Down the town!" the three ladies cried, in one chorus of astonishment.

"I've been as quick as I could, missis. I runned all the way, there and back; but it was a good step, and he was some'at heavy, though he is but a little 'un."

"He! who on earth is *he*?"

"Deary me! I never thought of axing; but his mother lives in Hall Street. Somebody saw me carrying him to the doctor, and went and told her. Oh! he was welly killed, Miss Leaf—the doctor said so; but he'll do now, and you'll get your towel clean washed to-morrow."

While Elizabeth spoke so incoherently, and with such unwonted energy and excitement, Johanna looked as if she thought her sister's fears were true, and the girl had really gone mad; but Hilary's quicker perceptions jumped at a different conclusion.

"Quiet yourself, Elizabeth," said she, taking a firm hold of her shoulder, and making her sit down, when the rolled-up apron dropped, and showed itself all covered with blood-spots. Selina screamed outright.

Then Elizabeth seemed to become half-conscious that she had done something blamable, or was at least a suspected character. Her warmth of manner faded; the sullen cloud of dogged resistance to authority was rising in her poor dirty face, when Hilary, beginning with, "Now, we are not going to scold you; but we must hear the reason of this," contrived by adroit questions, and not a few of them, to elicit the whole story.

It appeared that, while standing at Miss Selina's window, Elizabeth had watched three little boys, apparently engaged in a very favorite amusement of little boys in that field, going quickly behind a horse, and pulling out the longest and handsomest hairs in his tail to make fishing-lines of. She saw the animal give a kick, and two of the boys ran away; the other did not stir. For a minute or so she noticed a black lump lying in the grass; then, with the quick instinct for which nobody had ever given her credit, she guessed what had happened, and did immediately the wisest and only thing possible under the circumstances, namely, to snatch up a towel, run across the field, bind up the child's head as well as she could, and carry it, bleeding and insensible, to the nearest doctor, who lived nearly a mile off.

She did not tell—and they only found it out afterward—how she had held the boy while under the doctor's hands, the skull being so badly fractured that the frightened mother fainted at the sight: how she had finally carried him home, and left him comfortably settled in bed, his senses returned, and his life saved.

"Ay, my arms do ache above a bit," she said, in answer to Miss Leaf's questions. "He wasn't quite a baby—nigh upon twelve, I reckon; but then he was very small of his age. And he looked just as if he was dead—and he bled so."

Here, just for a second or two, the color left the big girl's lips, and she trembled a little. Miss Leaf went to the kitchen cupboard, and took out their only bottle of wine—administered in rare doses, exclusively as medicine.

"Drink this, Elizabeth; and then go and wash your face and eat your dinner. We will talk to you by-and-by."

Elizabeth looked up with a long, wistful stare of intense surprise, and then added, "Have I done any thing wrong, missis?"

"I did not say so. But drink this; and don't talk, child."

She was obeyed. By-and-by Elizabeth disappeared into the back kitchen, emerged thence with a clean face, hands, and apron, and went about her afternoon business as if nothing had happened.

Her mistresses' threatened "talk" with her never came about. What, indeed, could they say? No doubt the little servant had broken the strict letter of domestic law by running off in that highly eccentric and inconvenient way; but, as Hilary tried to explain by a series of most ingenious ratiocinations, she had fulfilled, in the spirit of it, the very highest law—that of charity. She had also shown prompt courage, decision, practical and prudent forethought, and, above all, entire self-forgetfulness.

"And I should like to know," said Miss Hilary, warming with her subject, "if those are not the very qualities which go to constitute a hero."

"But we don't want a hero; we want a maid-of-all-work."

"I'll tell you what we want, Selina. We want a *woman*; that is, a girl with the making of a good woman in her. If we can find that, all the rest will follow. For my part, I would rather take this child, rough as she is, but with her truthfulness, conscientiousness, kindness of heart, and evident capability of both self-control and self-devotedness, than the most finished servant we could find. My advice is—keep her."

This settled the matter, since it was a curious fact that the "advice" of the youngest Miss Leaf was, whether they knew it or not, almost equivalent to a family ukase.

When Elizabeth had brought in the tea-things, which she did with especial care, apparently wishing to blot out the memory of the morning's escapade by astonishingly good behavior for the rest of the day, Miss Leaf called her, and asked if she knew that her month of trial ended this day?

"Yes, ma'am," with the strict formal courtesy, something between that of the old-world family domestic—as her mother might have been to the Miss Elizabeth Something she was named after—and the abrupt "dip" of the modern National school girl; which constituted Elizabeth Hand's sole experience of manners.

"If you had not been absent I should have gone to speak to your mother to-day. Indeed Miss Hilary was going when you came in; but it would have been with a very different intention from what we had in the morning. However, that is not likely to happen again."

"Eh?" said Elizabeth, inquiringly.

Miss Leaf hesitated, and looked uneasily at her two sisters. It was always a trial to her shy nature to find herself the mouth-piece of the family; and this same shyness made it still more difficult to break through the stiff barriers which seemed to rise up between her, a gentlewoman

well on in years, and this coarse working-girl. She felt, as she often complained, that with the kindest intentions she did not quite know how to talk to Elizabeth.

"My sister means," said Hilary, "that as we are not likely to have little boys half killed in the field every day, she trusts you will not be running away again as you did this morning. She feels sure that you would not do such a thing, putting us all to so great annoyance and uneasiness, for any less cause than such as happened to-day. You promise that?"

"Yes, Miss Hilary."

"Then we quite forgive you as regards ourselves. Nay"—feeling in spite of Selina's warning nudge, that she had hardly been kind enough—"we rather praise than blame you, Elizabeth. And if you like to stay with us and will do your best to improve, we are willing to keep you as our servant."

"Thank you, ma'am. Thank you, Miss Hilary. Yes, I'll stop."

She said no more—but sighed a great sigh, as if her mind were relieved—"So," thought Hilary, "she was not so indifferent to us as we imagined"—and bustled back into her kitchen.

"Now for the clothing of her," observed Miss Leaf, also looking much relieved that the decision was over. "You know what we agreed upon; and there is certainly no time to be lost. Hilary, my dear, suppose you bring down your brown merino?"

Hilary went without a word.

People who inhabit the same house, eat, sit, and sleep together—loving one another and sympathizing with one another, ever so deeply and dearly—nevertheless inevitably have momentary seasons when the intense solitude in which we all live, and must expect ever to live, at the depth of our being, forces itself painfully upon the heart. Johanna must have had many such seasons when Hilary was a child; Hilary had one now.

She unfolded the old frock, and took out of its pocket, a hiding-place at once little likely to be searched and harmless if discovered, a poor little memento of that happy mid-summer day.

"*Dear Miss Hilary. To-morrow, then, I shall come. Yours truly, Robert Lyon.*"

The only scrap of note she had ever received; he always wrote to Johanna; as regularly as ever, or more so, now Ascott was gone; but only to Johanna. She read over the two lines, wondered where she should keep them now that Johanna might not notice them; and then recoiled, as if the secret were a wrong to that dear sister who loved her so well.

"But nothing makes me love her less; nothing ever could. She thinks me quite happy, as I am; and yet—oh, if I did not miss him so!"

And the aching, aching want which sometimes came over her began again. Let us not blame her. God made all our human needs. God made love. Not merely affection but actual *love*—the necessity to seek and find out some

other being, not another but the complement of one's self—the "other half," who brings rest and strength for weakness, sympathy in aspiration, and tenderness for tenderness, as no other person ever can. Perhaps, even in marriage, this love is seldom found, and it is possible in all lives to do without it. Johanna had done so. But then she had been young, and was now growing old; and Hilary was only twenty, with a long life before her. Poor child, let us not blame her!

She was not in the least sentimental, her natural disposition inclining her to be more than cheerful, actually gay. She soon recovered herself, and when, a short time after, she stood, scissors in hand, demonstrating how very easy it was to make something out of nothing, her sisters never suspected how very near tears had lately been to those bright eyes, which were always the sunshine of the house.

"You are giving yourself a world of trouble," said Selina. "If I were you I would just make over the dress to Elizabeth, and let her do what she could with it."

"My dear, I always find I give myself twice the trouble by expecting people to do what they can't do. I have to do it myself afterward. Prove how a child who can't even handle a needle and thread is competent to make a gown for herself, and I shall be most happy to secede in her favor."

"Nay," put in the eldest sister, afraid of a collision of words, "Selina is right; if you do not teach Elizabeth to make her own gowns how can she learn?"

"Johanna, you are the brilliantest of women! and you know you don't like the parlor littered with rags and cuttings. You wish to get rid of me for the evening? Well, I'll go! Hand me the work-basket and the bundle, and I'll give my first lesson in dress-making to our South-Sea Islander."

But Fate stood in the way of Miss Hilary's good intentions.

She found Elizabeth not as was her wont, always busy, over the perpetual toil of those who have not yet learned the mysterious art of arrangement and order, nor, as sometimes, hanging sleepily over the kitchen fire, waiting for bedtime; but actually sitting, sitting down at the table. Her candle was flaring on one side of her; on the other was the school-room inkstand, a scrap of waste paper, and a pen. But she was not writing; she sat with her head on her hands, in an attitude of disconsolate idleness, so absorbed that she seemed not to hear Hilary's approach.

"I did not know you could write, Elizabeth."

"No more I can," was the answer, in the most doleful of voices. "It bean't no good. I've forgotten all about it. T' letters wanna join."

"Let me look at them." And Hilary tried to contemplate gravely the scrawled and blotted page, which looked very much as if a large spider had walked into the ink-bottle and then

walked out again on a tour of investigation. "What did you want to write?" asked she, suddenly.

Elizabeth blushed violently. "It was the woman, Mrs. Cliffe, t' little lad's mother, you know; she wanted somebody to write to her husband as is at work in Birmingham, and I said I would. I'd learned at the National, but I've forgotten it all. I'm just as Miss Selina says—I'm good for nowt."

"Come, come, never fret;" for there was a sort of choke in the girl's voice. "There's many a good person who never learned to write. But I don't see why you should not learn. Shall I teach you?"

Utter amazement, beaming gratitude, succeeded one another, plain as light, in Elizabeth's eyes; but she only said, "Thank you, Miss Hilary."

"Very well. I have brought you an old gown of mine, and was going to show you how to make it up for yourself, but I'll look over your writing instead. Sit down, and let me see what you can do."

In a state of nervous trepidation, pitiful to behold, Elizabeth took the pen. Terrible scratches resulted; blots innumerable; and one fatal deluge of ink, which startled from their seats both mistress and maid, and made Hilary thankful that she had taken off her better gown for a common one, as, with sad thriftiness, the Misses Leaf always did of evenings.

When Elizabeth saw the mischief she had done, her contrition and humility were unbounded. "No, Miss Hilary, you can't make nothin' of me. I be too stupid. I'll give it up."

"Nonsense!" And the bright active little lady looked steadily into the heavy face of this undeveloped girl, half child, half woman, until some of her own spirit seemed to be reflected there. Whether the excitement of the morning had roused her, or her mistresses' kindness had touched Elizabeth's heart, and—as in most women—the heart was the key to the intellect; or whether the gradual daily influence of her changed life during the last month had been taking effect, now for the first time to appear—certain it is that Hilary had never perceived before what an extremely intelligent face it was; what good sense was indicated in the well-shaped head and forehead; what tenderness and feeling in the deep-set gray eyes.

"Nonsense," repeated she. "Never give up any thing; I never would. We'll try a different plan, and begin from the beginning, as I do with my little scholars. Wait, while I fetch a copy-book out of the parlor press."

She highly amused her sisters with a description of what she called "her newly-instituted Polynesian Academy;" returned, and set to work to guide the rough, coarse hand through the mysteries of caligraphy.

To say this was an easy task would not be true. Nature's own laws and limits make the using of faculties which have been unused for generations very difficult at first. To suppose

that a working man, the son of working men, who applies himself to study, does it with as little trouble as your upper-class children, who have been unconsciously undergoing education ever since the cradle, is a great mistake. All honor, therefore, to those who do attempt, and to ever so small a degree succeed in, the best and surest culture of all, self-culture.

Of this honor Elizabeth deserved her share.

"She is stupid enough," Hilary confessed, after the lesson was over; "but there is a dogged perseverance about the girl which I actually admire. She blots her fingers, her nose, her apron, but she never gives in; and she sticks to the grand principle of one thing at a time. I think she did two whole pages of a's, and really performed them satisfactorily, before she asked to go on to b's. Yes! I believe she will do."

"I hope she will do her work, any how," said Selina, breaking into the conversation rather crossly. "I'm sure I don't see the good of wasting time over teaching Elizabeth to write, when there's so much to be done in the house by one and all of us, from Monday morning till Saturday night."

"Ay, that's it," answered Hilary, meditatively. "I don't see how I ever shall get time to teach her, and she is so tired of nights when the work is all done; she'll be dropping asleep with the pen in her hand—I have done it myself before now."

Ay, in those days when, trying so hard to "improve her mind," and make herself a little more equal and companionable to another mind she knew, she had, after her daily house cares and her six hours of school-teaching, attempted at nine P.M. to begin close study on her own account. And though with her strong will she succeeded tolerably, still, as she told Johanna, she could well understand how slow was the "march of intellect" (a phrase which had just then come up) among day-laborers and the like; and how difficult it was for these Mechanics Institutions, which were now talked so much of, to put any new ideas into the poor tired heads, rendered sluggish and stupid with hard bodily labor.

"Suppose I were to hold my Polynesian Academy on a Sunday?" and she looked inquiringly at her sisters, especially Johanna.

Now the Misses Leaf were old-fashioned country-folk, who lived before the words Sabbatarian and un-Sabbatarian had ever got into the English language. They simply "remembered the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;" they arranged so as to make it for all the household a day of rest; and they went regularly to church once—sometimes Selina and Hilary went twice. For the intervening hours, their usual custom was to take an afternoon walk in the fields: begun chiefly for Ascott's sake, to keep the lad out of mischief, and put into his mind better thoughts than he was likely to get from his favorite Sunday recreation of sitting on the wall throwing stones. After he left for London there was Elizabeth to be thought of; and they decided

that the best Sabbath duty for the little servant was to go and see her mother. So they gave her every Sunday afternoon free; only requiring that she should be at home punctually after church-time, at eight o'clock. But from thence till bedtime was a blank two hours, which, Hilary had noticed, Elizabeth not unfrequently spent in dozing over the fire.

"And I wonder," said she, giving the end of her long meditation out loud, "whether going to sleep is not as much Sabbath-breaking as learning to write? What do you say, Johanna?"

Johanna, simple, God-fearing woman as she was, to whom faith and love came as natural as the breath she drew, had never perplexed herself with the question. She only smiled acquiescence. But Selina was greatly shocked. Teaching to write on a Sunday! Bringing the week-day work into the day of rest! Doing one's own pleasure on the holy day! She thought it exceedingly wrong. Such a thing had never been heard of in their house. Whatever else might be said of them, the Leafs were always a respectable family as to keeping Sunday. Nobody could say that even poor Henry—

But here Selina's torrent of words stopped.

When conversation revived, Hilary, who had been at first half annoyed and half amused, resumed her point seriously.

"I might say that writing isn't Elizabeth's week-day work, and that teaching her is not exactly doing my own pleasure; but I won't creep out of the argument by a quibble. The question is, *What* is keeping the Sabbath-day 'holy?' I say—and I stick to my opinion—that it is by making it a day of worship, a rest day—a cheerful and happy day—and by doing as much good in it as we can. And therefore I mean to teach Elizabeth on a Sunday."

"She'll never understand it. She'll consider it 'work.'"

"And if she did, work is a more religious thing than idleness. I am sure I often feel that, of the two, I should be less sinful in digging potatoes in my garden, or sitting mending stockings in my parlor, than in keeping Sunday as some people do—going to church genteelly in my best clothes, eating a huge Sunday dinner, and then nodding over a good book, or taking a regular Sunday nap, till bedtime."

"Hush, child!" said Johanna, reprovingly; for Hilary's cheeks were red, and her voice angry. She was taking the hot, youthful part, which, in its hatred of shams and forms, sometimes leads—and not seldom led poor Hilary—a little too far on the other side. "I think," Miss Leaf added, "that our business is with ourselves, and not with our neighbors. Let us keep the Sabbath according to our conscience. Only, I would take care never to do any thing which jarred against my neighbor's feelings. I would, like Paul, 'eat no meat while the world standeth' rather than 'make my brother to offend.'"

Hilary looked in her sister's sweet, calm face, and the anger died out of her own.

"Shall I give up my academy?" she said, softly.

"No, my love. It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day, and teaching a poor ignorant girl to write is an absolute good. Make her understand that, and you need not be afraid of any harm ensuing."

"You never will make her understand," said Selina, sullenly. "She is only a servant."

"Nevertheless I'll try."

Hilary could not tell how far she succeeded in simplifying to the young servant's comprehension this great question, involving so many points—such as the following of the spirit and the letter, the law of duty and the compulsion of love, which, as she spoke, seemed opening out so widely and awfully that she herself involuntarily shrank from it, and wondered that poor finite creatures should ever presume to squabble about it at all.

But one thing the girl did understand—her young mistress's kindness. She stood watching the little delicate hand that had so patiently guided hers, and now wrote copy after copy for her future benefit. At last she said—

"You're taking a deal o' trouble wi' a poor wench, and it's very kind in a lady like you."

Miss Hilary was puzzled what answer to make. True enough, it was "kind," and she was "a lady;" and between her and Mrs. Hand's rough daughter was an unmistakable difference and distinction. That Elizabeth perceived it was proved by her growing respectfulness of manner—the more respectful, it seemed, the more she herself improved. Yet Hilary could not bear to make her feel more sharply than was unavoidable the great gulf that lies and ever must lie—not so much between mistress and servant, in their abstract relation—(and yet that is right, for the relation and authority is ordained of God)—but between the educated and the ignorant, the coarse and the refined.

"Well," she said, after a pause of consideration, "you always have it in your power to repay my 'kindness,' as you call it. The cleverer you become the more useful you will be to me; and the more good you grow the better I shall like you."

Elizabeth smiled—that wonderfully bright, sudden smile which seemed to cover over all her plainness of feature.

"Once upon a time," Hilary resumed by-and-by, "when England was very different from what it is now, English ladies used to have what they call 'bower-women,' whom they took as girls, and brought up in their service; teaching them all sorts of things—cooking, sewing, spinning, singing, and, probably, except that the ladies of that time were very ill-educated themselves, to read and write also. They used to spend part of every day among their bower-women; and as people can only enjoy the company of those with whom they have some sympathies in common, we must conclude that—"

Here Hilary stopped, recollecting she must be discoursing miles above the head of *her* little

bower-maiden, and that, perhaps, after all, her theory would be best kept to herself, and only demonstrated practically.

"So, Elizabeth, if I spend a little of my time in teaching you, you must grow up my faithful and attached bower-maiden?"

"I'll grow up any thing, Miss Hilary, if it's to please you," was the answer, given with a smothered intensity that quite startled the young mistress.

"I do believe the girl is getting fond of me," said she, half touched, half laughing, to Johanna. "If so, we shall get on. It is just as with our school-children, you know. We have to seize hold of their hearts first, and their heads afterward. Now, Elizabeth's head may be uncommonly tough, but I do believe she likes me."

Johanna smiled; but she would not for the world have said—never encouraging the smallest vanity in her child—that she did not think this circumstance so very remarkable.

CHAPTER V.

A HOUSEHOLD exclusively composed of women has its advantages and its disadvantages. It is apt to become somewhat narrow in judgment, morbid in feeling, absorbed in petty interests, and bounding its vision of outside things to the small horizon which it sees from its own fireside. But, on the other hand, by this fireside often abides a settled peace and purity, a long-suffering, generous forbearance, and an enduring affectionateness which the other sex can hardly comprehend or credit. Men will not believe, what is nevertheless the truth, that we can "stand alone" much better than they can; that we can do without them far easier, and with less deterioration of character, than they can do without us; that we are better able to provide for ourselves interests, duties, and pleasures; in short, strange as it may appear, that we have more real self-sustaining independence than they.

Of course, that the true life, the highest life, is that of man and woman united no one will be insane enough to deny; I am speaking of the substitute for it, which poor humanity has so often to fall back upon and make the best of—a better best very frequently than what appears best in the eyes of the world. In truth, many a troubled, care-ridden, wealthy family, torn with dissensions, or frozen up in splendid formalities, might have envied that quiet, humble, maiden household of the Misses' Leaf, where their only trial was poverty, and their only grief the one which they knew the worst of, and had met patiently for many a year—poor Selina's "way."

I doubt not it was good for Elizabeth Hand that her first place—the home in which she received her first impressions—was this feminine establishment, simple and regular, in which was neither waste nor disorder allowed. Good, too, that while her mistresses' narrow means restrict-

ed her in many things enjoyed by servants in richer families, their interests, equally narrow, caused to be concentrated upon herself a double measure of thought and care. She became absolutely "one of the family," sharing in all its concerns. From its small and few carnal luxuries—such as the cake, fruit, or pot of preserve, votive offerings from pupils' parents—up to the newspaper and the borrowed book, nothing was either literally or metaphorically "locked up" from Elizabeth.

This grand question of locking-up had been discussed in full conclave the day after her month of probation ended, the sisters taking opposite sides, as might have been expected. Selina was for the immediate introduction of a locksmith and a key-basket.

"While she was only on trial, it did not so much signify; besides, if it did, we had only buttons on the press-doors; but now she is our regular servant we ought to institute a regular system of authority. How can she respect a family that never locks up any thing?"

"How can we respect a servant from whom we lock up every thing?"

"Respect a servant! What do you mean, Hilary?"

"I mean that if I did not respect a servant I would be very sorry to keep her one day in any house of mine."

"Wait till you've a house of your own to keep, Miss," said Selina, crossly. "I never heard such nonsense. Is that the way you mean to behave to Elizabeth? leave every thing open to her—clothes, books, money; trust her with all your secrets; treat her as your most particular friend?"

"A girl of fifteen would be rather an inconvenient particular friend! And I have happily few secrets to trust her with. But if I could not trust her with our coffee, tea, sugar, and so on, and bring her up from the very first in the habit of being trusted, I would recommend her being sent away to-morrow."

"Very fine talking; and what do you say, Johanna?—if that is not an unnecessary question after Hilary has given her opinion."

"I think," replied the elder sister, taking no notice of the long-familiar innuendo, "that in this case Hilary is right. How people ought to manage in great houses I can not say; but in our small house it will be easier and better not to alter our simple ways. Trusting the girl—if she is a good girl—will only make her the more trust-worthy; if she is bad, we shall the sooner find it out and let her go."

But Elizabeth did not go. A year passed; two years; her wages were raised, and with them her domestic position. From a "girl" she was converted into a regular servant; her pinafores gave place to grown-up gowns and aprons; and her rough head, at Miss Selina's incessant instance, was concealed by a cap—caps being considered by that lady as the proper and indispensable badge of servanthood.

To say that during her transition state, or

even now that she had reached the cap era, Elizabeth gave her mistresses no trouble, would be stating a self-evident improbability. What young lass under seventeen, of any rank, does not cause plenty of trouble to her natural guardians? Who can "put an old head on young shoulders?" or expect from girls at the most unformed and unsatisfactory period of life that complete moral and mental discipline, that unflinching self-control, that perfection of temper, and every thing else—which, of course, all mistresses always have?

I am obliged to confess that Elizabeth had a few—nay, not a few—most obstinate faults; that no child tries its parents, no pupil its school-teachers, more than she tried her three mistresses at intervals. She was often thoughtless and careless, brusque in her manner, slovenly in her dress; sometimes she was downright "bad," filled full—as some of her elders and betters are, at all ages—with absolute naughtiness; when she would sulk for hours and days together, and make the whole family uncomfortable, as many a servant can make many a family small as that of the Misses Leaf.

But still they never lost what Hilary termed their "respect" for Elizabeth; they never found her out in a lie, a meanness, or an act of deception or dishonesty. They took her faults as we must take the surface-faults of all connected with us—patiently rather than resentfully, seeking to correct rather than to punish. And though there were difficult elements in the household, such as there being three mistresses to be obeyed, the youngest mistress a thought too lax and the second one undoubtedly too severe, still no girl could live with these high-principled, much-enduring women without being impressed with two things which the serving class are slowest to understand—the dignity of poverty, and the beauty of that which is the only effectual law to bring out good and restrain evil—the law of loving-kindness.

Two fracas, however, must be chronicled, for after both the girl's dismissal hung on a thread. The first was when Mrs. Cliffe, mother of Tommy Cliffe, who was nearly killed in the field, being discovered to be an ill sort of woman, and in the habit of borrowing from Elizabeth stray shillings, which were never returned, was forbidden the house, Elizabeth resented it so fiercely that she sulked for a whole week afterward.

The other and still more dangerous crisis in Elizabeth's destiny was when a volume of Scott's novels, having been missing for some days, was found hidden in her bed, and she lying awake reading it, was thus ignominiously discovered at eleven P.M. by Miss Selina, in consequence of the gleam of candle-light from under her door.

It was true neither of these errors were actual moral crimes. Hilary even roused a volley of sharp words upon herself by declaring they had their source in actual virtues; that a girl who would stint herself of shillings, and hold resolutely to any liking she had, even if unworthy, had a creditable amount of both self-denial and

fidelity in her disposition. Also that a tired-out maid-of-all-work, who was kept awake of nights by her ardent appreciation of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," must possess a degree of both intellectual and moral capacity which deserved cultivation rather than blame. And though this surreptitious pursuit of literature under difficulties could not of course be allowed, I grieve to say that Miss Hilary took every opportunity of not only giving the young servant books to read, but of talking to her about them. And also that a large proportion of these books were—to Miss Selina's unmitigated horror—absolutely fiction! stories, novels, even poetry—books that Hilary liked herself—books that had built up in her her own passionate dream of life; wherein all the women were faithful, tender, heroic, self-devoted; and all the men were—something not unlike Robert Lyon.

Did she do harm? Was it, as Selina and even Johanna said sometimes, "dangerous" thus to put before Elizabeth a standard of ideal perfection, a Quixotic notion of life—life in its full purpose, power, and beauty—such as otherwise never could have crossed the mind of this poor working girl, born of parents who, though respectable and worthy, were in no respect higher than the common working-class? I will not argue the point: I am not making Elizabeth a text for a sermon; I am simply writing her story.

One thing was certain, that by degrees the young woman's faults lessened; even that worst of them, the unmistakable bad temper, not aggressive, but obstinately sullen, which made her and Miss Selina sometimes not on speaking terms for a week together. But she simply "sulked;" she never grumbled or was pert; and she did her work just as usual—with a kind of dogged struggle not only against the superior powers but against something within herself much harder to fight with.

"She makes me feel more sorry for her than angry with her," Miss Leaf would sometimes say, coming out of the kitchen with that grieved face, which was the chief sign of displeasure her sweet nature ever betrayed. "She will have uphill work through life, like us all, and more than many of us, poor child!"

But gradually Elizabeth, too, copying involuntarily the rest of the family, learned to put up with Miss Selina; who, on her part, kept a sort of armed neutrality. And once, when a short but sharp illness of Johanna's shook the household from its even tenor, startled every body out of their little tempers, and made them cling together and work together in a sort of fear-stricken union against one common grief, Selina allowed that they might have gone farther and fared worse on the day they engaged Elizabeth.

After this illness of his aunt Ascott came home. It was his first visit since he had gone to London; Mr. Ascott, he said, objected to holidays. But now, from some unexplained feeling, Johanna in her convalescence longed after the boy—no longer a boy, however, but nearly

twenty, and looking fully his age. How proud his aunts were to march him up the town, and hear every body's congratulations on his good looks and polished manners! It was the old story—old as the hills! I do not pretend to invent any thing new. Women, especially maiden aunts, will repeat the tale till the end of time, so long as they have youths belonging to them on whom to expend their natural tendency to clinging fondness, and ignorant, innocent hero-worship. The Misses Leaf—ay, even Selina, whose irritation against the provoking boy was quite mollified by the elegant young man—were no wiser than their neighbors.

But there was one person in the household who still obstinately refused to bow the knee to Ascott. Whether it was, as psychologists might explain, some instinctive polarity in their natures; or whether, having once conceived a prejudice, Elizabeth held on to it like grim death; still there was the same unspoken antagonism between them. The young fellow took little notice of her, except to observe "that she hadn't grown any handsomer;" but Elizabeth watched him with a keen severity that overlooked nothing, and resisted, with a passive pertinacity that was quite irresistible, all his encroachments on the family habits, all the little self-pleasing ways which Ascott had been so used to of old, that neither he nor his aunts apparently recognized them as selfish.

"I canna bear to see him" ("can not," suggested her mistress, who not seeing any reason why Elizabeth should not speak the Queen's English as well as herself, had instituted *h*'s, and stopped a few more glaring provincialisms). "I can not bear to see him, Miss Hilary, lolling on the arm-chair, when Missis looks so tired and pale, and sitting up o' nights, burning double fires, and going up stairs at last with his boots on, waking every body. I dunnot like it, I say."

"You forget; Mr. Ascott has his studies. He must work for his next examination."

"Why doesn't he get up of a morning, then, instead of lying in bed, and keeping the breakfast about till ten? Why can't he do his learning by daylight? Daylight's cheaper than mould candles, and a deal better for the eyes."

Hilary was puzzled. A truth was a truth, and to try and make it out otherwise, even for the dignity of the family, was something from which her honest nature revolted. Besides, the sharp-sighted servant would be the first to detect the inconsistency of one law of right for the parlor and another for the kitchen. So she took refuge in silence and in the apple-pudding she was making.

But she resolved to seize the first opportunity of giving Ascott, by way of novelty, the severest lecture that tongue of aunt could bestow. And this chance occurred the same afternoon, when the other two aunts had gone out to tea, to a house which Ascott voted "slow," and declined going to. She remained to make tea for him, and in the mean time took him for a constitutional up and down the public walks hard by.

Ascott listened at first very good-humoredly; once or twice calling her "a dear little prig," in his patronizing way—he was rather fond of patronizing his Aunt Hilary. But when she seriously spoke of his duties, as no longer a boy but a man, who ought now to assume the true, manly right of thinking for and taking care of other people, especially his aunts, Ascott began to flush up angrily.

"Now, stop that, Aunt Hilary; I'll not have you coming Mr. Lyon over me."

"What do you mean?"

For of late Ascott had said very little about Mr. Lyon—not half so much as Mr. Lyon, in his steadily persistent letters to Miss Leaf, told her about her nephew Ascott.

"I mean that I'll not be preached to like that by a woman. It's bad enough to have to stand it from a man; but then Lyon's a real sharp fellow, who knows the world, which women don't, Aunt Hilary. Besides, he coaches me in my Latin and Greek; so I let him pitch into me now and then. But I won't let *you*; so just stop it, will you."

Something new in Ascott's tone—speaking more of the resentful fierceness of the man than the pettishness of the boy—frightened his little aunt, and silenced her. By-and-by she took comfort from the reflection that, as the lad had in his anger betrayed, he had beside him in London a monitor whose preaching would be so much wiser and more effectual than her own that she determined to say no more.

The rare hearing of Mr. Lyon's name—for, time and absence having produced their natural effect, except when his letters came, he was seldom talked about now—set Hilary thinking.

"Do you go to see him often?" she said at last.

"Who?—Mr. Lyon?" And Ascott, delighted to escape into a fresh subject, became quite cheerful and communicative. "Oh, bless you! he wouldn't care for my going to him. He lives in a two-pair back, only one room, 'which serves him for kitchen and parlor and all;' dines at a cook-shop for nine-pence a day, and makes his own porridge night and morning. He told me so once, for he isn't a bit ashamed of it. But he must be precious hard-up sometimes. However, as he contrives to keep a decent coat on his back, and pay his classes at the University, and carry off the very best honors going there, nobody asks any questions. That's the good of London, Aunt Hilary, said the young fellow, drawing himself up with great wisdom. "Only look like a gentleman, behave yourself as such, and nobody asks any questions."

"Yes," acquiesced vaguely Aunt Hilary. And then her mind wandered yearningly to the solitary student in the two-pair back. He might labor and suffer; he might be ill; he might die, equally solitary, and "nobody would ask any questions." This phase of London life let a new light in upon her mind. The letters to Johanna had been chiefly filled with whatever he thought would interest them. With his char-

acteristic Scotch reserve he had said very little about himself, except in the last, wherein he mentioned that he had "done pretty well" at college this term, and meant to "go in for more work" immediately.

What this work entailed—how much more toil, how much more poverty—Hilary knew not. Perhaps even his successes, which Ascott went on to talk of, had less place in her thoughts than the picture of the face she knew, sharpened with illness, wasted with hard work and solitary care.

"And I can not help him—I can not help him!" was her bitter cry; until, passing from the dream-land of fancy, the womanly nature asserted itself. She thought if it had been, or if it were to be, her blessed lot to be chosen by Robert Lyon, how she would take care of him! what an utter slave she would be to him! How no penny would frighten her, no household cares oppress or humble her, if done for him and for his comfort. To her brave heart no battle of life seemed too long or too sore, if only it were fought for him and at his side. And as the early-falling leaves were blown in gusts across her path, and the misty autumn night began to close in, nature herself seemed to plead in unison with the craving of her heart, which sighed that youth and summer last not always; and that, "be it ever so humble," as the song says, there is no place so bright and beautiful as the fireside of a loveful home.

While the aunt and nephew were strolling thus, thinking of very different things, their own fire, newly lit—Ascott liked a fire—was blazing away in solitary glory, for the benefit of all passers-by. At length one—a gentleman—stopped at the gate, and looked in, then took a turn to the end of the terrace, and stood gazing in once more. The solitude of the room apparently troubled him; twice his hand was on the latch before he opened it and knocked at the front-door.

Elizabeth appeared, which seemed to surprise him.

"Is Miss Leaf at home?"

"No, Sir."

"Is she well? Are all the family well?" and he stepped right into the passage, with the freedom of a familiar foot.

("I should ha' slammed the door in his face," was Elizabeth's comment afterward; "only, you see, Miss Hilary, he looked a real gentleman.")

The stranger and she mutually examined one another.

"I think I have heard of you," said he, smiling. "You are Miss Leaf's servant—Elizabeth Hand."

"Yes, Sir," still grimly, and with a determined grasp of the door-handle.

"If your mistresses are likely to be home soon, will you allow me to wait for them? I am an old friend of theirs. My name is Lyon."

Now Elizabeth was far too much one of the family not to have heard of such a person. And his knowing her was a tolerable proof of his identity; besides, unconsciously, the girl was

influenced by that look and mien of true gentlemanhood, as courteous to the poor maid-of-all-work as he would have been to any duchess born; and by that bright, sudden smile, which came like sunshine over his face, and like sunshine warmed and opened the heart of every one that met it.

It opened that of Elizabeth. She relaxed her Cerberus keeping of the door, and even went so far as to inform him that Miss Leaf and Miss Selina were out to tea, but Miss Hilary and Mr. Ascott would be at home shortly. He was welcome to wait in the parlor if he liked.

Afterward, seized with mingled curiosity and misgiving, she made various errands to go in and look at him; but she had not courage to address him, and he never spoke to her. He sat by the window, gazing out into the gloaming. Except just turning his head at her entrance, she did not think he had once stirred the whole time.

Elizabeth went back to her kitchen, and stood listening for her young mistress's familiar knock. Mr. Lyon seemed to have listened too, for before she could reach it the door was already opened.

There was a warm greeting—to her great relief; for she knew she had broken the domestic laws in admitting a stranger unawares—and then Elizabeth heard them all three go into the parlor, where they remained talking, without ringing for either tea or candles, a full quarter of an hour.

Miss Hilary at last came out, but much to Elizabeth's surprise went straight up into her bedroom without entering the kitchen at all.

It was some minutes more before she descended; and then, after giving her orders for tea, and seeing that all was arranged with special neatness, she stood absently by the kitchen-fire. Elizabeth noticed how wonderfully bright her eyes were, and what a soft happy smile she had. She noticed it, because she had never seen Miss Hilary look exactly like that before; and she never did again.

"Don't you be troubling yourself with waiting about here," she said; and her mistress seemed to start at being spoken to. "I'll get the tea all right, Miss Hilary. Please go back into the parlor."

Hilary went in.

BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.

THE fields with fall'n snow were white,
The cold moon cut the winter sky,
As handsome cousin Madge and I
Looked from the window on the night.

Between us and the shadowy room
The curtain hung a mist of lace;
The moon's light on her clear, calm face
Shone like a lily when in bloom.

In earnest tones I told my love,
The words I spoke were mixed with sighs;
Her gaze was fixed upon the skies,
Her lips were mute—they did not move.

"Speak, Madge," I said; I drew aside
The curtain, and about her face
I held the folds of snowy lace;
"Behold," I said, "a blooming bride!"

She laughed, and like an answer rang
The merry sound of bells, that near
And nearer came; and voices clear,
That broke in laughter as they sang.

And bounding o'er the crusted snow,
Before the gate, with shout and noise,
They stopped, and romping girls and boys
Came in with faces all aglow.

And seated round the blazing hearth,
In song and jest the time was spent;
The sparkling eider circling went,
The dumb walls echoed to our mirth.

When Madge across my eyelids drew
A crimson scarf she often wore,
And led me out upon the floor,
The ringing laughter louder grew—

And shook the windows with our tread,
As round and round the spacious room,
From secret corners hid in gloom,
Where'er I went the players fled.

Till, groping, led by sounds, at last
I reached a doubtful hand, and grasped
An arm, and then a waist I clasped;
"'Tis Madge!" I cried, and held her fast.

Mid clapping hands and shout and call,
"Speak, Madge!" I said, "you shall not go."
In tender accents, soft and low,
Her answer came—three words in all—

That lifted from my inner sight
The cloud that veiled my mental eyes;
And shining under pleasant skies
I saw the future fair and bright.

THE CONTEST IN AMERICA.

[The following article, copied from *Fraser's Magazine*, is by JOHN STUART MILL. He has fallen into two or three trifling errors of fact. Thus: Congress has passed no law abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, or making an appropriation for indemnifying the slave-owners; and the suggestion for reconstructing the boundaries of Virginia, Delaware, and Maryland is found, as will be seen by our Monthly Record for January, not in the President's Message, but in the Report of the Secretary of War. The recommendation that the white population alone should constitute the basis of representation refers solely to Maryland, and does not imply the abrogation of the Constitutional provision by which five slaves are counted as three persons as a basis of representation. These slight errors do not lessen the value of the article as embodying the views of our contest held by the ablest political thinker of Great Britain.—ED. HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

THE cloud which for the space of a month hung gloomily over the civilized world, black with far worse evils than those of simple war, has passed from over our heads without bursting. The fear has not been realized that the only two first-rate Powers who are also free nations would take to tearing each other in pieces, both the one and the other in a bad and odious cause. For while, on the American side, the war would have been one of reckless persistency in wrong, on ours it would have been a war in alliance with, and, to practical purposes, in defense and propagation of, slavery. We had, indeed, been wronged. We had suffered an indignity, and something more than an indignity, which, not to have resented, would have been to invite a constant succession of insults and injuries from the same and from every other quarter. We could have acted no otherwise than we have done: yet it is impossible to think, without something like a shudder, from what we have escaped. We, the emancipators of the slave—who have wearied every Court and Government in Europe and America with our protests and remonstrances, until we goaded them into at least ostensibly co-operating with us to prevent the enslaving of the negro—we, who for the last half century have spent annual sums equal to the revenue of a small kingdom in blockading the African coast, for a cause in which we not only had no interest, but which was contrary to our pecuniary interest, and which many believed would ruin, as many among us still, though erroneously, believe that it has ruined, our colonies—we should have lent a hand to setting up, in one of the most commanding positions of the world, a powerful republic, devoted not only to slavery, but to pro-slavery propagandism—should have helped to give a place in the community of nations to a conspiracy of slave-owners, who have broken their connection with the American Federation on the sole ground, ostentatiously proclaimed, that they thought an attempt would be made to restrain, not slavery itself, but their purpose of spreading slavery wherever migration or force could carry it.

A nation which has made the professions that England has, does not with impunity, under however great provocation, betake itself to frustrating the objects for which it has been calling

on the rest of the world to make sacrifices of what they think their interest. At present all the nations of Europe have sympathized with us; have acknowledged that we were injured, and declared, with rare unanimity, that we had no choice but to resist, if necessary by arms. But the consequences of such a war would soon have buried its causes in oblivion. When the new Confederate States, made an independent Power by English help, had begun their crusade to carry negro slavery from the Potomac to Cape Horn, who would then have remembered that England raised up this scourge to humanity not for the evil's sake, but because somebody had offered an insult to her flag? Or even if forgotten, who would then have felt that such a grievance was a sufficient palliation of the crime? Every reader of a newspaper to the furthest ends of the earth would have believed and remembered one thing only—that at the critical juncture which was to decide whether slavery should blaze up afresh with increased vigor or be trodden out—at the moment of conflict between the good and the evil spirit—at the dawn of a hope that the demon might now at last be chained and flung into the pit, England stepped in, and, for the sake of cotton, made Satan victorious.

The world has been saved from this calamity, and England from this disgrace. The accusation would indeed have been a calumny. But to be able to defy calumny, a nation, like an individual, must stand very clear of just reproach in its previous conduct. Unfortunately, we ourselves have given too much plausibility to the charge. Not by any thing said or done by us as a Government or as a nation, but by the tone of our press, and in some degree, it must be owned, the general opinion of English society. It is too true that the feelings which have been manifested since the beginning of the American contest—the judgments which have been put forth, and the wishes which have been expressed concerning the incidents and probable eventualities of the struggle—the bitter and irritating criticism which has been kept up, not even against both parties equally, but almost solely against the party in the right, and the ungenerous refusal of all those just allowances which no country needs more than our own, whenever its circumstances are as near to those of America as a cut finger is to an almost mortal wound—these facts, with minds not favorably disposed to us, would have gone far to make the most odious interpretation of the war in which we have been so nearly engaged with the United States appear by many degrees the most probable. There is no denying that our attitude toward the contending parties (I mean our moral attitude, for politically there was no other course open to us than neutrality) has not been that which becomes a people who are as sincere enemies of slavery as the English really are, and have made as great sacrifices to put an end to it where they could. And it has been an additional misfortune that some

of our most powerful journals have been for many years past very unfavorable exponents of English feeling on all subjects connected with slavery: some, probably, from the influences, more or less direct, of West Indian opinions and interests: others from inbred Toryism, which, even when compelled by reason to hold opinions favorable to liberty, is always adverse to it in feeling; which likes the spectacle of irresponsible power exercised by one person over others; which has no moral repugnance to the thought of human beings born to the penal servitude for life, to which for the term of a few years we sentence our most hardened criminals, but keeps its indignation to be expended on "rabid and fanatical abolitionists" across the Atlantic, and on those writers in England who attach a sufficiently serious meaning to their Christian professions to consider a fight against slavery as a fight for God.

Now, when the mind of England, and it may almost be said, of the civilized part of mankind, has been relieved from the incubus which had weighed on it ever since the *Trent* outrage, and when we are no longer feeling toward the Northern Americans as men feel toward those with whom they may be on the point of struggling for life or death; now, if ever, is the time to review our position, and consider whether we have been feeling what ought to have been felt, and wishing what ought to have been wished, regarding the contest in which the Northern States are engaged with the South.

In considering this matter, we ought to dismiss from our minds as far as possible those feelings against the North, which have been engendered not merely by the *Trent* aggression, but by the previous anti-British effusions of newspaper writers and stump orators. It is hardly worth while to ask how far these explosions of ill-humor are any thing more than might have been anticipated from ill-disciplined minds, disappointed of the sympathy which they justly thought they had a right to expect from the great anti-slavery people, in their really noble enterprise. It is almost superfluous to remark that a democratic Government always shows worst where other Governments generally show best, on its outside; that unreasonable people are much more noisy than the reasonable; that the froth and scum are the part of a violently fermenting liquid that meets the eyes, but are not its body and substance. Without insisting on these things, I contend that all previous cause of offense should be considered as canceled by the reparation which the American Government has so amply made; not so much the reparation itself, which might have been so made as to leave still greater cause of permanent resentment behind it, but the manner and spirit in which they have made it. These have been such as most of us, I venture to say, did not by any means expect. If reparation were made at all, of which few of us felt more than a hope, we thought that it would have been made obviously as a concession to prudence, not to principle.

We thought that there would have been truckling to the newspaper editors and supposed fire-eaters who were crying out for retaining the prisoners at all hazards. We expected that the atonement, if atonement there were, would have been made with reservations, perhaps under protest. We expected that the correspondence would have been spun out, and a trial made to induce England to be satisfied with less; or that there would have been a proposal of arbitration; or that England would have been asked to make concessions in return for justice; or that if submission was made, it would have been made, ostensibly, to the opinion and wishes of Continental Europe. We expected any thing, in short, which would have been weak, and timid, and paltry. The only thing which no one seemed to expect is what has actually happened. Mr. Lincoln's Government have done none of these things. Like honest men, they have said, in direct terms, that our demand was right; that they yielded to it because it was just; that if they themselves had received the same treatment they would have demanded the same reparation; and that if what seemed to be the American side of a question was not the just side, they would be on the side of justice; happy as they were to find, after their resolution had been taken, that it was also the side which America had formerly defended. Is there any one, capable of a moral judgment or feeling, who will say that his opinion of America and American statesmen is not raised by such an act, done on such grounds? The act itself may have been imposed by the necessity of the circumstances; but the reasons given, the principles of action professed, were their own choice. Putting the worst hypothesis possible, which it would be the height of injustice to entertain seriously, that the concession was really made solely to convenience, and that the profession of regard for justice was hypocrisy—even so, the ground taken, even if insincerely, is the most hopeful sign of the moral state of the American mind which has appeared for many years. That a sense of justice should be the motive which the rulers of a country rely on to reconcile the public to an unpopular, and what might seem a humiliating act; that the journalists, the orators, many lawyers, the Lower House of Congress, and Mr. Lincoln's own naval secretary, should be told in the face of the world, by their own Government, that they have been giving public thanks, presents of swords, freedom of cities, all manner of heroic honors to the author of an act which, though not so intended, was lawless and wrong, and for which the proper remedy is confession and atonement; that this should be the accepted policy (supposing it to be nothing higher) of a Democratic Republic, shows even unlimited democracy to be a better thing than many Englishmen have lately been in the habit of considering it, and goes some way toward proving that the aberrations even of a ruling multitude are only fatal when the better instructed have not the virtue or the courage to front them.

boldly. Nor ought it to be forgotten, to the honor of Mr. Lincoln's Government, that in doing what was in itself right they have done also what was best fitted to allay the animosity which was daily becoming more bitter between the two nations so long as the question remained open. They have put the brand of confessed injustice upon that rankling and vindictive resentment, with which the profligate and passionate part of the American press has been threatening us in the event of concession, and which is to be manifested by some dire revenge, to be taken, as they pretend, after the nation is extricated from its present difficulties. Mr. Lincoln has done what depended on him to make this spirit expire with the occasion which raised it up; and we shall have ourselves chiefly to blame if we keep it alive by the further prolongation of that stream of vituperative eloquence, the source of which, even now, when the cause of quarrel has been amicably made up, does not seem to have run dry.*

Let us, then, without reference to these jars, or to the declamations of newspaper writers on either side of the Atlantic, examine the American question as it stood from the beginning; its origin, the purpose of both the combatants, and its various possible or probable issues.

There is a theory in England, believed perhaps by some, half believed by many more, which is only consistent with original ignorance, or complete subsequent forgetfulness, of all the antecedents of the contest. There are people who tell us that, on the side of the North, the question is not one of Slavery at all. The North, it seems, have no more objection to Slavery than the South have. Their leaders never say one word implying disapprobation of it. They are ready, on the contrary, to give it new guarantees; to renounce all that they have been contending for; to win back, if opportunity offers, the South to the Union by surrendering the whole point.

If this be the true state of the case, what are the Southern chiefs fighting about? Their apologists in England say that it is about tariffs, and similar trumpery. They say nothing of the kind. They tell the world, and they told their own citizens when they wanted their votes, that the object of the fight was slavery. Many years ago, when General Jackson was President, South Carolina did nearly rebel (she never was near

separating) about a tariff; but no other State abetted her, and a strong adverse demonstration from Virginia brought the matter to a close. Yet the tariff of that day was rigidly protective. Compared with that, the one in force at the time of the secession was a free-trade tariff. This latter was the result of several successive modifications in the direction of freedom; and its principle was not protection for protection, but as much of it only as might incidentally result from duties imposed for revenue. Even the Morrill Tariff (which never could have been passed but for the Southern secession) is stated by the high authority of Mr. H. C. Carey to be considerably more liberal than the reformed French Tariff under Mr. Cobden's Treaty; inasmuch that he, a Protectionist, would be glad to exchange his own protective tariff for Louis Napoleon's free-trade one. But why discuss on probable evidence notorious facts? The world knows what the question between the North and South has been for many years, and still is. Slavery alone was thought of, alone talked of. Slavery was battled for and against on the floor of Congress and in the plains of Kansas; on the Slavery question exclusively was the party constituted which now rules the United States; on slavery Frémont was rejected, on slavery Lincoln was elected; the South separated on slavery, and proclaimed slavery as the one cause of separation.

It is true enough that the North are not earrying on war to abolish slavery in the States where it legally exists. Could it have been expected, or even perhaps desired, that they should? A great party does not change suddenly, and at once, all its principles and professions. The Republican party have taken their stand on law, and the existing Constitution of the Union. They have disclaimed all right to attempt any thing which that Constitution forbids. It does forbid interference by the Federal Congress with slavery in the Slave States, but it does not forbid their abolishing it in the District of Columbia; and this they are now doing, having voted, I perceive, in their present pecuniary straits, a million of dollars to indemnify the slave-owners of the District. Neither did the Constitution, in their own opinion, require them to permit the introduction of slavery into the Territories, which were not yet States. To prevent this the Republican party was formed, and to prevent it they are now fighting, as the slave-owners are fighting to enforce it.

The present Government of the United States is not an abolitionist government. Abolitionists, in America, mean those who do not keep within the Constitution; who demand the destruction (as far as slavery is concerned) of as much of it as protects the internal legislation of each State from the control of Congress; who aim at abolishing slavery wherever it exists, by force if need be, but certainly by some other power than the constituted authorities of the Slave States. The Republican party neither aim nor profess to aim at this object. And

* I do not forget one regrettable passage in Mr. Seward's letter, in which he said that "if the safety of the Union required the detention of the captured persons, it would be the right and duty of this Government to detain them." I sincerely grieve to find this sentence in the dispatch, for the exceptions to the general rules of morality are not a subject to be lightly or unnecessarily tampered with. The doctrine in itself is no other than that professed and acted on by all governments—that self-preservation, in a State, as in an individual, is a warrant for many things which at all other times ought to be rigidly abstained from. At all events, no nation which has ever passed "laws of exception," which ever suspended the Habeas Corpus Act, or passed an Alien Bill in dread of a Chartist insurrection, has a right to throw the first stone at Mr. Lincoln's Government.

when we consider the flood of wrath which would have been poured out against them if they did, by the very writers who now taunt them with not doing it, we shall be apt to think the taunt a little misplaced. But though not an Abolitionist party, they are a Free-soil party. If they have not taken arms against slavery, they have against its extension. And they know, as we may know if we please, that this amounts to the same thing. The day when slavery can no longer extend itself is the day of its doom. The slave-owners know this, and it is the cause of their fury. They know, as all know who have attended to the subject, that confinement within existing limits is its death-warrant. Slavery, under the conditions in which it exists in the States, exhausts even the beneficent powers of nature. So incompatible is it with any kind whatever of skilled labor that it causes the whole productive resources of the country to be concentrated on one or two products, cotton being the chief, which require, to raise and prepare them for the market, little besides brute animal force. The cotton cultivation, in the opinion of all competent judges, alone saves North American slavery; but cotton cultivation, exclusively adhered to, exhausts in a moderate number of years all the soils which are fit for it, and can only be kept up by traveling farther and farther westward. Mr. Olmsted has given a vivid description of the desolate state of parts of Georgia and the Carolinas, once among the richest specimens of soil and cultivation in the world; and even the more recently colonized Alabama, as he shows, is rapidly following in the same downhill track. To slavery, therefore, it is a matter of life and death to find fresh fields for the employment of slave-labor. Confine it to the present States, and the owners of slave property will either be speedily ruined, or will have to find means of reforming and renovating their agricultural system, which can not be done without treating the slaves like human beings, nor without so large an employment of skilled, that is, of free labor, as will widely displace the unskilled, and so depreciate the pecuniary value of the slave, that the immediate mitigation and ultimate extinction of slavery would be a nearly inevitable and probably rapid consequence.

The Republican leaders do not talk to the public of these almost certain results of success in the present conflict. They talk but little, in the existing emergency, even of the original cause of quarrel. The most ordinary policy teaches them to inscribe on their banner that part only of their known principles in which their supporters are unanimous. The preservation of the Union is an object about which the North are agreed; and it has many adherents, as they believe, in the South generally. That nearly half the population of the Border Slave States are in favor of it is a patent fact, since they are now fighting in its defense. It is not probable that they would be willing to fight directly against slavery. The Republicans well

know that if they can re-establish the Union they gain every thing for which they originally contended; and it would be a plain breach of faith with the Southern friends of the Government if, after rallying them round its standard for a purpose of which they approve, it were suddenly to alter its terms of communion without their consent.

But the parties in a protracted civil war almost invariably end by taking more extreme, not to say higher grounds of principle than they began with. Middle parties and friends of compromise are soon left behind; and if the writers who so severely criticise the present moderation of the Free-soilers are desirous to see the war become an abolition war, it is probable that if the war lasts long enough they will be gratified. Without the smallest pretension to see further into futurity than other people, I at least have foreseen and foretold from the first that if the South were not promptly put down the contest would become distinctly an anti-slavery one; nor do I believe that any person accustomed to reflect on the course of human affairs in troubled times can expect any thing else. Those who have read, even cursorily, the most valuable testimony to which the English public have access concerning the real state of affairs in America—the letters of the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Russell—must have observed how early and rapidly he arrived at the same conclusion, and with what increasing emphasis he now continually reiterates it. In one of his recent letters he names the end of next summer as the period by which, if the war has not sooner terminated, it will have assumed a complete anti-slavery character. So early a term exceeds, I confess, my most sanguine hopes; but if Mr. Russell be right, Heaven forbid that the war should cease sooner; for if it lasts till then it is quite possible that it will regenerate the American people.

If, however, the purposes of the North may be doubted or misunderstood, there is at least no question as to those of the South. They make no concealment of *their* principles. As long as they were allowed to direct all the policy of the Union; to break through compromise after compromise, encroach step after step, until they reached the pitch of claiming a right to carry slave property into the Free States, and, in opposition to the laws of those States, hold it as property there, so long they were willing to remain in the Union. The moment a President was elected of whom it was inferred from his opinions, not that he would take any measures against slavery where it exists, but that he would oppose its establishment where it exists not—that moment they broke loose from what was, at least, a very solemn contract, and formed themselves into a Confederation professing as its fundamental principle not merely the perpetuation but the indefinite extension of slavery. And the doctrine is loudly preached through the new Republic that slavery, whether black or white, is a good in itself, and the proper condition of the working-classes every where.

Let me, in a few words, remind the reader what sort of a thing this is which the white oligarchy of the South have banded themselves together to propagate, and establish, if they could, universally. When it is wished to describe any portion of the human race as in the lowest state of debasement, and under the most cruel oppression in which it is possible for human beings to live, they are compared to slaves. When words are sought by which to stigmatize the most odious despotism, exercised in the most odious manner, and all other comparisons are found inadequate, the despots are said to be like slave-masters or slave-drivers. What by a rhetorical license the worst oppressors of the human race, by way of stamping on them the most hateful character possible, are said to be, these men in very truth are. I do not mean that all of them are hateful personally, any more than all the inquisitors or all the buccaneers. But the position which they occupy, and the abstract excellence of which they are in arms to vindicate, is that which the united voice of mankind habitually selects as the type of all hateful qualities. I will not bandy chicanery about the more or less of stripes or other torments which are daily requisite to keep the machine in working order, nor discuss whether the Legrees or the St. Clairs are more numerous among the slave-owners of the Southern States. The broad facts of the case suffice. One fact is enough. There are, Heaven knows, vicious and tyrannical institutions in ample abundance on the earth. But this institution is the only one of them all which requires to keep it going that human beings should be burned alive. The calm and dispassionate Mr. Olmsted affirms that there has not been a single year for many years past in which this horror is not known to have been perpetrated in some part or other of the South. And not upon negroes only; the *Edinburgh Review*, in a recent number, gave the hideous details of the burning alive of an unfortunate Northern huckster by Lynch law, on the mere suspicion of having aided in the escape of a slave. What must American slavery be if deeds like these are necessary under it?—and if they are not necessary and are yet done, is not the evidence against slavery still more damning? The South are in rebellion not for simple slavery; they are in rebellion for the right of burning human creatures alive.

But we are told, by a strange misapplication of a true principle, that the South had a *right* to separate; that their separation ought to have been consented to the moment they showed themselves ready to fight for it; and that the North, in resisting it, are committing the same error and wrong which England committed in opposing the original separation of the thirteen colonies. This is carrying the doctrine of the sacred right of insurrection rather far. It is wonderful how easy and liberal and complying people can be in other people's concerns. Because they are willing to surrender their own past, and have no objection to join in reprobation

of their great-grandfathers, they never put themselves the question what they themselves would do in circumstances far less trying, under far less pressure of real national calamity. Would those who profess these ardent revolutionary principles consent to their being applied to Ireland, or India, or the Ionian Islands? How have they treated those who did attempt so to apply them? But the case can dispense with any mere *argumentum ad hominem*. I am not frightened at the word rebellion. I do not scruple to say that I have sympathized more or less ardently with most of the rebellions, successful and unsuccessful, which have taken place in my time. But I certainly never conceived that there was a sufficient title to my sympathy in the mere fact of being a rebel; that the act of taking arms against one's fellow-citizens was so meritorious in itself, was so completely its own justification, that no question need be asked concerning the motive. It seems to me a strange doctrine that the most serious and responsible of all human acts imposes no obligation on those who do it of showing that they have a real grievance; that those who rebel for the power of oppressing others exercise as sacred a right as those who do the same thing to resist oppression practiced upon themselves. Neither rebellion, nor any other act which affects the interests of others, is sufficiently legitimated by the mere will to do it. Secession may be laudable, and so may any other kind of insurrection; but it may also be an enormous crime. It is the one or the other, according to the object and the provocation. And if there ever was an object which, by its bare announcement, stamped rebels against a particular community as enemies of mankind, it is the one professed by the South. Their right to separate is the right which Cartouche or Turpin would have had to secede from their respective countries, because the laws of those countries would not suffer them to rob and murder on the highway. The only real difference is that the present rebels are more powerful than Cartouche or Turpin, and may possibly be able to effect their iniquitous purpose.

Suppose, however, for the sake of argument, that the mere will to separate were in this case, or in any case, a sufficient ground for separation, I beg to be informed *whose* will? The will of any knot of men who, by fair means or foul, by usurpation, terrorism, or fraud, have got the reins of government into their hands? If the inmates of Parkhurst Prison were to get possession of the Isle of Wight, occupy its military positions, enlist one part of its inhabitants in their own ranks, set the remainder of them to work in chain gangs, and declare themselves independent, ought their recognition by the British Government to be an immediate consequence? Before admitting the authority of any persons, as organs of the will of the people, to dispose of the whole political existence of a country, I ask to see whether their credentials are from the whole, or only from a part. And first, it is necessary to ask, Have the slaves been con-

sulted? Has *their* will been counted as any part in the estimate of collective volition? They are a part of the population. However natural in the country itself, it is rather cool in English writers who talk so glibly of the ten millions (I believe there are only eight), to pass over the very existence of four millions who must abhor the idea of separation. Remember, *we* consider them to be human beings, entitled to human rights. Nor can it be doubted that the mere fact of belonging to a Union in some parts of which slavery is reprobated, is some alleviation of their condition, if only as regards future probabilities. But even of the white population, it is questionable if there was in the beginning a majority for secession any where but in South Carolina. Though the thing was predetermined, and most of the States committed by their public authorities before the people were called on to vote; though in taking the votes terrorism in many places reigned triumphant; yet even so, in several of the States, secession was carried only by narrow majorities. In some the authorities have not dared to publish the numbers; in some it is asserted that no vote has ever been taken. Further (as was pointed out in an admirable letter by Mr. Carey), the Slave States are intersected in the middle, from their northern frontier almost to the Gulf of Mexico, by a country of free labor—the mountain region of the Alleghanies and their dependencies, forming parts of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama, in which, from the nature of the climate and of the agricultural and mining industry, slavery to any material extent never did, and never will, exist. This mountain zone is peopled by ardent friends of the Union. Could the Union abandon them, without even an effort, to be dealt with at the pleasure of an exasperated slave-owning oligarchy? Could it abandon the Germans who, in Western Texas, have made so meritorious a commencement of growing cotton on the borders of the Mexican Gulf by free labor? Were the right of the slave-owners to secede ever so clear, they have no right to carry these with them; unless allegiance is a mere question of local proximity, and my next neighbor, if I am a stronger man, can be compelled to follow me in any lawless vagaries I choose to indulge.

But (it is said) the North will never succeed in conquering the South; and since the separation must in the end be recognized, it is better to do at first what must be done at last; moreover, if it did conquer them, it could not govern them when conquered, consistently with free institutions. With no one of these propositions can I agree.

Whether or not the Northern Americans *will* succeed in reconquering the South I do not affect to foresee. That they *can* conquer it, if their present determination holds, I have never entertained a doubt; for they are twice as numerous, and ten or twelve times as rich. Not by taking military possession of their country, or marching an army through it, but by wearing

them out, exhausting their resources, depriving them of the comforts of life, encouraging their slaves to desert, and excluding them from communication with foreign countries. All this, of course, depends on the supposition that the North does not give in first. Whether they will persevere to this point, or whether their spirit, their patience, and the sacrifices they are willing to make, will be exhausted before reaching it, I can not tell. They may, in the end, be wearied into recognizing the separation. But to those who say that because this may have to be done at last, it ought to have been done at first, I put the very serious question—On what terms? Have they ever considered what would have been the meaning of separation if it had been assented to by the Northern States when first demanded? People talk as if separation meant nothing more than the independence of the seceding States. To have accepted it under that limitation would have been, on the part of the South, to give up that which they have seceded expressly to preserve. Separation, with them, means at least half the Territories; including the Mexican border, and the consequent power of invading and overrunning Spanish America for the purpose of planting there the “peculiar institution” which even Mexican civilization has found too bad to be endured. There is no knowing to what point of degradation a country may be driven in a desperate state of its affairs; but if the North *ever*, unless on the brink of actual ruin, makes peace with the South, giving up the original cause of quarrel, the freedom of the Territories; if it resigns to them when out of the Union that power of evil which it would not grant to retain them in the Union—it will incur the pity and disdain of posterity. And no one can suppose that the South would have consented, or in their present temper ever will consent, to an accommodation on any other terms. It will require a succession of humiliations to bring them to that. The necessity of reconciling themselves to the confinement of slavery within its existing boundaries, with the natural consequence, immediate mitigation of slavery, and ultimate emancipation, is a lesson which they are in no mood to learn from any thing but disaster. Two or three defeats in the field, breaking their military strength, though not followed by an invasion of their territory, may possibly teach it to them. If so, there is no breach of charity in hoping that this severe schooling may promptly come. When men set themselves up, in defiance of the rest of the world, to do the devil's work, no good can come of them until the world has made them feel that this work can not be suffered to be done any longer. If this knowledge does not come to them for several years, the abolition question will by that time have settled itself. For assuredly Congress will very soon make up its mind to declare all slaves free who belong to persons in arms against the Union. When that is done, slavery, confined to a minority, will soon cure itself; and the pecuniary value of the negroes belonging to loyal

masters will probably not exceed the amount of compensation which the United States will be willing and able to give.

The assumed difficulty of governing the Southern States as free and equal commonwealths, in case of their return to the Union, is purely imaginary. If brought back by force, and not by voluntary compact, they will return without the Territories, and without a Fugitive Slave Law. It may be assumed that, in that event, the victorious party would make the alterations in the Federal Constitution which are necessary to adapt it to the new circumstances, and which would not infringe, but strengthen, its democratic principles. An article would have to be inserted prohibiting the extension of slavery to the Territories, or the admission into the Union of any new Slave State. Without any other guarantee, the rapid formation of new Free States would insure to freedom a decisive and constantly-increasing majority in Congress. It would also be right to abrogate that bad provision of the Constitution (a necessary compromise at the time of its first establishment) whereby the slaves, though reckoned as citizens in no other respect, are counted, to the extent of three-fifths of their number, in the estimate of the population for fixing the number of representatives of each State in the Lower House of Congress. Why should the masters have members in right of their human chattels, any more than of their oxen and pigs? The President, in his Message, has already proposed that this salutary reform should be effected in the case of Maryland, additional territory, detached from Virginia, being given to that State as an equivalent: thus clearly indicating the policy which he approves, and which he is probably willing to make universal.

As it is necessary to be prepared for all possibilities, let us now contemplate another. Let us suppose the worst possible issue of this war—the one apparently desired by those English writers whose moral feeling is so philosophically indifferent between the apostles of slavery and its enemies. Suppose that the North should stoop to recognize the new Confederation on its own terms, leaving it half the Territories, and that it is acknowledged by Europe, and takes its place as an admitted member of the community of nations. It will be desirable to take thought beforehand what are to be our own future relations with a new Power, professing the principles of Attila and Genghis Khan as the foundation of its Constitution. Are we to see with indifference its victorious army let loose to propagate their national faith at the rifle's mouth through Mexico and Central America? Shall we submit to see fire and sword carried over Cuba and Porto Rico, and Hayti and Liberia conquered and brought back to slavery? We shall soon have causes enough of quarrel on our own account. When we are in the act of sending an expedition against Mexico to redress the wrongs of private British subjects, we should do well to reflect in time that the President of the new Republic, Mr. Jefferson Davis, was the original in-

ventor of repudiation. Mississippi was the first State which repudiated. Mr. Jefferson Davis was Governor of Mississippi, and the Legislature of Mississippi had passed a Bill recognizing and providing for the debt, which Bill Mr. Jefferson Davis vetoed. Unless we abandon the principles we have for two generations consistently professed and acted on, we should be at war with the new Confederacy within five years about the African slave-trade. An English Government will hardly be base enough to recognize them, unless they accept all the treaties by which America is at present bound; nor, it may be hoped, even if *de facto* independent, would they be admitted to the courtesies of diplomatic intercourse unless they granted, in the most explicit manner, the right of search. To allow the slave-ships of a Confederation formed for the extension of slavery to come and go free and unexamined between America and the African coast, would be to renounce even the pretense of attempting to protect Africa against the man-stealer, and abandon that Continent to the horrors, on a far larger scale, which were practiced before Granville Sharp and Clarkson were in existence. But even if the right of intercepting their slavers were acknowledged by treaty, which it never would be, the arrogance of the Southern slaveholders would not long submit to its exercise. Their pride and self-conceit, swelled to an inordinate height by their successful struggle, would defy the power of England as they had already successfully defied that of their Northern countrymen. After our people by their cold disapprobation, and our press by its invective, had combined with their own difficulties to damp the spirit of the Free States, and drive them to submit and make peace, we should have to fight the Slave States ourselves at far greater disadvantages, when we should no longer have the wearied and exhausted North for an ally. The time might come when the barbarous and barbarizing Power, which we by our moral support had helped into existence, would require a general crusade of civilized Europe to extinguish the mischief which it had allowed, and we had aided, to rise up in the midst of our civilization.

For these reasons I can not join with those who cry Peace, peace! I can not wish that this war should not have been engaged in by the North, or that being engaged in, it should be terminated on any conditions but such as would retain the whole of the Territories as free soil. I am not blind to the possibility that it may require a long war to lower the arrogance and tame the aggressive ambition of the slave-owners to the point of either returning to the Union or consenting to remain out of it with their present limits. But war, in a good cause, is not the greatest evil which a nation can suffer. War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things: the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing *worth* a war, is worse. When a people are used as mere human instruments for firing cannon or thrusting bayonets, in the service and for the selfish purposes

of a master, such war degrades a people. A war to protect other human beings against tyrannical injustice—a war to give victory to their own ideas of right and good, and which is their own war, carried on for an honest purpose by their free choice—is often the means of their regeneration. A man who has nothing which he is willing to fight for, nothing which he cares more about than he does about his personal safety, is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself. As long as justice and injustice have not terminated *their* ever-renewing fight for ascendancy in the affairs of mankind, human beings must be willing, when need is, to do battle for the one against the other. I am far from saying that the present struggle, on the part of the Northern Amer-

icans, is wholly of this exalted character—that it has arrived at the stage of being altogether a war for justice, a war of principle. But there was from the beginning, and now is, a large infusion of that element in it; and this is increasing, will increase, and, if the war lasts, will in the end predominate. Should that time come, not only will the greatest enormity which still exists among mankind as an institution receive far earlier its *coup de grâce* than there has ever, until now, appeared any probability of; but in effecting this the Free States will have raised themselves to that elevated position in the scale of morality and dignity which is derived from great sacrifices consciously made in a virtuous cause, and the sense of an inestimable benefit to all future ages, brought about by their own voluntary efforts.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXXI.

NARRATES THAT FAMOUS JOKE ABOUT MISS GRIGSBY.

FOR once Philip found that he had offended without giving general offense. In the confidence of female intercourse Mrs. Mugford had already, in her own artless but powerful language, confirmed her husband's statement regarding Mr. Bickerton, and declared that B. was a beast, and she was only sorry that Mr. F. had not hit him a little harder. So different are the opinions which different individuals entertain of the same event! I happen to know that Bickerton, on his side, went away averring that we were quarrelsome, under-bred people; and that a man of any refinement had best avoid that kind of society. He does really and seriously believe himself our superior, and will lecture almost any gentleman on the art of being one. This assurance is not at all uncommon with

your *parvenu*. Proud of his newly-acquired knowledge of exhausting the contents of an egg, the well-known little boy of the apologue rushed to impart his knowledge to his grandmother, who had been for many years familiar with the process which the child had just discovered. Which of us has not met with some such instructors? I know men who would be ready to step forward and teach Taglioni how to dance, Tom Sayers how to box, or the Chevalier Bayard how to be a gentleman. We most of us know such men, and undergo, from time to time, the ineffable benefit of their patronage.

Mugford went away from our little entertainment vowing, by George, that Philip shouldn't want for a friend at the proper season; and this proper season very speedily arrived. I laughed one day, on going to the *Pall Mall Gazette* office, to find Philip installed in the sub-editor's room, with a provision of scissors, wafers, and paste-pots, snipping paragraphs from this paper and that, altering, condensing, giving titles, and so forth; and, in a word, in regular harness. The three-headed calves, the great prize gooseberries, the old maiden ladies of wonderful ages who at length died in country places—it was wonderful (considering his little experience) how Firmin hunted out these. He entered into all the spirit of his business. He prided himself on the clever titles which he found for his paragraphs. When his paper was completed at the week's end he surveyed it fondly—not the leading articles, or those profound and yet brilliant literary essays which appeared in the *Gazette*—but the births, deaths, marriages, markets, trials, and what not. As a shop-boy, having decorated his master's window, goes into the street, and, pleased, surveys his work; so the fair face of the *Pall Mall Gazette* rejoiced Mr. Firmin, and Mr. Bince, the printer of the paper. They looked with an honest pride upon the result of their joint labors. Nor did Firmin relish pleasantry

on the subject. Did his friends allude to it, and ask if he had shot any especially fine *canard* that week? Mr. Philip's brow would corrugate and his cheeks redden. He did not like jokes to be made at his expense: was not his a singular antipathy?

In his capacity of sub-editor the good fellow had the privilege of taking and giving away countless theatre orders, and panorama and diorama tickets: the *Pall Mall Gazette* was not above accepting such little bribes in those days, and Mrs. Mugford's familiarity with the names of opera-singers, and splendid appearance in an opera-box, was quite remarkable. Friend Philip would bear away a heap of these cards of admission, delighted to carry off our young folks to one exhibition or another. But once at the diorama, where our young people sat in the darkness, very much frightened as usual, a voice from out the midnight gloom cried out, "*Who has come in with orders from the Pall Mall Gazette?*" A lady, two scared children, and Mr. Sub-editor Philip, all trembled at this dreadful summons. I think I should not dare to print the story even now, did I not know that Mr. Firmin was traveling abroad. It was a blessing the place was dark, so that none could see the poor sub-editor's blushes. Rather than cause any mortification to this lady, I am sure Philip would have submitted to rack and torture. But, indeed, her annoyance was very slight, except in seeing her friend annoyed. The humor of the scene surpassed the annoyance in the lady's mind, and caused her to laugh at the mishap; but I own our little boy (who is of an aristocratic turn, and rather too sensitive to ridicule from his school-fellows) was not at all anxious to talk upon the subject, or to let the world know that he went to a place of public amusement "with an order."

As for Philip's landlady, the Little Sister, she, you know, had been familiar with the press, and press-men, and orders for the play for years past. She looked quite young and pretty, with her kind smiling face and neat tight black dress, as she came to the theatre—it was to an Easter piece—on Philip's arm, one evening. Our children saw her from their cab, as they, too, were driving to the same performance. It was "Look, mamma! There's Philip and the Little Sister!" And then came such smiles, and nods, and delighted recognitions from the cab to the two friends on foot! Of course I have forgotten what was the piece which we all saw on that Easter evening. But those children will never forget; no, though they live to be a hundred years old, and though their attention was distracted from the piece by constant observation of Philip and his companion in the public boxes opposite.

Mr. Firmin's work and pay were both light, and he accepted both very cheerfully. He saved money out of his little stipend. It was surprising how economically he could live with his little landlady's aid and counsel. He would come to us, recounting his feats of parsimony with a

childish delight: he loved to contemplate his sovereigns, as week by week the little pile accumulated. He kept a noble eye upon sales, and purchased now and again articles of furniture. In this way he brought home a piano to his lodgings, on which he could no more play than he could on the tight-rope; but he was given to understand that it was a very fine instrument; and my wife played on it one day when we went to visit him, and he sat listening, with his great hands on his knees, in ecstasies. He was thinking how one day, please Heaven, he should see other hands touching the keys—and player and instrument disappeared in a mist before his happy eyes. His purchases were not always lucky. For example, he was sadly taken in at an auction about a little pearl ornament. Some artful Hebrews at the sale conspired and ran him up, as the phrase is, to a price more than equal to the value of the trinket. "But you know who it was for, ma'am," one of Philip's apologists said. "If she would like to wear his ten fingers he would cut 'em off and send 'em to her. But he keeps 'em to write her letters and verses—and most beautiful they are, too."

"And the dear fellow, who was bred up in splendor and luxury, Mrs. Mugford, as you, ma'am, know too well—he won't drink no wine now. A little whisky and a glass of beer is all he takes. And his clothes—he who used to be so grand—you see how he is now, ma'am. Always the gentleman, and, indeed, a finer or grander looking gentleman never entered a room; but he is saving—you know for what, ma'am."

And, indeed, Mrs. Mugford *did* know; and so did Mrs. Pendennis and Mrs. Brandon. And these three women worked themselves into a perfect fever, interesting themselves for Mr. Firmin. And Mugford, in his rough, funny way, used to say, "Mr. P., a certain Mr. Heff has come and put our noses out of joint. He has, as sure as my name is Hem. And I am getting quite jealous of our sub-editor, and that is the long and short of it. But it's good to see him haw-haw Bickerton if ever they meet in the office, that it is! Bickerton won't bully *him* any more, I promise you!"

The conclaves and conspiracies of these women were endless in Philip's behalf. One day I let the Little Sister out of my house, with a handkerchief to her eyes, and in a great state of flurry and excitement, which perhaps communicates itself to the gentleman who passes her at his own door. The gentleman's wife is, on her part, not a little moved and excited. "What do you think Mrs. Brandon says? Philip is learning short-hand. He says he does not think he is clever enough to be a writer of any mark; but he can be a reporter, and with this and his place at Mr. Mugford's, he thinks he can earn enough to— Oh, he is a fine fellow!" I suppose feminine emotion stopped the completion of this speech. But when Mr. Philip slouched in to dinner that day his hostess did homage before him: she loved him; she treated him with a tender respect and sympathy which her like

are ever wont to bestow upon brave and honest men in misfortune.

Why should not Mr. Philip Firmin, barrister-at-law, bethink him that he belonged to a profession which has helped very many men to competence, and not a few to wealth and honors? A barrister might surely hope for as good earnings as could be made by a newspaper reporter. We all know instances of men who, having commenced their careers as writers for the press, had carried on the legal profession simultaneously, and attained the greatest honors of the bar and the bench. "Can I sit in a Pump-court garret waiting for attorneys?" asked poor Phil; "I shall break my heart before they come. My brains are not worth much: I should addle them altogether in poring over law books. I am not at all a clever fellow, you see; and I haven't the ambition and obstinate will to succeed which carry on many a man with no greater capacity than my own. I may have as good brains as Bickerton, for example; but I am not so *bumptious* as he is. By claiming the first place wherever he goes he gets it very often. My dear friends, don't you see how modest I am? There never was a man less likely to get on than myself—you must own that; and I tell you that Charlotte and I must look forward to a life of poverty, of cheese-parings, and second-floor lodgings at Pentonville or Islington. That's about my mark. I would let her off, only I know she would not take me at my word—the dear little thing! She has set her heart upon a hulking pauper: that's the truth. And I tell you what I am going to do. I am going seriously to learn the profession of poverty, and make myself master of it. What's the price of cowheel and tripe? You don't know. I do; and the right place to buy 'em. I am as good a judge of sprats as any man in London. My tap in life is to be small-beer henceforth, and I am growing quite to like it, and think it is brisk, and pleasant, and wholesome." There was not a little truth in Philip's account of himself, and his capacities and incapacities. Doubtless, he was not born to make a great name for himself in the world. But do we like those only who are famous? As well say we will only give our regard to men who have ten thousand a year, or are more than six feet high.

While of his three female friends and advisers, my wife admired Philip's humility, Mrs. Brandon and Mrs. Mugford were rather disappointed at his want of spirit, and to think that he aimed so low. I shall not say which side Firmin's biographer took in this matter. Was it my business to applaud or rebuke him for being humble-minded, or was I called upon to advise at all? My amiable reader, acknowledge that you and I in life pretty much go our own way. We eat the dishes we like because we like them, not because our neighbor relishes them. We rise early, or sit up late; we work, idle, smoke, or what not, because we choose so to do, not because the doctor orders. Philip, then, was like you and me, who will have our own way when

we can. Will we not? If you won't, you do not deserve it. Instead of hungering after a stalled ox, he was accustoming himself to be content with a dinner of herbs. Instead of braving the tempest, he chose to take in sail, creep along shore, and wait for calmer weather.

So, on Tuesday of every week let us say, it was this modest sub-editor's duty to begin sniping and pasting paragraphs for the ensuing Saturday's issue. He cut down the parliamentary speeches, giving due favoritism to the orators of the *Pall Mall Gazette* party, and meagre outlines of their opponents' discourses. If the leading public men on the side of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gave entertainments, you may be sure they were duly chronicled in the fashionable intelligence; if one of their party wrote a book it was pretty sure to get praise from the critic. I am speaking of simple old days, you understand. Of course there is *no* puffing, or jobbing, or false praise, or unfair censure now. Every critic knows what he is writing about, and writes with no aim but to tell truth.

Thus Philip, the dandy of two years back, was content to wear the shabbiest old coat; Philip, the Philippus of one-and-twenty, who rode showy horses, and rejoiced to display his horse and person in the Park, now humbly took his place in an omnibus, and only on occasions indulged in a cab. From the roof of the larger vehicle he would salute his friends with perfect affability, and stare down on his aunt as she passed in her barouche. He never could be quite made to acknowledge that she purposely would not see him; or he would attribute her blindness to the quarrel which they had had, not to his poverty and present position. As for his cousin Ringwood, "That fellow would commit any baseness," Philip acknowledged; "and it is I who have cut *him*," our friend averred.

A real danger was lest our friend should in his poverty become more haughty and insolent than he had been in his days of better fortune, and that he should make companions of men who were not his equals. Whether was it better for him to be slighted in a fashionable club, or to swagger at the head of the company in a tavern parlor? This was the danger we might fear for Firmin. It was impossible not to confess that he was choosing to take a lower place in the world than that to which he had been born.

"Do you mean that Philip is lowered because he is poor?" asked an angry lady, to whom this remark was made by her husband—man and wife being both very good friends to Mr. Firmin.

"My dear," replies the worldling of a husband, "suppose Philip were to take a fancy to buy a donkey and sell cabbages? He would be doing no harm; but there is no doubt he would lower himself in the world's estimation."

"Lower himself!" says the lady, with a toss of her head. "No man lowers himself by pursuing an honest calling. No man!"

"Very good. There is Grundsell, the green-grocer, out of Tuthill Street, who waits at our

dinners. Instead of asking him to wait, we should beg him to sit down at table; or perhaps *we* should wait, and stand with a napkin behind Grundsell."

"Nonsense!"

"Grundsell's calling is strictly honest, unless he abuses his opportunities and smuggles away—"

"—smuggles away stuff and nonsense!"

"Very good; Grundsell is *not* a fitting companion, then, for us, or the nine little Grundsell's for our children. Then why should Philip give up the friends of his youth, and forsake a club for a tavern parlor? You can't say our little friend, Mrs. Brandon, good as she is, is a fitting companion for him?"

"If he had a good little wife, he would have a companion of his own degree; and he would be twice as happy; and he would be out of all danger and temptation—and the best thing he can do is to marry directly!" cries the lady. "And, my dear, I think I shall write to Charlotte and ask her to come and stay with us."

There was no withstanding this argument. As long as Charlotte was with us we were sure Philip would be out of harm's way, and seek for no other company. There was a snug little bedroom close by the quarters inhabited by our own children. My wife pleased herself by adorning this chamber, and uncle Mac happening to come to London on business about this time, the young lady came over to us under his convoy, and I should like to describe the meeting between her and Mr. Philip in our parlor. No doubt it was very edifying. But my wife and I were not present, *vous concevez*. We only heard one shout of surprise and delight from Philip as he went into the room where the young lady was waiting. We had but said, "Go into the parlor, Philip. You will find your old friend, Major Mac, there. He has come to London on business, and has news of—" There was no need to speak, for here Philip straightway bounced into the room.

And then came the shout. And then out came Major Mac, with such a droll twinkle in his eyes! What artifices and hypocrisies had we not to practice previously, so as to keep our secret from our children, who assuredly would have discovered it! I must tell you that the *paterfamilias* had guarded against the innocent prattle and inquiries of the children regarding the preparation of the little bedroom, by informing them that it was intended for Miss Grigsby, the governess, with whose advent they had long been threatened. And one of our girls, when the unconscious Philip arrived, said, "Philip, if you go into the parlor you will find *Miss Grigsby, the governess, there.*" And then Philip entered into that parlor, and then arose that shout, and then out came uncle Mac, and then etc., etc. And we called Charlotte Miss Grigsby all dinner-time; and we called her Miss Grigsby next day; and the more we called her Miss Grigsby the more we all laughed. And the baby, who could not speak plain yet, called her Miss Gibby, and laughed loudest of all; and

it was such fun. But I think Philip and Charlotte had the best of the fun, my dears, though they may not have laughed quite so loud as we did.

As for Mrs. Brandon, who, you may be sure, speedily came to pay us a visit, Charlotte blushed, and looked quite beautiful when she went up and kissed the Little Sister. "He *have* told you about me, then!" she said, in her soft little voice, smoothing the young lady's brown hair. "Should I have known him at all but for you, and did you not save his life for me when he was ill?" asked Miss Baynes. "And mayn't I love every body who loves him?" she asked. And we left those women alone for a quarter of an hour, during which they became the most intimate friends in the world. And all our household, great and small, including the nurse (a woman of a most jealous, domineering, and uncomfortable fidelity), thought well of our gentle young guest, and welcomed Miss Grigsby.

Charlotte, you see, is not so exceedingly handsome as to cause other women to perjure themselves by protesting that she is no great thing after all. At the period with which we are concerned she certainly had a lovely complexion, which her black dress set off, perhaps. And when Philip used to come into the room she had always a fine garland of roses ready to offer him, and growing upon her cheeks, the moment he appeared. Her manners are so entirely unaffected and simple that they can't be otherwise than good; for is she not grateful, truthful, unconscious of self, easily pleased, and interested in others? Is she very witty? I never said so—though that she appreciated *some* men's wit (whose names need not be mentioned) I can not doubt. "I say," cries Philip, on that memorable first night of her arrival, and when she and other ladies had gone to bed, "by George! isn't she glorious, I say! What can I have done to win such a pure little heart as that? *Non sum dignus*. It is too much happiness—too much, by George!" And his voice breaks behind his pipe, and he squeezes two fists into eyes that are brimful of joy and thanks. Where Fortune bestows such a bounty as this, I think we need not pity a man for what she withdraws. As Philip walks away at midnight (walks away? is turned out of doors, or surely he would have gone on talking till dawn), with the rain beating in his face, and fifty or a hundred pounds for all his fortune in his pocket, I think there goes one of the happiest of men—the happiest and richest. For is he not possessor of a treasure which he could not buy, or would not sell, for all the wealth of the world?

My wife may say what she will, but she assuredly is answerable for the invitation to Miss Baynes, and for all that ensued in consequence. At a hint that she would be a welcome guest in our house in London, where all her heart and treasure lay, Charlotte Baynes gave up straightway her dear aunt at Tours, who had been kind to her; her dear uncle, her dear mamma, and all her dear brothers—following that natural law

which ordains that a woman, under certain circumstances, shall resign home, parents, brothers, sisters, for the sake of that one individual who is henceforth to be dearer to her than all. Mrs. Baynes, the widow, growled a complaint at her daughter's ingratitude, but did not refuse her consent. She may have known that little Hely, Charlotte's volatile admirer, had fluttered off to another flower by this time, and that a pursuit of that butterfly was in vain: or she may have heard that he was going to pass the spring—the butterfly season—in London, and hoped that he perchance might again light on her girl. Howbeit, she was glad enough that her daughter should accept an invitation to our house, and owned that as yet the poor child's share of this life's pleasures had been but small. Charlotte's modest little trunks were again packed, then, and the poor child was sent off, I won't say with how small a provision of pocket-money, by her mother. But the thrifty woman had but little, and of it was determined to give as little as she could. "Heaven will provide for my child," she would piously say; and hence interfered very little with those agents whom Heaven sent to befriend her children. "Her mother told Charlotte that she would send her some money next Tuesday," the Major told us; "but, between ourselves, I doubt whether she will. Between ourselves, my sister-in-law is always going to give money next Tuesday: but somehow Wednesday comes, and the money has not arrived. I could not let the little maid be without a few guineas, and have provided her out of a half-pay purse; but mark me, that pay-day Tuesday will never come." Shall I deny or confirm the worthy Major's statement? Thus far I will say, that Tuesday most certainly came; and a letter from her mamma to Charlotte, which said that one of her brothers and a younger sister were going to stay with aunt Mac; and that as Char was so happy with her most hospitable and kind friends, a fond, widowed mother, who had given up all pleasures for herself, would not interfere to prevent a darling child's happiness.

It has been said that three women, whose names have been given up, were conspiring in the behalf of this young person and the young man, her sweet-heart. Three days after Charlotte's arrival at our house my wife persists in thinking that a drive into the country would do the child good, orders a brougham, dresses Charlotte in her best, and trots away to see Mrs. Mugford at Hampstead. Mrs. Brandon is at Mrs. Mugford's, of course quite by chance; and I feel sure that Charlotte's friend compliments Mrs. Mugford upon her garden, upon her nursery, upon her luncheon, upon every thing that is hers. "Why, dear me," says Mrs. Mugford (as the ladies discourse upon a certain subject), "what does it matter? Me and Mugford married on two pound a week, and on two pound a week my dear eldest children were born. It was a hard struggle sometimes, but we were all the happier for it; and I'm sure if a man won't

risk a little he don't deserve much. I know I would risk, if I were a man, to marry such a pretty young dear. And I should take a young man to be but a mean-spirited fellow who waited and went shilly-shallying when he had but to say the word and be happy. I thought Mr. F. was a brave, courageous gentleman—I did, Mrs. Brandon. Do you want me for to have a bad opinion of him? My dear, a little of that cream. It's very good. We 'ad a dinner yesterday, and a eook down from town on purpose." This speech, with appropriate imitations of voice and gesture, was repeated to the present biographer by the present biographer's wife, and he now began to see in what webs and meshes of conspiracy these artful women had enveloped the subject of the present biography.

Like Mrs. Brandon, and the other matron, Charlotte's friend, Mrs. Mugford became interested in the gentle young creature, and kissed her kindly, and made her a present on going away. It was a brooch in the shape of a thistle, if I remember aright, set with amethysts and a lovely Scottish stone called a earumgorum. "She ain't no style about her; and I confess, from a general's daughter, brought up on the Continent, I should have expected better. But we'll show her a little of the world and the opera, Brandon, and she'll do very well—of that I make no doubt." And Mrs. Mugford took Miss Baynes to the opera, and pointed out the other people of fashion there assembled. And delighted Charlotte was! I make no doubt there was a young gentleman of our acquaintanee at the back of the box who was very happy too. And this year Philip's kinsman's wife, LADY RINGWOOD, had a box, in which Philip saw her and her daughters, and little Ringwood Twysden paying assiduous court to her ladyship. They met in the crush-room by chance again, and Lady Ringwood looked hard at Philip and the blushing young lady on his arm. And it happened that Mrs. Mugford's carriage—the little one-horse trap which opens and shuts so conveniently—and Lady Ringwood's tall, emblazoned chariot of state stopped the way together. And from the tall emblazoned chariot the ladies looked not unkindly at the trap which contained the beloved of Philip's heart; and the carriages departed each on its own way: and Ringwood Twysden, seeing his cousin advancing toward him, turned very pale, and dodged at a double-quick down an arcade. But he need not have been afraid of Philip. Mr. Firmin's heart was all softness and benevolence at that time. He was thinking of those sweet, sweet eyes that had just glanced to him a tender good-night; of that little hand which a moment since had hung with fond pressure on his arm. Do you suppose in such a frame of mind he had leisure to think of a nauseous little reptile crawling behind him? He was so happy that night that Philip was King Philip again. And he went to the Haunt, and sang his song of *Garryowen-na-gloria*, and greeted the boys assembled, and spent at least three shillings over his supper and drinks. But the

next day being Sunday, Mr. Firmin was at Westminster Abbey, listening to the sweet church chants, by the side of the very same young person whom he had escorted to the opera on the night before. They sate together so close that one must have heard exactly as well as the other. I dare say it is edifying to listen to anthems *à deux*. And how complimentary to the clergyman to have to wish that the sermon was longer! Through the vast cathedral aisles the organ-notes peal gloriously! Ruby and topaz and amethyst blaze from the great church windows. Under the tall arcades the young people went together. Hand in hand they passed, and thought no ill.

Do gentle readers begin to tire of this spectacle of billing and cooing? I have tried to describe Mr. Philip's love affairs with as few words and in as modest phrases as may be—omitting the raptures, the passionate vows, the reams of correspondence, and the usual commonplaces of his situation. And yet, my dear madam, though you and I may be past the age of billing and cooing; though your ringlets, which I remember a lovely auburn, are now—well—are now a rich purple and green black, and my brow may be as bald as a cannon-ball—I say, though we are old, we are not too old to forget. We may not care about the pantomime much now, but we like to take the young folks, and see them rejoicing. From the window where I write, I can look down into the garden of a certain square. In that garden I can at this moment see a young gentleman and lady of my acquaintance pacing up and down. They are talking some such talk as Milton imagines our first parents engaged in; and yonder garden is a paradise to my young friends. Did they choose to look outside the railings of the square, or at any other objects than each other's noses, they might see—the tax-gatherer we will say—with his book, knocking at one door, the doctor's brougham at a second, a hatchment over the windows of a third mansion, the baker's boy discoursing with the housemaid over the railings of a fourth. But what to them are these phenomena of life? Arm in arm my young folks go pacing up and down their Eden, and discoursing about that happy time which I suppose is now drawing near—about that charming little snuggery for which the furniture is ordered, and to which, Miss, your old friend and very humble servant will take the liberty of forwarding his best regards and a neat silver tea-pot. I dare say, with these young people, as with Mr. Philip and Miss Charlotte, all occurrences of life seem to have reference to that event which forms the subject of their perpetual longing and contemplation. There is the doctor's brougham driving away, and Imogene says to Alonzo, "What anguish I shall have if you are ill!" Then there is the carpenter putting up the hatchment. "Ah, my love, if you were to die, I think they might put up a hatchment for both of us!" says Alonzo, with a killing sigh. Both sympathize with Mary and the baker's boy whispering over the railings. Go

to, gentle baker's boy, we also know what it is to love!

The whole soul and strength of Charlotte and Philip being bent upon marriage, I take leave to put in a document which Philip received at this time, and can imagine that it occasioned no little sensation:

"ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK.

"And so you are returned to the great city—to the *funam*, the *strepitum*, and I sincerely hope the *opes* of our Rome! Your own letters are but brief; but I have an occasional correspondent (there are few, alas! who remember *the exile!*) who keeps me *au courant* of my Philip's history, and tells me that you are industrious, that you are cheerful, that you prosper. Cheerfulness is the companion of Industry, Prosperity their offspring. That that prosperity may attain *the fullest growth* is an absent father's fondest prayer. Perhaps ere long I shall be able to announce to you that I too am prospering. I am engaged in pursuing a scientific discovery here (it is medical, and connected with my own profession), of which the results *ought* to lead to Fortune, unless the jade has forever deserted George Brand Firmin! So you have embarked in the drudgery of the press, and have become a member of *the fourth estate*. It has been despised, and press-man and poverty were for a long time supposed to be synonymous. But the power, the wealth of the press are daily developing, and they will increase yet further. I confess I should have liked to hear that my Philip was pursuing his profession of the bar, at which honor, splendid competence, nay, aristocratic rank, are the prizes of *the bold, the industrious, and the deserving*. Why should you not? Should I not still hope that you may gain legal eminence and position? A father who has had much to suffer, who is descending the vale of years alone and in a distant land, would be soothed in his exile if he thought his son would one day be able to repair the shattered fortunes of his race. But it is not yet, I fondly think, too late. You may yet qualify for the bar, and one of its prizes may fall to you. I confess it was not without a pang of grief I heard from our kind little friend Mrs. B. you were studying short-hand in order to become a newspaper reporter. And has Fortune, then, been so relentless to me that my son is to be compelled to follow such a calling? I shall try and be resigned. I had hoped higher things for you—for me.

"My dear boy, with regard to your romantic attachment for Miss Baynes, which our good little Brandon narrates to me in her *peculiar orthography*, but with much *touching simplicity*, I make it a rule not to say a word of comment, of warning, or remonstrance. As sure as you are your father's son, you will take your own line in any matter of attachment to a woman, and all the fathers in the world won't stop you. In Philip of four-and-twenty I recognize his father thirty years ago. My father scolded, entreated, quarreled with me, never forgave me. I will learn to be more generous toward my son. I may grieve, but I bear you no malice. If ever I achieve wealth again, you shall not be deprived of it. I suffered so myself from a harsh father that I will never be one to my son!

"As you have put on the livery of the Muses, and regularly entered yourself of the Fraternity of the Press, what say you to a little addition to your income by letters addressed to my friend, the editor of the new journal called here the *Gazette of the Upper Ten Thousand*. It is *the fashionable journal* published here; and your qualifications are precisely those which would make your services valuable as a contributor. Doctor Geraldine, the editor, is not, I believe, a relative of the Leinster family, but a self-made man, who arrived in this country some years since poor, and an exile from his native country. He advocates Repeal politics in Ireland; but with these of course you need have nothing to do. And he is much too liberal to expect these from his contributors. I have been of service professionally to Mrs. Geraldine and himself. My friend of the *Emerald* introduced me to the Doctor. Terrible enemies in print, in private they are perfectly good friends, and the little passages of arms between the two journalists serve rather to amuse than to irritate. 'The grocer's boy from Ormond Quay' (Geraldine once, it appears, engaged in that useful but humble calling), and the 'miscreant from

Cork—the editor of the *Emerald* comes from that city—assail each other in public, but drink whisky-and-water galore in private. If you write for Geraldine, of course you will say nothing disrespectful about *grocers' boys*. *His dollars are good silver*, of that you may be sure. Dr. G. knows a part of your history: he knows that you are now fairly engaged in literary pursuits; that you are a man of education, a gentleman, a man of the world, a man of courage. I have answered for your possessing all these qualities. (The Doctor, in his droll, humorous way, said that if you were a chip of the old block you would be just what he called 'the grit.') Political treatises are not so much wanted as personal news regarding the notabilities of London, and these, I assured him, you were the very man to be able to furnish. You, who know every body; who have lived with the great world—the world of lawyers, the world of artists, the world of the university—have already had an experience which few gentlemen of the press can boast of, and may turn that experience to profit. Suppose you were to trust a little to your imagination in composing these letters? There can be no harm in being *poetical*. Suppose an *intelligent correspondent* writes that he has met the D-ke of W-ll-ngt-n, had a private interview with the Pr-m-r, and so forth, who is to say him nay? And this is the kind of talk our *gobemouches* of New York delight in. My worthy friend, Doctor Geraldine, for example—between ourselves his name is Fin-nigan, but his private history is *strictly entre nous*—when he first came to New York astonished the people by the copiousness of his anecdotes regarding the *English aristocracy*, of whom he knows as much as he does of the Court of Pekin. He was smart, ready, sarcastic, amusing; he found readers: from one success he advanced to another, and the *Gazette of the Upper Ten Thousand* is likely to make *this worthy man's fortune*. You really may be serviceable to him, and may justly earn the *liberal remuneration* which he offers for a weekly letter. Anecdotes of men and women of fashion—the more gay and lively the more welcome—the *quicquid agunt homines*, in a word—should be the *farrago libelli*. Who are the reigning beauties of London? and Beauty, you know, has a rank and fashion of its own. Has any one lately won or lost on the turf or at play? What are the clubs talking about? Are there any duels? What is the last scandal? Does the good old duke keep his health? Is that affair over between the Duchess of This and Captain That?

"Such is the information which our *badavds* here like to have, and for which my friend the Doctor will pay at the rate of — dollars per letter. Your name need not appear at all. The remuneration is certain. *C'est à prendre ou à laisser*, as our lively neighbors say. Write in the first place in confidence to me; and in whom can you confide more safely than in your father?

"You will, of course, pay your respects to your relative, the new lord of Ringwood. For a young man whose family is so powerful as yours, there can surely be no derogation in entertaining some feudal respect, and who knows whether and how soon Sir John Ringwood may be able to help his cousin? By-the-way, Sir John is a Whig, and your paper is a Conservative. But you are, above all, *homme du monde*. In such a subordinate place as you occupy with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a man's private politics do not surely count at all. If Sir John Ringwood, your kinsman, sees any way of helping you, so much the better, and of course your politics will be those of your family. I have no knowledge of him. He was a very quiet man at college, where, I regret to say, your father's friends were not of the quiet sort at all. I trust I have repented. I have sown my wild oats. And ah! how pleased I shall be to hear that my Philip has bent *his* proud head a little, and is ready to submit more than he used of old to the customs of the world. Call upon Sir John, then. As a Whig gentleman of large estate, I need not tell you that he will expect *respect* from you. He is your kinsman; the representative of your grandfather's gallant and noble race. He bears the name your mother bore. To *her* my Philip was always gentle, and for her sake you will comply with the wishes of

"Your affectionate father, G. B. F.

"I have not said a word of compliment to Mademoiselle. I wish her so well that I own I wish she were about to marry a richer suitor than my dear son. Will fortune

ever permit me to embrace my daughter-in-law, and take your children on my knee? You will speak kindly to them of their grandfather, will you not? Poor General Baynes, I have heard, used violent and unseemly language regarding me, which I most heartily pardon. I am grateful when I think *that I never did General B. an injury*: grateful and proud to accept benefits from my own son. These I treasure up in my heart; and still hope I shall be able to repay with something more substantial than my fondest prayers. Give my best wishes, then, to Miss Charlotte, and try and teach her to think kindly of her Philip's father."

Miss Charlotte Baynes, who kept the name of Miss Grigsby, the governess, among all the roguish children of a facetious father, was with us one month, and her mamma expressed great cheerfulness at her absence, and at the thought that she had found such good friends. After two months, her uncle, Major MacWhirter, returned from visiting his relations in the North, and offered to take his niece back to France again. He made this proposition with the jolliest air in the world, and as if his niece would jump for joy to go back to her mother. But to the Major's astonishment, Miss Baynes turned quite pale, ran to her hostess, flung herself into that lady's arms, and then there began an oscillatory performance which perfectly astonished the good Major. Charlotte's friend, holding Miss Baynes tight in her embrace, looked fiercely at the Major over the girl's shoulder, and defied him to take her away from that sanctuary.

"Oh, you dear, good dear friend!" Charlotte gurgled out, and sobbed I know not what more expressions of fondness and gratitude.

But the truth is, that two sisters, or mother and daughter, could not love each other more heartily than these two personages. Mother and daughter forsooth! You should have seen Charlotte's piteous look when sometimes the conviction would come on her that she ought at length to go home to mamma; such a look as I can fancy Clytemnestra casting on Agamemnon, when, in obedience to a painful sense of duty, he was about to—to use the sacrificial knife. No, we all loved her. The children would howl at the idea of parting with their Miss Grigsby. Charlotte, in return, helped them to very pretty lessons in music and French—served hot, as it were, from her own recent studies at Tours—and a good daily governess operated on the rest of their education to every body's satisfaction.

And so months rolled on, and our young favorite still remained with us. Mamma fed the little maid's purse with occasional remittances; and begged her hostess to supply her with all necessary articles from the milliner. Afterward, it is true, Mrs. General Baynes.....But why enter upon these painful family disputes in a chapter which has been devoted to sentiment?

As soon as Mr. Firmin received the letter above faithfully copied (with the exception of the pecuniary offer, which I do not consider myself at liberty to divulge) he hurried down from Thornhaugh Street to Westminster. He dashed by Buttons, the page; he took no notice of my wondering wife at the drawing-room door; he rushed to the second floor, bursting open the

school-room door, where Charlotte was teaching our dear third daughter to play *In my Cottage near a Wood*.

"Charlotte! Charlotte!" he cried out.

"La, Philip! don't you see Miss Grigsby is giving us lessons?" said the children.

But he would not listen to those wags, and still beckoned Charlotte to him. That young woman rose up and followed him out of the door, as, indeed, she would have followed him

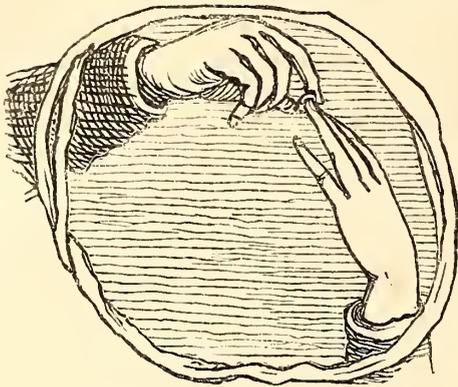
out of the window; and there, on the stairs, they read Doctor Firmin's letter, with their heads quite close together, you understand.

"Two hundred a year more," said Philip, his heart throbbing so that he could hardly speak; "and your fifty—and two hundred the *Gazette*—and—"

"Oh, Philip!" was all Charlotte could say, and then— There was a pretty group for the children to see, and for Mr. Walker to draw!



A LETTER FROM NEW YORK.



CHAPTER XXXII.

WAYS AND MEANS.

OF course any man of the world who is possessed of decent prudence will perceive that the idea of marrying on four hundred and fifty pounds a year so secured as was Master Philip's income, was preposterous and absurd. In the first place, you can't live on four hundred and fifty pounds a year, that is a certainty. People do live on less, I believe. But a life without a brougham, without a decent home, without claret for dinner, and a footman to wait, can hardly be called existence. Philip's income might fail any day. He might not please the *American paper*. He might quarrel with the *Pall Mall Gazette*. And then what would remain to him? Only poor little Charlotte's fifty pounds a year! So Philip's most intimate male friend—a man of the world, and with a good deal of experience—argued. Of course I was not surprised that Philip did not choose to take my advice; though I did not expect he would become so violently angry, call names almost, and use most rude expressions, when, *at his express desire*, this advice was tendered to him. If he did not want it, why did he ask for it? The advice might be unwelcome to him, but why did he choose to tell me at my own table, over my own claret, that it was the advice of a sneak and a worldling? My good fellow, that claret, though it is a second growth, and I can afford no better, costs seventy-two shillings a dozen. How much is six times three hundred and sixty-five? A bottle a day is the least you can calculate (the fellow would come to my house and drink two bottles to himself, with the utmost nonchalance). A bottle per diem of that light claret—of that second growth stuff—costs one hundred and four guineas a year, do you understand? or, to speak plainer with you, *one hundred and nine pounds four shillings!*

"Well," says Philip, "*après?* We'll do without. Meantime I will take what I can get!" and he tosses off about a pint as he speaks (these *mousseline* glasses are not only enormous, but they break by dozens). He tosses off a pint of my Larose, and gives a great roar of laughter, as if he had said a good thing!

Philip Firmin is coarse and offensive at times, and Bickerton in holding this opinion is not altogether wrong.

"I'll drink claret when I come to you, old

boy," he says, grinning; "and at home I will have whisky-and-water."

"But suppose Charlotte is ordered claret?"

"Well, she can have it," says this liberal lover; "a bottle will last her a week."

"Don't you see," I shriek out, "that even a bottle a week costs something like—six by fifty-two—eighteen pounds a year?" (I own it is really only fifteen twelve; but in the hurry of argument a man *may* stretch a figure or so.) "Eighteen pounds for Charlotte's claret; as much, at least, you great boozy toper, for your whisky and beer. Why, you actually want a tenth part of your income for the liquor you consume! And then clothes; and then lodging; and then coals; and then doctor's bills; and then pocket-money; and then sea-side for the little dears. Just have the kindness to add all these things up, and you will find that you have about two-and-ninepence left to pay the grocer and the butcher."

"What you call prudence," says Philip, thumping the table, and, of course, breaking a glass, "I call cowardice—I call blasphemy! Do you mean, as a Christian man, to tell me that two young people, and a family if it should please Heaven to send them one, can not subsist upon five hundred pounds a year? Look round, Sir, at the myriads of God's creatures who live, love, are happy and poor, and be ashamed of the wicked doubt which you utter!" And he starts up, and strides up and down the dining-room, curling his flaming mustache, and rings the bell fiercely, and says, "Johnson, I've broke a glass. Get me another!"

In the drawing-room, my wife asks what we two were fighting about? And as Charlotte is up stairs telling the children stories as they are put to bed, or writing to her dear mamma, or what not, our friend bursts out with more rude and violent expressions than he had used in the dining-room over my glasses which he was smashing, tells my own wife that I am an atheist, or at best a miserable skeptic and Sadducee: that I doubt of the goodness of Heaven, and am not thankful for my daily bread. And, with one of her kindling looks directed toward the young man, of course my wife sides with him. Miss Char presently came down from the young folks, and went to the piano, and played us Beethoven's *Dream of Saint Jerome*, which always soothes me, and charms me, so that I fancy it is a poem of Tennyson in music. And our children, as they sink off to sleep overhead, like to hear soft music, which soothes them into slumber, Miss Baynes says. And Miss Charlotte looks very pretty at her piano; and Philip lies gazing at her, with his great feet and hands tumbled over one of our arm-chairs. And the music, with its solemn cheer, makes us all very happy and kind-hearted, and ennobles us somehow as we listen. And my wife wears her *benedictory* look whenever she turns toward these young people. She has worked herself up to the opinion that yonder couple ought to marry. She can give chapter and verse for her belief.

To doubt about the matter at all is wicked, according to her notions. And there are certain points upon which, I humbly own, that I don't dare to argue with her.

When the women of the house have settled a matter, is there much use in man's resistance? If my harem orders that I shall wear a yellow coat and pink trowsers, I know that, before three months are over, I shall be walking about in *rose-tendre* and canary-colored garments. It is the perseverance which conquers, the daily return to the object desired. Take my advice, my dear Sir, when you see your womankind resolute about a matter, give up at once, and have a quiet life. Perhaps to one of these evening entertainments, where Miss Baynes played the piano, as she did very pleasantly, and Mr. Philip's great clumsy fist turned the leaves, little Mrs. Brandon would come tripping in, and as she surveyed the young couple, her remark would be, "Did you ever see a better suited couple?" When I came home from chambers, and passed the dining-room door, my eldest daughter, with a knowing face, would bar the way and say, "You mustn't go in there, papa! Miss Grigsby is there, and Master Philip is *not to be disturbed at his lessons!*" Mrs. Mugford had begun to arrange marriages between her young people and ours from the very first day she saw us; and Mrs. M.'s ch. filly Toddles, rising two years, and our three-year old colt Billyboy, were rehearsing in the nursery the endless little comedy which the grown-up young persons were performing in the drawing-room.

With the greatest frankness Mrs. Mugford gave her opinion that Philip, with four or five hundred a year, would be no better than a sneak if he delayed to marry. How much had she and Mugford when *they* married, she would like to know? "Emily Street, Pentonville, was where *we* had apartments," she remarked; "we were pinched sometimes; but we owed nothing: and our housekeeping books I can show you." I believe Mrs. M. actually brought these dingy relics of her honey-moon for my wife's inspection. I tell you my house was peopled with these friends of matrimony. Flies were forever in requisition, and our boys were very sulky at having to sit for an hour at Shoolbred's, while certain ladies lingered there over blankets, table-cloths, and what not. Once I found my wife and Charlotte flitting about Wardour Street, the former lady much interested in a great Dutch cabinet, with a glass cupboard and corpulent drawers. And that cabinet was, ere long, carted off to Mrs. Brandon's, Thornhaugh Street; and in that glass cupboard there was presently to be seen a neat set of china for tea and breakfast. The end was approaching. That event, with which the third volume of the old novels used to close, was at hand. I am afraid our young people can't drive off from St. George's in a chaise and four, and that no noble relative will lend them his castle for the honey-moon. Well: some people can not drive to happiness even

with four horses; and other folks can reach the goal on foot. My venerable Muse stoops down, unlooses her *cothurnus* with some difficulty, and prepares to fling that old shoe after the pair.

Tell, venerable Muse! what were the marriage gifts which friendship provided for Philip and Charlotte? Philip's cousin, Ringwood Twysden, came simpering up to me at Bays's Club one afternoon, and said: "I hear my precious cousin is going to marry. I think I shall send him a broom to sweep a crossin'." I was nearly going to say, "This was a piece of generosity to be expected from your father's son;" but the fact is, that I did not think of this withering repartee until I was crossing St. James's Park on my way home, when Twysden of course was out of ear-shot. A great number of my best witticisms have been a little late in making their appearance in the world. If we could but hear the *unspoken* jokes, how we should all laugh; if we could but speak them, how witty we should be! When you have left the room, you have no notion what clever things I was going to say when you balked me by going away. Well, then, the fact is, the Twysden family gave Philip nothing on his marriage, being the exact sum of regard which they professed to have for him.

MRS. MAJOR MACWHIRTER gave the bride an Indian brooch, representing the Taj Mahal at Agra, which General Baynes had given to his sister-in-law in old days. At a later period, it is true, Mrs. Mac asked Charlotte for the brooch back again; but this was when many family quarrels had raged between the relatives—quarrels which to describe at length would be to tax too much the writer and the readers of this history.

MRS. MUGFORD presented an elegant plated coffee-pot, six drawing-room almanacs (spoils of the *Pall Mall Gazette*), and fourteen richly-cut jelly-glasses, most useful for negus, if the young couple gave evening parties, which diners they would not be able to afford.

MRS. BRANDON made an offering of two table-cloths and twelve dinner-napkins, most beautifully worked, and I don't know how much house-linen.

THE LADY OF THE PRESENT WRITER—Twelve tea-spoons in bullion, and a pair of sugar-tongs. Mrs. Baynes, Philip's mother-in-law, sent him also a pair of sugar-tongs, of a light manufacture, easily broken. He keeps a tong to the present day, and speaks very satirically regarding that relic.

PHILIP'S INN OF COURT—A bill for commons and Inn taxes, with the Treasurer's compliments.

And these, I think, formed the items of poor little Charlotte's meagre trousseau. Before Cinderella went to the ball she was almost as rich as our little maid. Charlotte's mother sent a grim consent to the child's marriage, but declined herself to attend it. She was ailing and poor. Her year's widowhood was just over. She had her other children to look after. My impression is that Mrs. Baynes thought that she

could be out of Philip's power so long as she remained abroad, and that the general's savings would be secure from him. So she delegated her authority to Philip's friends in London, and sent her daughter a moderate wish for her happiness, which may or may not have profited the young people.

"Well, my dear? You are rich compared to what I was when I married," little Mrs. Brandon said to her young friend. "You will have a good husband. That is more than I had. You will have good friends; and I was almost alone for a time, until it pleased God to befriend me." It was not without a feeling of awe that we saw these young people commence that voyage of life on which henceforth they were to journey together; and I am sure that of the small company who accompanied them to the silent little chapel where they were joined in marriage there was not one who did not follow them with tender good-wishes and heart-felt prayers. They had a little purse provided for a month's holiday. They had health, hope, good spirits, good friends. I have never learned that life's trials were over after marriage; only lucky is he who has a loving companion to share them. As for the lady with whom Charlotte had staid before her marriage, she was in a state of the most lachrymose sentimentality. She sate on the bed in the chamber which the little maid had vacated. Her tears flowed copiously. She knew not why; she could not tell how the girl had wound herself round her maternal heart. And I think if Heaven had decreed this young creature should be poor, it had sent her many blessings and treasures in compensation.

Every respectable man and woman in London will, of course, pity these young people, and reprobate the mad risk which they were running; and yet—by the influence and example of a sentimental wife, probably—so madly sentimental have I become, that I own sometimes I almost fancy these misguided wretches are to be envied.

A melancholy little chapel it is where they were married, and stands hard by our house. We did not decorate the church with flowers, or adorn the beadles with white ribbons. We had, I must confess, a dreary little breakfast, not in the least enlivened by Mugford's jokes, who would make a speech *de circonstance*, which was not, I am thankful to say, reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "We sha'n't charge you for advertising the marriage *there*, my dear," Mrs. Mugford said. "And I've already took it myself to Mr. Burjoyce." Mrs. Mugford had insisted upon pinning a large white favor upon John, who drove her from Hampstead; but that was the only ornament present at the nuptial ceremony, much to the disappointment of the good lady. There was a very pretty cake, with two doves in sugar on the top, which the Little Sister made and sent, and no other hymeneal emblem. Our little girls as bridesmaids appeared, to be sure, in new bonnets and dresses, but every body else looked so quiet and demure that, when we went into the church, three or four

street urchins knocking about the gate said, "Look at 'em. They're going to be 'ung." And so the words are spoken, and the indissoluble knot is tied. Amen. For better, for worse, for good days or evil, love each other, cling to each other, dear friends. Fulfill your course, and accomplish your life's toil. In sorrow, soothe each other; in illness, watch and tend. Cheer, fond wife, the husband's struggle; lighten his gloomy hours with your tender smiles, and gladden his home with your love. Husband, father, whatsoever your lot, be your heart pure, your life honest. For the sake of those who bear your name, let no bad action sully it. As you look at those innocent faces, which ever tenderly greet you, be yours, too, innocent, and your conscience without reproach. As the young people kneel before the altar-railing, some such thoughts as these pass through a friend's mind who witnesses the ceremony of their marriage. Is not all we hear in that place meant to apply to ourselves, and to be carried away for everyday cogitation?

After the ceremony we sign the book, and walk back demurely to breakfast. And Mrs. Mugford does not conceal her disappointment at the small preparations made for the reception of the marriage party. "I call it shabby, Brandon; and I speak my mind. No favors. Only your cake. No speeches to speak of. No lobster-salad; and wine on the side-board. I thought your Queen Square friends knew how to do the thing better! When one of *my* gurls is married, I promise you we sha'n't let her go out of the back-door; and at least we shall have the best four grays that Newman's can furnish. It's my belief your young friend is getting too fond of money, Brandon, and so I have told Mugford." But these, you see, were only questions of taste. Good Mrs. Mugford's led her to a green satin dress and a pink turban, when other ladies were in gray or quiet colors. The intimacy between our two families dwindled immediately after Philip's marriage; Mrs. M., I am sorry to say, setting us down as shabby-genteel people, and she couldn't bear screwing—never could!

Well: the speeches were spoken. The bride was kissed, and departed with her bridegroom: they had not even a valet and lady's-maid to bear them company. The route of the happy pair was to be Canterbury, Folkestone, Boulogne, Amiens, Paris, and Italy perhaps, if their little stock of pocket-money would serve them so far. But the very instant when half was spent, it was agreed that these young people should turn their faces homeward again; and meanwhile the printer and Mugford himself agreed that they would do Mr. Sub-editor's duty. How much had they in the little purse for their pleasure-journey? That is no business of ours, surely; but with youth, health, happiness, love, among their possessions, I don't think our young friends had need to be discontented. Away then they drive in their cab to the railway station. Farewell, and Heaven bless you, Char-

lotte and Philip! I have said how I found my wife crying in her favorite's vacant bedroom. The marriage-table did coldly furnish forth a funeral kind of dinner. The cold chicken choked us all, and the jelly was but a sickly compound to my taste, though it was the Little Sister's most artful manufacture. I own for one I was quite miserable. I found no comfort at clubs, nor could the last new novel fix my attention. I saw Philip's eyes, and heard the warble of Charlotte's sweet voice. I walked off from Bays's, and through Old Parr Street, where Philip had lived, and his parents entertained me as a boy; and then tramped to Thornhaugh Street, rather ashamed of myself. The maid said mistress was in Mr. Philip's rooms, the two pair—and what was that I heard on the piano as I entered the apartment? Mrs. Brandon sat there hemming some chintz window curtains, or bed curtains, or what not: by her side sate my own eldest girl stitching away very resolutely; and at the piano—the piano which Philip had bought—there sate my own wife picking out that *Dream of Saint Jerome* of Beethoven, which Charlotte used to play so delicately. We had tea out of Philip's tea-things, and a nice hot cake, which consoled some of us. But I have known few evenings more melancholy than that. It feels like the first night at school after the holidays, when we all used to try and appear cheerful, you know. But ah! how dismal the gayety was; and how dreary that lying awake in the night, and thinking of the happy days just over!

The way in which we looked forward for letters from our bride and bridegroom was quite a curiosity. At length a letter arrived from these personages; and as it contains no secret, I take the liberty to print it *in extenso*.

“AMIENS, *Friday*. PARIS, *Saturday*.

“DEAREST FRIENDS—(For the dearest friends you are to us, and will continue to be *as long as we live*)—We perform our promise of writing to you to say that we are *well*, and *safe*, and *happy*! Philip says I mustn't use *dashes*, but I can't *help it*. He says, he supposes I am *dashing* off a letter. You know his joking way. Oh, what a blessing it is to see him so happy! And if he is happy, I am. I tremble to think *how* happy. He sits opposite me, smoking his cigar, looking so noble! *I like it*, and I went to our room and *brought him this one*. He says, ‘Char, if I were to say bring me your head, you would order a waiter to cut it off.’ Pray, did I not promise three days ago to love, honor, and obey him, and am I going to break my promise already? I hope not. I pray not. All my life I hope I shall be trying to keep that promise of mine. We liked Canterbury almost as much as dear Westminster. We had an open carriage, and took a *glorious drive* to Folkestone, and in the crossing Philip was ill, and I wasn't. And he looked very droll: and he was in a dreadful bad humor; and that was my first appearance as nurse. I think I should like him to be a *little* ill sometimes, so that I may sit up and take care of him. We went through the cords at the custom-house at Boulogne; and I remembered how, two years ago, I passed through those very cords with my poor papa, and *he* stood outside, and saw us! We went to the Hôtel des Bains. We walked about the town. We went to the Tintalleries, where we used to live, and to your house in the Haute Ville, where I remember *every thing as if it was yesterday*. Don't you remember, as we were walking one day, you said, ‘Charlotte, there is the steamer coming; there is the smoke of his funnel;’ and I said, ‘What steamer?’ and you said, ‘The Philip, to be

sure.’ And he came up, smoking his pipe! We passed over and over the old ground where we used to walk. We went to the pier, and gave money to the poor little hunchback who plays the guitar, and he said, ‘*Merci, Madame.*’ How droll it sounded! And that good kind Marie at the Hôtel des Bains remembered us, and called us ‘*mes enfants.*’ And if you were not the most good-natured woman *in the world*, I think I should be ashamed to write such nonsense.

“Think of Mrs. Brandon having knitted me a purse, which she gave me as we went away from *dear, dear* Queen Square; and when I opened it, there were five sovereigns in it! When we found what the purse contained, Philip used one of his great *jurons* (as he always does when he is most tender-hearted), and he said that woman was an angel, and that we would keep those five sovereigns, and never change them. Ah! I am thankful my husband has such friends! I will love all who love him—you most of all. For were not you the means of bringing this noble heart to me? I fancy I have known *bigger people* since I have known you, and some of your friends. Their talk is simpler, their thoughts are greater than—those with whom I used to live. P. says, Heaven has given Mrs. Brandon such a great heart, that she must have a good intellect. If loving my Philip be wisdom, I know some one who will be very wise!

“If I was not in a very great hurry to see mamma, Philip said we might stop a day at Amiens. And we went to the Cathedral, and to whom, do you think, it is dedicated? to *my* saint: to SAINT FERMIN! and oh! I prayed to Heaven to give me strength to devote my life to *my saint's service*, to love him always, as a pure, true wife: in sickness to guard him, in sorrow to soothe him. I will try and *learn* and *study*, not to make my intellect equal to his—very few women can hope for that—but that I may better comprehend him, and give him a companion more worthy of him. I wonder whether there are many men in the world as clever as our husbands? Though Philip is so modest. He says he is not clever *at all*. Yet I know he is, and grander, somehow, than other men. I said nothing, but I used to listen at Queen Square; and some who came who thought best of themselves, seemed to me pert, and worldly, and small; and some were like princes somehow. My Philip is one of the princes. Ah, dear friend! may I not give thanks where thanks are due, that I am chosen to be the wife of a true gentleman? Kind, and brave, and loyal Philip! Honest and generous—above deceit or selfish scheme. Oh! I hope it is not wrong to be so happy!

“We wrote to mamma and dear Madame Smolensk to say we were coming. Mamma finds Madame de Valentinis' boarding-house even dearer than dear Madame Smolensk's. *I don't mean* a pun! She says she has found out that Madame de Valentinis' real name is Cornichon, that she was a person of the worst character, and that cheating at *écarté* was practiced at her house. She took up her own two francs and another two-franc piece from the card-table, saying that Colonel Boulotte was cheating, and by rights the money was hers. She is going to leave Madame de Valentinis at the end of her month, or as soon as our children, who have the measles, can move. She desired that on no account I would come to see her at Madame V.'s; and she brought Philip £12 10s. in five-franc pieces, which she laid down on the table before him, and said it was my first quarter's payment. It is not due yet, I know. ‘But do you think I will be beholden,’ says she, ‘to a man like you!’ And P. shrugged his shoulders, and put the *rouleau* of silver pieces into a drawer. He did not say a word, but, of course, I saw he was ill-pleased. ‘What shall we do with your fortune, Char?’ he said, when mamma went away. And a part we spent at the opera and at Véry's restaurant, where we took our dear kind Madame Smolensk. Ah, how good that woman was to me! Ah, how I suffered in that house when mamma wanted to part me from Philip! We walked by and saw the windows of the room where that horrible, horrible tragedy was performed, and Philip shook his fist at the green *jalousies*. ‘Good Heavens!’ he said, ‘how, my darling, how I was made to suffer there!’ I bear no malice. I will do no injury. But I never can forgive: never! I can forgive mamma, who made my husband so unhappy; but can I love her again? Indeed and indeed I have tried. Often and often in my dreams that horrid

tragedy is acted over again; and they are taking him from me, and I feel as if I should die. When I was with you I used often to be afraid to go to sleep for fear of that dreadful dream, and I kept one of his letters under my pillow so that I might hold it in the night. And now! No one can part us!—oh, no one!—until the end comes!

"He took me about to all his old *bachelor haunts*; to the Hôtel Poussin, where he used to live, which is very dingy but comfortable. And he introduced me to the landlady in a Madras handkerchief, and to the landlord (with ear-rings and with no coat on), and to the little boy who *frottes* the floor. And he said, '*Tiens*' and '*merci, Madame!*' as we gave him a five-franc piece out of my *fortune*. And then we went to the café opposite the Bourse, where Philip used to write his letters; and then we went to the Palais Royal, where Madame de Smolensk was in waiting for us. And then we went to the play. And then we went to Tortoni's to take ices. And then we walked a part of the way home with Madame Smolensk under a hundred million blazing stars; and then we walked down the Champs Elysées' avenues, by which Philip used to come to me, and beside the plashing foun-

ains shining under the silver moon. And, oh, Laura! I wonder under the silver moon was any body so happy as your *loving and grateful* C. F.?"

"P.S." [In the handwriting of Philip Firmin, Esq.]—"MY DEAR FRIENDS: I'm so jolly that it seems like a dream. I have been watching Charlotte scribble, scribble for an hour past; and wondered and thought is it actually true? and gone and convinced myself of the truth by looking at the paper and the dashes which she will put under the words. My dear friends, what have I done in life that I am to be made a present of a little angel? Once there was so much wrong in me, and my heart was so black and revengeful, that I knew not what might happen to me. She came and rescued me. The love of this creature purifies me—and—and I think that is all. I think I only want to say that I am the happiest man in Europe. That St. Firmin at Amiens! Didn't it seem like a good omen? By St. George! I never heard of St. F. until I lighted on him in the cathedral. When shall we write next? Where shall we tell you to direct? We don't know where we are going. We don't want letters. But we are not the less grateful to dear, kind friends; and our names are

"P. AND C. F."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 8th of March, containing events of the deepest interest.

During the month important military operations, which had been previously commenced, have been successfully carried on in Kentucky and Tennessee. At the middle of January the Confederate troops held the following points in these States: Mill Spring, on the upper waters of the Cumberland River, covering the Cumberland Gap, leading into Virginia; Fort Henry, on the Cumberland; and Fort Donelson, on the Tennessee, about 70 miles from the mouths of these rivers, barring the way by water into Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama; Bowling Green, near the middle of Kentucky, the centre of their line, about midway between Mill Spring and Fort Donelson; and Columbus, on the Mississippi, a few miles below the mouth of the Ohio. Opposed to these were the National forces under General Buell, who had advanced from various points to Munfordsville, midway between Mill Spring and Bowling Green. Cairo, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi; and Paducah, at the junction of the Ohio and Tennessee, were also held in force, forming points for gathering and transferring troops. A glance at the map shows the importance of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. Both fall into the Ohio near the southwestern corner of Kentucky. Following their course upward from their mouths they run southward, parallel with each other, at a distance of about 10 miles, for about 70 miles, crossing Kentucky and entering Tennessee. The Cumberland then turns eastward, traversing half the length of Tennessee, then bends northeastward, re-entering Kentucky. The Tennessee maintains its southerly course across the breadth of Tennessee, entering Alabama; then, turning to the east, it traverses the northern part of that State, when it turns northeast, and re-enters Tennessee. These directions are the reverse of the current, as we are tracing the rivers from their mouths upward, not from their sources down. The Cumberland is navigable for steamers to Nashville, in Tennessee, about 200 miles from its mouth, and for boats some 300 miles further. The Tennessee is navigable for steamers to Florence, in Alabama, 275 miles, and for boats 250 miles further.

The advance of the National forces, so long awaited, began about the middle of January. In our last Record we noted the battle of Mill Spring, January 19, where Zollicoffer was defeated and killed; and the capture of Fort Henry, on the Cumberland, February 6. After the capture of Fort Henry three gun-boats were sent up the river. They proceeded to the head of steamboat navigation, at Florence, Alabama, capturing two steamers and a gun-boat; six other steamers loaded with military stores were burned by the enemy, to prevent their falling into our hands. A strong Union feeling was found to exist in that portion of Tennessee and Alabama through which this expedition passed. Soon after the capture of Fort Henry a movement was made toward Bowling Green. This important point, which a few weeks before had been occupied by a Confederate force said to number 40,000 men, was abandoned on the approach of our forces under General Mitchell, who took possession of the place on the 15th of February, the enemy retreating upon Nashville.

Simultaneously with this movement upon Bowling Green, Fort Donelson, the principal fortification on the Cumberland River, was attacked by our land and naval forces. General Grant left Fort Henry on the 12th, with a large force, divided into two divisions, under M'Clelland and Smith; six regiments having in the mean while been sent by steamers up the river. The fort, of which General Pillow had just assumed the command, was admirably constructed, and garrisoned by about 20,000 men. It was supposed by the enemy that it could not be taken except by an overwhelming force after a long siege. Besides Pillow, Floyd, formerly Secretary of War under Mr. Buchanan, and Buckner, who had commanded at Bowling Green, were in Fort Donelson. The works were invested by land on the 12th and 13th, occasional skirmishing taking place. The gun-boats, four of iron and two of wood, commanded by Commodore Foote, having ascended the river, commenced a sharp attack on the 14th. After a severe bombardment of more than an hour the water batteries, against which the fire of the boats was directed, appeared to be nearly silenced. Just then the steering apparatus of two of the boats was shot away, and they drifted helplessly down the stream. The other boats having suffered severely, the naval at-

tack was suspended. Upon consultation between General Grant and Commodore Foote, it was resolved that the boats should go to Cairo for repairs, and that the works should be invested by land, the direct assault being postponed. This plan was frustrated by the enemy, who on the morning of the 15th sallied from their intrenchments, and made a vigorous attack upon M'Clermand's division, which formed the right of our army. Our forces were pressed back for a time, losing many killed and wounded, and 250 prisoners. The enemy having concentrated his forces in this assault upon our right, our left, under General C. F. Smith, was ordered to attack their intrenchments. These were carried; whereupon our right again assumed the offensive, recovered the ground which had been lost, drove the enemy back within his lines, and took possession of some commanding positions. This action, which had lasted the whole day, with varying fortunes, was brought to a close by night. It left us in a position which rendered our success on the following day certain. At daylight a simultaneous advance from all points was begun, when a flag of truce was sent from the enemy bringing propositions from General Buckner for an armistice until noon, to arrange terms of capitulation. As was afterward shown, Pillow and Floyd had embarked as many troops as could be conveyed by the steamers in their possession, and had escaped up the river, leaving Buckner in command of the fort. To the request for an armistice Grant replied that no terms except immediate and unconditional surrender would be granted, and that unless these were accepted he should move at once upon their works. Buckner replied that he was compelled to accept the "ungenerous and unchivalrous terms" offered, and surrendered at discretion. The whole number of prisoners thus surrendered was about 14,000, and 5000 are supposed to have escaped with Pillow and Floyd. Official reports of the losses have not yet been issued, but it is known to have been heavy on both sides.—General Pillow has published his account of the loss of Fort Donelson. He took the command on the 8th of February, and set to work to improve the defenses. Floyd soon arrived, and assumed the command. Before the defenses were complete the fort was invested by fifty-two regiments, while they had, he says, but 12,000 men all told. The plan adopted at a council of war summoned by Floyd was to cut their way through and retreat. Pillow then narrates the proceedings of the 14th and 15th. At the close of this last day he had lost a large proportion of his men, and the remainder were worn out, having been exposed without sleep or shelter for five days in the trenches; while the enemy had not only gained a position which commanded Buckner's intrenchments, but had regained their investing position, cutting off the retreat again. A council of war was held. Pillow wished to cut his way through. Buckner said he could not hold his position half an hour; and that to cut the way through would cost three-fourths of the force; and no officer had a right to sacrifice three-fourths to save the remainder. Floyd concurred in this opinion. Floyd said he would give up the command to Buckner, if he might withdraw his own division; for he would not be taken. Buckner assented; whereupon Floyd turned over the command to Pillow, who passed it to Buckner, who thereupon sent a flag of truce asking for an armistice of six hours to agree upon terms of capitulation; but before this was delivered Pillow had retired from the garrison. He says that in the battle of the 15th

5000 of the Federal troops were left dead or wounded on the field.

Fort Donelson having been captured, Commodore Foote, with two gun-boats, proceeded up the river some thirty miles to Clarksville, another point strongly fortified, where it was supposed that the enemy might make a stand, this being the last considerable defensive position below Nashville. The enemy had, however, abandoned the place, after having set fire to the railroad bridge, and retreated upon Nashville. This city, the capital of Tennessee, and the place fixed upon some months ago as the future capital of the Southern Confederacy, was the next point of attack. It was now open to our forces from two directions: by the railroad from Bowling Green, and up the Cumberland. Both approaches were used. Steamers, with troops under General Nelson, proceeded up the river, while General Buell, with his army, advanced from Bowling Green. Until late on the 16th the inhabitants of Nashville believed that the National forces had been defeated. A dispatch of the 15th from Fort Donelson assured them that "the enemy are retreating—glorious result—our boys following and peppering their rear." Pillow sent a dispatch the same day, announcing, "On the honor of a soldier, the day is ours." Cave Johnson, on the morning of the 16th, sent word from Clarksville that "our officers feel confident of success, our troops equally so, and can not be conquered." The first tidings of their reverses were brought during the 16th by the arrival of Floyd, who had escaped from Fort Donelson. During the day the forces who had abandoned Bowling Green appeared, and passed on to the South. It was reported that the National gun-boats were close at hand. The Governor and Legislature departed for Memphis, carrying off the public archives. The public stores were thrown open for all who chose to take them, on Monday the 17th; the gun-boats in process of construction were destroyed, the railroad bridges burned in anticipation of the immediate arrival of the National forces. These did not appear for a week; meanwhile Floyd having been appointed to command, assisted by Pillow and Hardee, the order for distributing the public stores was countermanded, and the distribution partly stopped. But on the morning of the 23d the advance body of General Buell's column appeared at Edgehill, a village opposite Nashville. Buell arrived on the following evening, and was immediately waited upon by a Committee headed by the Mayor of Nashville; a formal interview was arranged for the following morning, before which time Nelson with his column had arrived up the river. At the meeting on the 25th Nashville was formally surrendered upon the assurance that the persons and property of all citizens would be respected. On the following day, February 26, the Mayor issued a proclamation urging all citizens to resume their ordinary avocations under the assurance of protection from the National forces. Few military stores were captured, the greater part having been carried away or distributed among the people. On the 19th Governor Harris issued a proclamation, from Memphis, announcing the fall of Fort Donelson, and summoning every able-bodied man, without regard to age, to enlist in the army.—Senator Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, has been appointed Military Governor of the State, with the rank of Brigadier-General.

Columbus had been styled the "Gibraltar of the Mississippi." It had been strongly fortified, and was thought impregnable to any attack, while it pre-

vented any passage down the river. But the evacuation of Bowling Green, and the capture of Fort Donelson and Nashville, rendered its possession by the Confederates useless, even if it could be successfully defended. Its abandonment was therefore considered certain. An armed reconnoissance made on the 2d of March by Commodore Foote from Cairo, showed that the evacuation was then taking place. On the 4th another force was sent down to take possession; but on arriving they found that they had been anticipated by a scouting party of Illinois cavalry, sent by General Sherman from Paducah, who were already in possession of what remained of the place. The works were uninjured, and a large amount of military stores were secured. It was supposed that the forces of the Confederates were to fall back to Fort Randolph, in Tennessee, 160 miles below Columbus, and 60 above Memphis, although Island 10 in the Mississippi, some 120 miles above Randolph, has also been suggested as their immediate destination.

In *Missouri*, also, active operations were resumed about the same time as in Kentucky and Tennessee. The Confederate General, Sterling Price, who had for some time occupied Springfield, was surprised on the 13th of February by the advance of our forces under General Curtis. He abandoned his position in haste, retreating toward Arkansas, closely followed by our forces. He made several ineffectual attempts at a stand, but was uniformly defeated, our troops capturing stores and prisoners. Price has been driven out of Missouri into Arkansas, and portions of that State are now in our hands, Fayetteville, a considerable town, having been occupied on the 27th of February. At a place called Mud Hollow the retreating army had poisoned a considerable quantity of meat, and 42 of our soldiers who ate of it were poisoned.

Thus, in about a fortnight of active operations, the Confederate forces have been driven entirely out of Kentucky and Missouri, and from all except a small portion of Tennessee. While these operations were going on in the West, the Burnside Expedition, for which such serious apprehensions had been entertained, has met with similar success. Early in February the greater part of this expedition had succeeded in getting into Pamlico Sound. On the 7th of February, the day after the fall of Fort Henry, an attack was commenced by this expedition upon Roanoke Island, in the narrow channel between Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds. The island had been strongly fortified, and was thought capable of barring the way of any naval force into Albemarle Sound, and thus preventing any serious operations upon the coast of North Carolina. The attack was opened by the gun-boats, which bombarded the forts, while the troops landed beyond reach of their guns. The forces, under Generals Foster, Reno, and Parks, having effected a landing, encamped during the night. At daybreak on the 8th they advanced through a dense swamp upon the enemy's intrenchments, suffering considerable loss. These intrenchments were carried by storm, the enemy abandoning them, and running away at full speed toward the upper end of the island, closely pursued by our forces. There was, however, no means of escape, and before our troops could overtake them they were met by a flag of truce. Immediate and unconditional surrender was demanded, and these terms were complied with, about 2500 men laying down their arms. Our loss was about 50 killed and 200 wounded; that of the enemy being less, as they only fought under

cover, ran away, and surrendered when overtaken. Among their killed was O. Jennings Wise, a son of Henry A. Wise, who was shot while endeavoring to escape in a boat. On the next day a portion of our fleet passed into Albemarle Sound, and overtook the Confederate flotilla near Elizabeth City. One of their gun-boats was captured and four destroyed, while but two made their escape. Elizabeth City, Edenton, and several other places in North Carolina were subsequently occupied by our forces.

The right wing of our grand army, under General Banks, crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry on the 26th of February, and advanced upon Charlestown. In Western Virginia, our troops, under General Lander, on the 13th of February, surprised the enemy's camp near Blooming Gap, dispersing it, with a loss of 13 killed and 75 prisoners. General Lander reported that his department was entirely cleared of the enemy, and asked to be relieved from his command on the ground of ill health, he never having recovered from a wound received at Edwards's Ferry the day after the disaster at Ball's Bluff. His request proved too well-founded, for he died on the 2d of March. He is succeeded by General Shields. —The operations of our forces in the neighborhood of Port Royal are kept secret. We learn from Southern sources that they are approaching Savannah, having already cut off the communication between that place and Fort Pulaski.

Important measures, financial and others, have been before Congress. The Treasury Note Bill, somewhat modified from the shape in which it passed the House, as given in our last Record, has been passed. The chief modification is, that the Demand Notes are not to be received in payment for duties upon imports, or to be paid out for the interest upon the public debt—both of which are to be paid in gold. The notes are to be received and paid out by Government for all other purposes, and are made a legal tender for all debts.—A general Tax Bill has been reported by the House Committee of Ways and Means. It embodies specific taxes upon liquors, tobacco, oils, gas, paper, leather, soap, salt, flour, and 3 per cent. upon all manufactures not enumerated; a tax upon railroad and steamboat travel, upon advertisements, carriages, watches, jewelry, plate, slaughtered cattle, etc.; licenses of from 5 to 200 dollars upon trades, hotels, theatres, shows, and the like; an income tax of 3 per cent. upon the surplus of all incomes over \$600; the same upon dividends, salaries of Government officers and employés, and 1 to 5 per cent. upon legacies; stamp duties upon legal and commercial papers; taxes upon patent medicines, telegraphic messages, and expresses. The Bill is now before the House, where it is presumed its details will undergo considerable modification. Various propositions relating to the question of slavery have been submitted. The most important of these is the "Confiscation Bill" reported in the Senate by the Judiciary Committee, providing for the confiscation of the property of those engaged in the insurrection, and enfranchising their slaves. This Bill has elicited prolonged and able debates, and is now before the Senate.

On the 6th of March the President submitted to Congress a message upon the emancipation of slaves. As this message may be supposed to represent the views of the Government, we give it in full:

I recommend the adoption of a joint resolution by your honorable bodies, which shall be substantially as follows:
Resolved, *That the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of Slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used*

by such State in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system.

If the proposition contained in the resolution does not meet the approval of Congress and the country, there is the end; but if it does command such approval, I deem it of importance that the States and people immediately interested should be at once distinctly notified of the fact, so that they may begin to consider whether to accept or reject it.

The Federal Government would find its highest interest in such a measure, as one of the most efficient means of self-preservation. The leaders of the existing insurrection entertain the hope that the Government will ultimately be forced to acknowledge the independence of some part of the disaffected region, and that all the Slave States north of such parts will then say, "The Union for which we have struggled being already gone, we now choose to go with the Southern section." To deprive them of this hope substantially ends the rebellion, and the initiation of emancipation completely deprives them of it as to all the States initiating it. The point is not that all the States tolerating Slavery would very soon, if at all, initiate emancipation, but that, while the offer is equally made to all, the more Northern shall, by such initiation, make it certain to the more Southern that in no event will the former ever join the latter in their proposed Confederacy. I say "initiation," because, in my judgment, gradual and not sudden emancipation is better for all.

In the mere financial or pecuniary view any member of Congress, with the Census tables and the Treasury reports before him, can readily see for himself how soon the current expenditures of this war would purchase, at a fair valuation, all the Slaves in any named State.

Such a proposition on the part of the General Government sets up no claim of a right by Federal authority to interfere with Slavery within State limits, referring, as it does, the absolute control of the subject, in each case, to the State and its people immediately interested. It is proposed as a matter of perfectly free choice with them.

In the annual Message last December I thought fit to say: "The Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed." I said this not hastily, but deliberately. War has been, and continues to be, an indispensable means to this end. A practical re-acknowledgment of the National authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease. If, however, resistance continues, the war must also continue, and it is impossible to foresee all the incidents which may attend, and all the ruin which may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency toward ending the struggle, must and will come.

The proposition now made, though an offer only, I hope it may be esteemed no offense to ask whether the pecuniary consideration tendered would not be of more value to the States and private persons concerned than are the institution and property in it, in the present aspect of affairs.

While it is true that the adoption of the proposed resolution would be merely initiatory, and not within itself a practical measure, it is recommended in the hope that it would soon lead to important results. In full view of my great responsibility to my God and to my Country, I earnestly beg the attention of Congress and the people to the subject.

The Confederate Congress assembled at Richmond January 22. The electoral votes for Permanent President and Vice-President were counted; all were cast for Messrs. Davis and Stephens respectively. Mr. Davis's Inaugural repeats the charges so often made against the National Government, and asserts that the Confederate States were forced into war against their will. Within the year the Confederacy had increased from six to thirteen States, and Maryland also would, when able to speak, connect her destiny with the South. The intelligence of the fall of Fort Donelson had just reached Richmond; but Mr. Davis says that "though the tide is for the moment against us, the final result in our favor is not doubtful; our foes must soon sink under the immense load of debt which they have incurred." In a Message, four days later, Mr. Davis says that "events have demonstrated that the Government had attempted more than it had power successfully to achieve. Hence, in our efforts to protect by our arms the whole territory of the Confederate States, sea-board and inland, we have been so exposed as

recently to encounter serious disasters." The surrender of Roanoke Island "was deeply humiliating, however imperfect might have been its means of defense." He hopes that the reports of the losses at Fort Donelson have been exaggerated; since he can "not believe that a large army of our people have surrendered without a desperate effort to cut their way through the investing forces, whatever may have been their numbers, and to endeavor to make a junction with other divisions of the army." He thinks the war will continue a number of years; and urges that enlistments in the army should be for a long term. The force of the army is somewhat vaguely stated at "400 regiments of infantry, with proportionate forces of cavalry and artillery." The financial system of the Confederacy, he says, has worked well; the credit of the Government being unimpaired, and no floating debt existing. The expenditures during the year are put down, "in round numbers, at 170,000,000 dollars."—The conduct of the war, on the part of the Confederate authorities, has been sharply criticised in the Congress. Mr. Foote, of Tennessee, offered a resolution in favor of a vigorous offensive warfare, which was regarded as a direct impeachment of the Administration. In supporting his resolution, Mr. Foote said that if they had pushed forward, Southern freedom would have been accomplished six months ago. The concentration of their forces at Bowling Green, he said, was a "notable instance of the folly and criminal carelessness which has marked our military policy." Other members followed in the same strain, denouncing especially the course of the Secretaries of War and of the Navy. Much dissatisfaction prevails in Richmond; the papers state that the "traitors" there are numerous. Several arrests of prominent persons have been made; among these is John M. Botts. At a public meeting it was recommended that the cotton and tobacco of the whole Confederacy should be destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the Federal authorities. A bill has been reported in the Senate directing the military authorities to destroy cotton, tobacco, military and naval stores, and all other property, when necessary to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy; prohibiting the owners of cotton and tobacco from moving them without permission into any military district; and providing for the indemnification of the owners of these articles who may destroy them, upon proof that the destruction was necessary to prevent their capture. A resolution was unanimously adopted that it is "the unalterable determination of the people of the Confederate States to suffer all the calamities of the most protracted war; but that they will never, on any terms, politically affiliate with a people who are guilty of an invasion of their soil and the butchery of their citizens." Martial law was proclaimed, on the 27th of February, over Norfolk and Portsmouth, and the country for ten miles around, and on the 1st of March over Richmond and the surrounding country. The distillation of grain into whisky is expressly prohibited.

Messrs. Mason and Slidell reached Southampton January 29, and proceeded to London. Little notice was taken of their arrival. Mr. Slidell soon after went to Paris, where he has taken up his residence.—The Confederate steamer *Nashville* left Southampton February 3, the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, which had been watching her, not being allowed by the British Government to follow until after 24 hours. The *Nashville* steered for Bermuda,

arriving on the 20th, took in coal, and departed on the 24th; on the 26th she met an American trading schooner, took off the crew, and burned the vessel; and the next day she reached Beaufort Harbor, North Carolina, sighting a United States blockading steamer; she hoisted American colors, steered straight for the blockading vessel, then suddenly changing her course, succeeded in entering the harbor. She is said to have brought a large supply of paper for the Confederate Treasury and Post-office Departments.

Arrangements for a general exchange of prisoners have been made between the United States and the Confederate authorities. This arrangement was made when the enemy held about 3200, far more than we had. The successes at Roanoke, Fort Donelson, and in Missouri have put nearly 20,000 Confederates in our power. A large part of those captured at Bull Run and Ball's Bluff have returned home.—February 14, Government issued an order for the release of political prisoners not held by military authority, upon their engaging not to aid the enemies of the United States; the Secretary of War having power to except those whose detention is necessary for the public safety.—February 25, Government took military possession, under a special Act of Congress, of all telegraphic lines in the United States. All dispatches relating to military matters, not authorized by authority, are prohibited, and editors giving any unauthorized military details are to be excluded from receiving information by telegraph or sending their papers by mail.—General Charles P. Stone, who commanded our forces at Ball's Bluff, has been arrested and sent to Fort Lafayette, on charge of misbehavior at that battle and subsequent complicity with the enemy.

MEXICO.

The representatives of England, France, and Spain, under date of January 10, issued a manifesto addressed to the Mexican people, reiterating the declaration that their object was not conquest; they also presented the ultimatum of their governments to the effect that satisfaction must be rendered for the expulsion of the Spanish minister, indemnification be made to Spain for losses sustained by her subjects, and punishment be inflicted upon the offenders; that payment should be made by Mexico for the expenses of the expedition; and that the treaties which have been broken should be acknowledged and observed. The Mexican Government replied, acknowledging that the treaties had been violated, and promising their future observance. As a preliminary to negotiations, the withdrawal of the allied forces, with the exception of a guard of honor of 2000 men, was demanded. To this the allies refused to accede. On the 18th of February a conference was held at Soledad between General Prim, representing the allies, and General Degollado, the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs. Here the preliminaries for negotiation, to take place at Orizaba, were settled. While these are pending, the allied armies are to occupy Cordova, Orizaba, and Tehuacan, and the Mexican flag is to be replaced upon the Castle of San Juan D'Ulloa at Vera Cruz. In case the negotiations fail, the allied forces are to return to Vera Cruz.

EUROPE.

Earl Russell, on the 31st of January, issued a circular to the Lords of the Admiralty, directing that during the continuance of the American war no ships of war or privateers of either party should be allowed to use any British port as a station for

any warlike purpose, or for obtaining facilities for warlike equipment; no such vessel to be allowed to leave any British port in which any vessel belonging to the other belligerent shall have departed, until after the expiration of 24 hours. Every vessel of war of either belligerent entering any British port is required to leave within 24 hours, except in case of stress of weather or distress. In such case they may be allowed to make necessary repairs, and take in supplies for immediate use; these supplies to consist only of provisions and other necessaries for the crew, and so much coal as may be needed to carry the vessel to the nearest port of her own country, or some nearer destination; no coal to be supplied, without special permission, a second time to any vessel in any British port, until after three months from the last supply.—In accordance with this regulation the Confederate steamer *Nashville*, which had been lying at Southampton, put to sea on the 4th of February, and the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, which had been watching her, was prevented from following in pursuit for 24 hours. We have before noted the arrival of the *Nashville* at Beaufort, North Carolina.—Parliament opened on the 6th of February. The Queen's Speech, which was read by Commission, touches upon the death of Prince Albert; represents her relations with European Powers to be wholly satisfactory; says there is no reason to apprehend any disturbance of the peace of Europe. It speaks of the adjustment of the *Trent* affair, and says that "the friendly relations between her Majesty and the President of the United States are unimpaired." It makes no further allusion to the British relations with this country.—In the debates of Parliament American affairs occupied a large space. The leaders of both parties agree that the time has not come to recognize the Southern Confederacy. Lord Palmerston, on behalf of Government, declared that the policy of strict neutrality would still be maintained. The question of the stone blockade is still discussed by the press and in Parliament. Earl Russell, in reply to a question, stated that he had been assured that the design was not to permanently destroy the harbor of Charleston; and that, in fact, such a destruction would be impossible, for the rivers would ultimately open a passage for themselves.

The French Chambers opened their session on the 27th of January. The Emperor's speech presented a general resumé of the affairs of the empire. An abstract of the financial portion of this speech is given in our Foreign Bureau. In reference to this country the Emperor merely says: "The civil war which desolates America has gravely compromised our commercial interests. So long, however, as the rights of neutrals are respected we must confine ourselves to expressing wishes for the early termination of these dissensions."—The Address of the Chambers in reply to this speech regrets the injuries inflicted by the civil war upon trade and manufactures, but agrees with the Emperor that the friendly relations between the two countries render neutrality incumbent, and expresses the belief that the quarrel will be all the shorter if not complicated by foreign interference.

The project of establishing a monarchy in Mexico, with a European prince upon the throne, is seriously mooted by the French and Spanish Governments, with the tacit consent of Great Britain. It is affirmed that the crown has been offered to the Archduke Maximilian of Austria.

Editor's Easy Chair.

A WINTER of unusual mildness is now well over. A winter that will be among the chief historical epochs fades quietly out into the moist warmth of late March and early April, closing a year of such significance as most of us are not likely ever to see again.

To one who has traveled constantly during the winter the spectacle of profoundly interested and thoughtful people has been most attractive and suggestive. For now during a year the nation has been sustained at a rare height of emotion: a height which is a mount of national vision, whence the promised land of the Future is seen waving in golden peace and plenty out of sight.

The year has shown us that we are a nation conscious of its purpose, and resolved to fulfill it under the protection of law. Not a word has been officially said nor a blow struck at any other system in the world; and yet our victory is their defeat. Our success vindicates the strength and quality of free popular institutions. And they are vindicated no less to ourselves than to others.

Eighteen months ago, when a distinguished foreigner said, "A civil war will do you good," it seemed like the careless and cruel word of a man who did not and could not understand us. Yet now we may well ask ourselves whether the self-knowledge we have acquired may not have been cheaply bought by the war.

Meanwhile no man need fear that we shall never be one again because we have fought. Our fight is no fiercer than that of the Roundhead and Cavalier, of the Fronde and the Court, but a single and united England and France emerged from the bitter struggle.

There is indeed one happy distinction in our war from all others of the kind—that it is not, except in some quarters, a feud between neighbors and kindred, but rather between sections. Consequently the battle-field is not at every man's door, but is confined to particular points. That wild ravage which is so striking a part of the memoirs of the French and English civil wars has been confined to a comparatively small territory. For the rest, the general aspect of life here in the Northern States has been varied only by the military spectacle. For the first time we have seen uniforms and cannon and equipage that meant battle. The flying flags, the beating drum, the march of troops, these have announced war, but it was like war in another country. The great currents of life have been unchanged.

Yet, in the midst of all, no man who really loves his country but has thought with the sincerest sympathy and grief of those upon whose homes the red hand of this war has fallen. It may be long before Peace is absolutely restored, before every muttering of war has died away; but when that Peace comes it will be perfect and permanent.

"I WISH you a Happy Washington's Birthday!" is likely to become a regular annual national salutation. Certainly none of us can recall a sincerer festival than its last anniversary, when the whole country at the North rang with merry bells, and echoed with roar of cannon, and blazed at night with bonfires, and every where the wise words of Washington were read and pondered.

Of all human beings he is the most fortunate. In his life so signally loved and honored, with but an occasional breath of detraction: after his death en-

shrined in a national memory which reveres him as no other people reveres an actual historic man.

Doubtless the secret charm of Washington for every American is that he was the ideal citizen. His ambition was chastened into the sole and simple wish to serve his country, and not to serve himself through his country. He instinctively repudiated an honor that merely exalted himself. As soldier and magistrate he was only the citizen serving in the way that was at the moment most necessary.

Thus, in the truest sense, he was the most practical of men, and the most conservative. But his practicality was not moral indifference or cowardice. It was not the policy of the devil take the hindmost, nor was its motto "after me the deluge," which is the policy and the motto of that mercenary, sordid baseness which arrogates to itself in this country, as it has in all other countries, the sacred name of Conservatism.

The conservatism of Washington was an adhesion to moral principle. It was the earnest conviction that the laws of nations and of society are not less absolute than those of the elements or of matter. Consequently he said what no merely technical conservative ever dared or dares to say: "The propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right."

If that doctrine, which is the only platform of a truly conservative party, shall be the text of every discourse upon every anniversary of this birthday, and the rule of the national life, the nation will be worthy to call Washington father.

These words were quoted with the greatest effect in the noble oration delivered by the historian of the United States on the 22d of February last, at the Cooper Institute. No man's word, upon our great men and epochs, can have more weight than that of Mr. Bancroft. No public discourse of late days is more pointed, pungent, and forcible than his upon Washington's birthday. It was an oration in which words were things.

As the life and words of Washington are more and more interesting to us, so his home is a constantly more revered shrine of pilgrimage. There is no spot in the country which is visited with more sincere emotion; and therefore when, after a fortnight of moist, dark, dreary wintry weather, the sun shone clear one Saturday morning, it was a cheerful party that drove away from Willard's door in Washington, and heaved and plunged through the mire of Pennsylvania Avenue, and turned toward the Navy-yard.

The very genius of dreariness has its home in Washington and its purlieu—at least in dismal, muddy days. The positive dullness, for instance, of the drive from Willard's to the Navy-yard is alleviated by no single thing upon the way, excepting always the serene dome of the Capitol. Our drive was any thing but dull, certainly; but it was because we carried our pleasures with us. They were exotics all. They had the flavor of New England, of New York, of the West. They were even the pleasanter from the back-ground of Washington out of the windows. The Senate was discussing Bright, and we discussed him, and we discussed his discussers. The vote of the omnibus was taken before that of the Senate, and it was unanimous.

Still heaving and plunging, we stopped suddenly at the great gate of the Navy-yard.

This was one of the chief points that treason hoped to have secured. But Commander Dahlgren was a point that treason despaired of. He was true, of course, and the Navy-yard is ours.

Washington was a place so easily taken—it lay so willing, so inviting a victim—it was so near to them, so far from us—its society was so false—its foreign sympathy with the treason was so sure, for more than one of the resident ministers frequented those famous card-parties where Slidell shone and Mason and the rest were confederates, and the dishonors were easy—that there can be but two reasons why Washington did not fall. Either the enemy did not know their power, which is scarcely credible, since every body else knew it, or they feared that its capture would do just what the bombardment of Sumter did—open the way for that deluge of patriotism in which party sophistries and half treason and secret rebellion would be swept away.

The blow was more wisely struck in South Carolina than on the Potomac, for there was the Southern soil and the ocean between Sumter and its avengers. Besides, Virginia was then not fully committed, and the rebellion could gain time. If Virginia had been sure for Davis and his crew, Mrs. Davis might easily have slept in the White House, as she expected. Maryland would have made no resistance, and communication with the North was cut off. Then, if the rebels had held Washington as long as they have held Richmond, their recognition by foreign powers would have been soon secured—or, as a Government *de facto* installed in the capital, they could at once have claimed that acknowledgment.

The bright sun shone and smiled these dreary thoughts away as we drove through the Navy-yard to the wharf, where lay several steamers that had run the blockade. Every thing we saw showed war. Commander Dahlgren, erect, alert, wrapped in his naval cloak, received us with cordial courtesy; but we were bound for pleasure, and he for work, so we parted at the wharf, he coming on board only to greet the ladies whom he could not accompany.

The steamer slipped away from her moorings, the band playing "Dixie," the flag floating over our heads, and the graceful heights of the Virginia shore, lightly touched with snow, sparkling in the sun. The Navy-yard is upon a creek opening out of the Potomac, but a few moments brought us into the broad stream, below the Long Bridge, and our bow pointed southward. The river at this point is very broad and very beautiful. High upon a hill at the left there was a battery, and far across, beyond Fort Albany and the camps, we saw the tower of Fairfax Seminary.

The landscape was all historic. We were following the watery war-path by which the brave young Ellsworth marched to his death. While he and his heroes were sailing here the Seventh Regiment was crossing the Long Bridge there above, the May moon glancing upon their bayonets; and steadily marching among his brother heroes, Theodore Winthrop, whose name was soon to be linked with Ellsworth's in grateful national regret and remembrance. Still further up the river, at Georgetown, the third column was crossing, to march down along the Virginian shore and co-operate with the Seventh, if need were—all pressing upon Alexandria to support Ellsworth and his command. The eye and heart clung to the hallowed scene. Henceforth those sad, dead shores are quick with living memories.

We came to Alexandria, a dull town close to the water-side, interesting because Washington went to church there and Ellsworth died there; then passed by and moved quietly along the lonely river. Perhaps it is the scent of treason so lately tainting its air, or the consciousness that it washes the foundation of no great city, or the thought of its malaria and sickly shores, or its essential solitude, or the knowledge that its banks are not the home of freemen, but it is certain that a peculiar desolation hangs over the Potomac. All the way from Arlington to Mount Vernon there is no conspicuous mansion; there is no sense of brisk, happy life. It is the debatable ground. It is a battle-field.

At the turn of the river toward Mount Vernon is Fort Washington. The little steamer drew quietly to the wharf, and we waded in melting snow and mud up the steep hill, and crossing a bridge, entered the fort. A pleasant tradition met us at the gate. It was, that in the outbreak of the rebellion the garrison at the post was insignificant—of course it was, for Floyd had been our Secretary of War. There was a rumor in the air, no one knew whence or why, that it was to be seized by the enemy; so at nightfall the commandant threw himself into the saddle and spurred for Washington, and a regiment, a Pennsylvania regiment, was sent to hold it. If not exactly true, the story is credible. At any rate, the fort is ours.

We picked our way across the area to the ramparts, and there, leaning upon guns, looked out at the lovely landscape. The broad river wheels at the fort, bending westward; and upon the western shore, where its southward course is renewed, stands a little white house—a roof among the trees. That is Mount Vernon. In summer the leaves must hide it altogether. Beside that there were the undulating banks of the river, and far to the north, against the clear sky, soft and opaline that day like June, was the calm dome of the Capitol. Toward the south, where the sky was delicately fretted with dissolving clouds, our eyes looked to see some sign of rebel batteries. We knew that we looked beyond our lines, but we could see nothing. Secession did not stain that summer sky which shone over all with equal benediction.

A fortnight before a party like ours had not landed at Mount Vernon, because it was not known to be perfectly safe. But when our steamer drew up at the end of the little wharf there seemed to be no worse enemy than mud. But we had no baggage trains, so we pushed boldly ashore, and sank ankle-deep in the ooze of the sacred soil. Then up a steep gash in the hill-side, half path, half water-course—across a narrow plateau—up a little ascent—and lo! the tomb of Washington.

It is familiar from the pictures. But the grimness, the stony desolation of the place, somehow does not get into the pictures. A narrow board was laid across the front to keep us from the mud, and we passed in single file, and gazed through the iron grating. The sarcophagus stands beside another in the stone inclosure. As you gaze the whole story—the boy, the engineer, the planter, the soldier, the President—sweeps through your memory, and chiefly you recall the vivid story of the rapid end. The work he did his own fellow-citizens were trying to undo. This was the thought that would not fade. The soft silence as of summer, but sadder because of the wintry stillness, was inexpressibly mournful. The words of Emerson came to my mind: "Who that sees the meanness of our politics but inly congratu-

lates Washington that he is long already wrapped in his shroud, and forever safe, the hope of humanity not yet extinguished in him." No, no; nor in many a brave living man for whom the shroud is not yet woven. That summer sky over the winter day at the tomb of Washington was but the symbol of the hope of humanity, that shines never so bright over this nation as through this bitter war.

From the tomb a farm road ascends the hill toward the house, and passing the stables you turn to the right and enter upon the lawn, or rather field, which slopes to the river, and upon which fronts the piazza familiar to us in Rossiter's picture of Lafayette at Mount Vernon, and in all the engravings. There is no house in the world so well known to all Americans as Mount Vernon, whether they have seen it or not. And why is it called so?

Washington's father died when George was eleven years old. He had five children by two wives. To his oldest son Lawrence—who had served on the Spanish Main, where he became acquainted with Admiral Vernon, celebrated by Thomson in his "Seasons," as Mr. Everett tells us—the father left an estate near Hunting Creek upon the Potomac. Afterward Lawrence called his property Mount Vernon, in memory of his naval friend. When George left school he came to live with his brother Lawrence, who died in 1752, when George was twenty years old. He was made one of the executors of the will, and Mount Vernon was bequeathed to him in the event of the daughter's death. Washington married Mrs. Custis in 1759, when he was twenty-seven years old, and soon afterward settled himself permanently at Mount Vernon, where he died forty years afterward.

The tradition upon the spot is that Washington himself added to the house the dining-room at the north and the library at the south. But when these parts are taken away the remainder is a very inadequate representation of the fine old Virginia mansion, which figures in story very much as Arlington House looks from the river. The heavily columned front of that building, conspicuous and imposing, prepares you for a rural palace. You wind upward through the stately woods. You emerge upon the broad plateau with the broad hill descending to the river, and lo! the four huge columns are about the whole of Arlington House. The few unfinished, shapeless, shabby rooms behind it ought scarcely to be called a house. They are as near a fine habitable human house as the atrocious daubs of the late Mr. Custis are to pictures. You are lost in wonder that this is the place which has been noted as a fine Virginia mansion.

Mount Vernon has none of the palatial pretension of Arlington House. It is a small country house with a projecting roof in the rear, supported by slight square columns forming a pretty colonnade, from which the river view is tranquil and pleasing, but not extensive. The river bank descends immediately from the colonnade; and the impression of the house and the whole estate is much less spacious than the pictures represent. The house rooms, excepting the dining-room and the library, are small and inconvenient. They have now also an utterly desolate air. In the dining-room is the mantle-piece, of exquisitely carved white Italian marble, which was presented to Washington, and on the wall of the otherwise bare room hangs a portrait of a widowed lady and four children, which a mulatto woman told me was a portrait of John A. Washington, with his mother and her family. The execution of

the work suggested that Mr. Custis was probably the painter.

There is a short hall running through the house from the back door upon the lofty piazza to the front. In this hangs the key of the Bastille which was sent to Washington at the beginning of the French revolution. The front door opens into a semicircular area of which the round sides are formed by the range of buildings which were slave-houses. As I looked at them I remembered the earnest words of this ideal Virginian, in the will by which he emancipated his slaves.

The mulatto woman stood upon the landing of the stairs so that we could not see the chambers, but we passed along the porch to the door that opened into the library. This is a delightful room, opening by broad sunny windows to the south, and is used as the parlor by the present occupant, a lady who holds it for the Mount Vernon Association. She was here in the summer, and all that terrible July day she heard the guns of Bull Run. But she said nothing more, nor in any way indicated upon which side her sympathy lay. For Mount Vernon is neutral ground, and she thoroughly respects and maintains its neutrality.

The most interesting thing in the library is the original cast from Washington's face for Houdin's statue. In the small chamber above, reached by a narrow staircase, is the bedstead—a plain old-fashioned four-poster—upon which Washington died. The window has the loveliest view of all, the southward view of the Potomac. The room itself is very small. But how clearly you see that benignant face, the tender wife, the grave physician, the Secretary, who told the melancholy tale, in the gray, cool December light of sixty years ago!

Returning along the river bank to the steamer you face the old tomb—an empty shell now—in an inclosure just above the narrow path which descends through the thicket. Nobody laughed loud, nobody shouted. Those who forgot that if every body did it the hill-side would be bare had plucked twigs for mementos. The solitude, the desertion, the remembrance of the long struggle of Washington's life, the thought of our own bitter war, the knowledge that not far below, upon the same shore, were the rebel batteries, the universal decay of the old estate and the stony gloom of the tomb—all filled us with profound melancholy. The little steamer slid a little further down the broad sunny river, the bare site of a deserted battery was pointed out, we strained our eyes southward where the battle was to be; then we turned again to the north, the flag flapped a lazy salute from Fort Washington, in the light afternoon air, the modest colonnade of Mount Vernon was lost in the thicket, the sad spires of Alexandria bade us remember the dead heroes, and we moved steadily toward the huge Capitol dome that lay calm upon the horizon like the magnetic mountain that drew Sinbad and his crew.

CONGRESS having failed to make any appropriation, the project of contributing to the World's Fair in London has been officially abandoned by this country. Of course individual inventors and makers will send what they choose; but the nation will not be represented.

No one can justly complain of this resolution. We are ourselves upon exhibition. Our system is in course of proof before the world. If we can stand that trial, we need not be nervously anxious about any other. The grandest product of any state is

men—self-respecting, intelligent, and self-governed men. If we can show a goodly range of these, we will spare, for the moment, the pride that flows from superior churns and self-Macassar-feeding hair-brushes.

Besides, we can rest for the time upon the laurels of the past. Hobbs, M'Cormick, and the other names that attest our presence and our performance at the old Crystal Palace, may satisfy us until renewed peace shall augur "the federation of the world."

Nor of late have we felt especially disposed to hasten to the industrial hospitality of a country which has seemed so cold and indifferent to our national fate. Certainly every thoughtful man in this country has deplored the possibility, and, at one moment, the probability of war with England. But it is equally certain that the course of England toward us has been utterly ungenerous.

The English press, the literary journals as well as most of the political, have steadily sneered and falsified throughout the year. The *London Times* has treated the war as a disgusting and vexatious brawl; and the action of the Government was the action of those who were persuaded that a rival Government was already overthrown.

It is not to be denied that the English have steadily asserted that they treated us with great forbearance, the more especially that we had never given them any reason to love us. But the record stands. Their Government declared an equal belligerence in this country without waiting to hear the views of our Minister, who was not only upon his way, but was in England, and was hastening from Liverpool to London on the very day the proclamation issued. Such a performance can not be distorted into the semblance of friendly forbearance.

That the Government of Great Britain have changed their minds is perfectly clear from the tone of Earl Russell's speeches in the spring and those he made in the winter. It has dawned upon British statesmanship that great nations are not whiffed out like the flame of a candle, and that we have a nationality not less intense than the British or French.

So it is quite as well that we stay at home this summer. Why add the insulting twaddle of the English papers and the gibes of *Punch*, always flat and futile when he is in the wrong, to the unpleasant impressions which we already have to digest?

HOWEVER, the year's experience will free us from much of our painful subservience to foreign opinion. We are learning to go alone. Self-respect, not bragging, will teach other nations to respect us. England, for instance, entrenched in a thousand years, disdainfully sneers that the Yankees are a very enterprising, a very acute, and a very disgusting people. And we have straightway foamed at the mouth! The greater fools we. The real mortification of Bull Run was not the retreat, but the painful suspense to know what the correspondent of a London paper, who did not see the battle, would say of it. And it was to irritate this morbid self-consciousness that the *London Times* tauntingly declared that when the Seventh New York Regiment prepared to march on the sad nineteenth of April, it was thinking what a fine thing it would seem to the English public. Such a remark showed two things: its knowledge of our self-love, and its ignorance of the character of the war.

But the most amusing illustration of the British taunt came last spring from that inspiring specimen

of the British statesman Mr. Roebuck, who said in a public speech: "If you say to an American we concede to you every virtue under heaven—we will believe you to be the greatest people on the earth—but still it seems to me you don't speak English as it should be spoken, that you speak it through your nose—'Fire and fury!' will be the answer. 'Sir!' will be said with mighty indignation, 'I return you the imputation that we snuffle in our speech!' All that you said of good of that community will be forgotten, because you said that they snuffled."

This is very amusing extravaganzas; but it is, after all, the caricature of truth. There is not an honest American who will not confess that we have furnished grounds for the unhandsome sneer.

But we shall do so no more. Boys are bullies and braggarts, and of a brittle conceit; but tried and approved men are patient and modest. England herself shows how proud and insolent a great nation may be which has moulded herself by civil war—and yet how free from sensitiveness to foreign criticism. How heartily the Englishman despises the essential nationality of every other people! How firmly he believes that the British are the chosen people of the Lord! With what supreme disdain of the world beyond his island he carries his tea-pot to the uttermost parts of the earth, breaking the silence of the equator and the poles with his national oath—thanking God that he and his fathers had four Georges in succession for their kings!

We may gain their calm pride and cold insolence; but if we gain also their supreme indifference to foreign censure, we shall have gained much.

This is a year of miracles. There will be more than one harvest in the field of national experience.

Our amiable friend and contemporary, *Harper's Weekly*, has persuaded Mr. Wilkie Collins to tell another story in its columns; and there is no more welcome story-teller than the author of "The Woman in White." That novel had all the singular fascination of the most mysterious and romantic criminal trial. No author ever managed to hold the alert attention of his readers for nine months with more absolute success than he. The new weekly chapters were like fresh witnesses giving evidence that seemed to increase our knowledge, but threw no light upon the catastrophe. Is it rash to suppose that it was Dickens's thorough consciousness of the power of plot displayed by Collins in "The Woman in White" that stimulated him to the trial of his own skill in that direction in "Great Expectations?"

William Wilkie Collins is now thirty-eight years old. He is the son of William Collins, a painter of distinction, whose life was published by his son in 1848. The biography was followed by "Antonina; or, the Fall of Rome," a novel, published the next year. This had a fair reception; and was followed by "Rambles beyond Railways;" "Basil;" "Mr. Wray's Cash Box;" "Hide and Seek;" "After Dark;" "The Dead Secret;" and "The Woman in White." His stories have been so popular that they are translated into French and German. They are remarkable for the original and intricate plot, the consequent unflagging interest, and the calm detail of the narration. The author finishes his portraits and descriptions to the last stroke, with the care of a carver of ivory or a Dutch painter of interiors. And Count Fosco, in "The Woman in White," may fairly be called a creation. The smooth Italian vil-

lain of modern times is not unknown in society, but he has not been transfixed before by art. In the delineation of this character there is one subtle stroke which reveals the consummate literary artist. It is shown in the vague distrust which seizes the reader's mind upon the Count's entrance upon the scene, and which springs from the instinctive contradiction of his gross person and his over-humane tastes and conduct.

But while speaking of Count Fosco it is impossible to forget Mr. Collins's obligations to Mr. John M'Lenan, whose representation of the fat villain was so entirely satisfactory. The picture of Fosco playing the concertina in the garden, and shouting *Figaroqua! Figarola!*—his singing at the piano—his reading to his wife—his carrying the candle—they are all most vivid and happy images, and more truly creations than any of the wood illustrations of contemporary novels. The Count Fosco is as good a figure in that way as Colonel Newcome. They are certainly the two best of their kind.

Mr. M'Lenan will illustrate the new novel, "No Name." It opens well. The chapters, in their calm introduction, are like the long sweeping first chords of a grand overture. They are full of suggestion and expectation. Of course the reader and the author are mutually conscious and a little nervous. Mr. Collins knows that every reader is wondering, as he begins, "Is this going to be equal to 'The Woman in White?'" And he is wondering also. He waves his wand, intending to enchant. We yield to the spell, expecting to be enchanted. Now, as no author is exactly master of his imagination, nor can precisely foresee in what way, with what triumphant skill, or inefficiency, he is to tell his story, he can not but share the wonder, and feel, more than the reader, a natural apprehension.

The beginning of "No Name" augurs well. It is a modern English story. Its first glimpses are of a quiet, happy English country-house. The characters, as they appear, are skillfully discriminated, and a transatlantic interest is at once excited by the receipt of a letter post-marked "New Orleans," which begins the spell of mystery. Bulwer has finished the "Strange Story;" Thackeray is finishing "Philip;" Anthony Trollope is finishing "Orley Farm;" Dickens rests, for the time, upon "Great Expectations;" begin, then, with Miss Muloch's "Mistress and Maid," and Wilkie Collins's "No Name;" and do not wait until later, for before they are ended doubtless you will have something of Dickens to begin.

We were speaking just now of the feeling between England and this country. It has been profoundly embittered by the letters of Mr. W. H. Russell, a reporter of the *Times* newspaper, sent by that journal, for his talent of vivid description, to write letters from the Crimea and India, and, upon the outbreak of our troubles, sent to this country to tell the story of our war.

The London *Times* is the journal into which Englishmen look in the morning to see what they are to believe for the day. The affairs of this country have seldom seemed to that paper sufficiently important to merit much attention, and a few paragraphs of summary of news every week has been found sufficient for English interest in American affairs. The ludicrous ignorance of every thing relating to our country, our political system, and our social life is not surprising. The *Saturday Review*, for instance—a weekly paper written by flash Uni-

versity men, and which affects a character of scholarship—speaks of Burnside's naval expedition to Western Virginia; which is as wise as if we were to say that the Queen had crossed to the Continent by land. Of course it is not incumbent upon an Englishman to know geography. But if he writes for a newspaper, and wishes his words to have influence, it is well for him to betray some knowledge of what he is talking about.

When our war began, every Englishman rushed to the *Times* to know what he was to think of it. But as the *Times* was no wiser than its readers, it dispatched Mr. Russell to find out, and to tell them all what to believe. When he arrived, there was a great deal of foolish talk in our papers about the ambassador of the fourth estate, etc., while the zealous friends of the rebellion in the city of New York took Mr. Russell into their especial charge, and ingeniously served their cause by telling him such stories that, upon their publication in London, the impression already sought to be created by the rebel emissaries there was confirmed, and the idea was at once established in the English mind—thanks to the skillful manipulators of Mr. Russell in this city!—that the government was destroyed, and that the nation would willingly consent to its own destruction.

This is an illustration of the influence of Mr. Russell upon foreign public opinion. It was known upon the Continent that the *Times* had sent a reporter, and his report was accepted as a truthful picture. It ought, however, to be said, in justice to Mr. Russell, that he could not be expected to be wiser than we were. The misfortune of his position was, that he fell into the hands of those who sympathized with the conspirators, and not with the nation. He therefore had no chance of knowing that any body believed in the will or power of the country to save itself. He heard and saw one side only.

But every thing he wrote was read as the truth. If in his letters following the first he had said, "I, and my informants, and the nation itself, have all been at fault, and the shot at Sumter has developed a unity and determination unparalleled in history," he would have repaired the mischief of his first statements. But he did not do it. Then followed his story of Bull Run. It is curious to remark how circumstances give men importance and power. Mr. Russell is a very ordinary man; but that letter probably injured us more in the opinion of the world, by showing, apparently, that we were abject cowards, than any one thing that has ever occurred in our history.

There is another point, not connected with the war, in which Mr. Russell has done us all the further harm that misrepresentation can effect. It is not necessary to accuse him of willful injustice. It is an incapacity of correct observation or intelligent comparison.

This is the comparison in one of his letters between the condition of the poor in England and America. His conclusions are exclusively in favor of England. "No delusion," he says, "can be greater than to suppose the poor emigrant at once attains a greater degree of physical comfort in the States than he has in his own country. It is long before his wages are high enough to enable him to advance himself in any way; and a mechanic or laborer in any of the large towns, though he may have higher wages, pays more for food, rent, and clothing than he does in Europe, and does not, in

ninety-nine cases in a hundred, improve his social position by the change."

To this statement a writer replies in a recent number of the *Philadelphia Press*, who has evidently had a wide experience, and has especially studied the very question at issue—the comparative comfort of the poorer population. The copiousness of his information annihilates the good Russell's *ex cathedra* assertions. "As the force of his attack," says X. in the *Press*, "consists in its dragging our poor to the level of his own paupers, I beg to give you a few quotations to illustrate in how deep a mire he would submerge us."

Ireland's paupers, of course, remain at home. Yet from 1850 to 1860 the immigration to this country was 1,230,986 persons; and the money sent home to Ireland yearly by the Irish in America is reckoned by millions of dollars—money sent to bring the recipients away from Ireland.

In England, he continues, there is no corner where there is not a pauper for every thirty-six persons. In the "South Midland," the region from London to Northamptonshire, every seventeenth person receives parish relief. In all Wales the sixteenth person depends upon the other fifteen, while one-fourteenth of the whole population of the three eastern counties apply at the Poor-house and are relieved; and the tables show a steady increase from decade to decade in England's pauperism.

Moreover X. states his opinion, based upon careful examination, that the *private* charities of England exceed the whole of the vast system of public relief.

Mr. Russell mentions our "crowded" populations in cities, and X. meets him here, and quotes the details of reports in the House of Lords, and of the Sanitary Committee, and in the *London Times*, which are quite unparalleled by any thing ever known in this country.

X. justly remarks that two wrongs do not make a right, but he wishes to show the pictures that Mr. Russell's comparisons carry to the English reader; and he says: "Finally, let me add that in years passed in the four corners of the world, including Kaffirland as well as Nubia, Paris and Canton, New York and Calcutta, among many other parts, I never saw a more sad and miserable picture of squalid want and human depravity than the Southwark side of the Thames presents every evening of the year, and it is fairly matched in nearly every great city of Great Britain; and he who runs may read confirmation of the truth of what I say in *official reports* that meet him at every turn in that dark old country."

The earliest work of Mr. Olmsted, called "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England," contains curious and interesting confirmation of the paper of X., which shows how gravely a person whom circumstances make for the moment an influential writer about America misrepresents the aspects and the facts of our life.

THE recent universal celebration of the birthday of Washington reminds an ancient Easy Chair of the old song of "Adams and Liberty," written by Robert Treat Paine in 1798, of which his biographer says: "There was probably never a political song more sung in America than this." It is in the measure of the "Star-Spangled Banner," and belongs to the same extraordinary school as that performance. It was a time when genuine patriotic emotion took the place of imagination, eloquence, and taste. The

performances themselves are only surpassed by the praises lavished upon them.

Little more than Paine's name remains to us, but he was the literary pet of Boston Federalism. He was a festive soul—genial, doubtless, and generous; but drunkenness ruined him, and he died at thirty-eight. The specimens of the "brilliant things" of this diner-out in Boston sixty years ago are very droll when compared with the *mots* of the modern wits of that city. Thus it is gravely recorded that when the opposition to the erection of the theatre (the old Federal) was overcome, Mr. Paine remarked, "The Vandal spirit of Puritanism is prostrate in New England." A client of Titanian size, says his biographer, was in his office; his visage was dark, furrowed, and shining with perspiration. When he retired Paine exclaimed, "That fellow's countenance is the eastern aspect of the Alps at sunrise—alternate splendor and gloom; ridges of sunshine and cavities of shade."

"Here's richness," said Mr. Squeers.

—But it was the Washington festival that, recalling the time, also recalled the incident which his biographer relates. After telling us, not only that no political song was ever more sung in America than this, but that "one of more poetical merit was, perhaps, never written," "Mr. Paine," he continues, "had written all he intended, and being in the house of Major Russell, the editor of the *Centinel*, showed him the verses. It was highly approved, but pronounced imperfect, as Washington was omitted. The sideboard was replenished, and Paine was about to help himself, when Major Russell familiarly interfered, and insisted, in his humorous manner, that he should not slake his thirst till he had written an additional stanza, in which Washington should be introduced. Paine marched back and forth a few minutes, and suddenly starting, called for a pen. He immediately wrote the following sublime stanza, afterward making one or two trivial verbal amendments:

"Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder.
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct with its point ev'ry flash to the deep;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its
waves."

Our Foreign Bureau.

WHERE, and how, could we better begin to score our record of this new-come March, gusty with winds and odorous with fresh violets, than by stealing this dainty memorial poem from the opening pages of the new edition of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King?" Never did a laureate before intone any thing more plaintive, more true, more touching, since laureates were appointed of royalty.

Read now—slowly—aloud, yet low, with the thought of England's and the Queen's grief upon your mind:

"These to his memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself—I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears,
These Idylls.

And indeed he seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
'Who revered his conscience as his king:
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong,
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;

Who loved one only, and who clave to her—
 Her, over all whose realms, to their last isle,
 Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
 The shadow of his loss moved like eclipse,
 Darkening the world. We have lost him; he is gone;
 We know him now; all narrow jealousies
 Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
 How modest, kindly, all-aceomplished, wise,
 With what sublime repression of himself,
 And in what limits, and how tenderly;
 Not swaying to this faction or to that;
 Not making his high place the lawless perel
 Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
 For pleasure; but through all this tract of years
 Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
 Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
 In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
 And blackens every blot; for where is he
 Who dares foreshadow for an only son
 A lovelier life, a more unstained than his?
 Or how should England, dreaming of *his* sons,
 Hope more for these than some inheritance
 Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
 Thou noble Father of her Kings to be;
 Laborious for her people and her poor,
 Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day,
 Far-sighted summoner of war and waste
 To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace,
 Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
 Of letters, dear to science, dear to art,
 Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
 Beyond all titles, and a household name,
 Hereafter, through all times, Albert the Good.

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
 Break not, for thou art royal, but endure,
 Remembering all the beauty of that star
 Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
 One light together, but has past and left
 The Crown a lonely splendor.

May all love,
 His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
 The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
 The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
 The love of all thy people comfort thee,
 Till God's love set thee at his side again!"

Did ever Queen before receive such grand letter
 of sympathy? Did ever sympathy before array it-
 self in comelier dress? Graver and heavier with
 grief than the crape of London or the sable plumes—
 through all the memorial lines,

"The shadow of his loss moves like celipse,
 Darkening the world."

But for the plaintive eloquence of the poet, we
 should have no right to recur to such a subject. The
 public mourning is over; the monumental subscrip-
 tions are gathered in; the pavement of St. George's
 Chapel is smooth again. All is over on that score,
 save only the crushed hearts of the poor Queen, the
 sons, the daughters! We may not follow that pri-
 vate grief, but we know it lives; we know it does
 not end with funerals; we know it is a household
 guest, even in palaces: no hour so joyous but it
 comes; no toil so engrossing but it comes; no resist-
 ance so stern but it comes and abides.

We can understand, too, with what touching pa-
 thos the Queen has written letters to those poor
 widows of the Hartley Colliery; so touching and
 welcome that they have been copied over and over
 for them, that each might have one with which to
 help the cure of their heart-ache.

We have said nothing of that great disaster in the
 north of England. A few hundred lives seem so
 small a matter, when we upon the other side are
 putting thousands in the front of battle. Yet it was a
 tragedy that has touched British hearts to the quick;
 two hundred and odd stalwart men and boys go down

the coal-shaft to their work upon a morning of Janu-
 ary. They are busy with their drills and picks,
 when suddenly there is heard a faint crash, and the
 pumps, which throw out the surplus water, have
 ceased working. The rumor runs like fire through
 the subterranean alleys that there has been some
 fearful breakage—that the only shaft leading to the
 upper world is closed. Perhaps not finally or fatal-
 ly; but no light comes down and the groans of
 dying men are heard half-way up. The colliers
 rally, under the leadership of the foremen, to the
 neighborhood of the shaft; but while they gather
 even, the water rises around them, the lower gal-
 leries will soon be full; they grope their way by
 means of iron ladders to the upper seams, filling their
 pockets with grain from the corn-bins. There is a
 little working at the closed shaft, and such shouts
 as can be raised by the prisoned company, to carry
 to the upper world knowledge of their presence and
 waiting.

But do the shouts reach, or if they reach will they
 avail any thing? It is whispered among them that
 a few poor fellows in a distant quarter of the mine
 have already been overtaken by the rising water,
 and are dead—drowned.

All this on Thursday, with scarce a sound of the
 faint work they are pushing forward above to clear
 the shaft. The dinner of the day is long since con-
 sumed; and the corn from the bin (provided for the
 horses) is munched for supper. Faint noises down
 the shaft tell these waiting hundreds that they are
 busy above, doing what they can to save them.

But Friday comes with faintness, languor, hunger,
 yet the corn holds out. There has been a rattling
 in the closed shaft as if stones were falling; but no
 light yet. The foremen even hint that it is tighter
 closed than ever, and that bad air is forming. They
 advise them to keep their heads well up; a few of
 the strongest venture to wrestle again with the ob-
 structions in the shaft, but in vain. The weaker
 ones are even now yielding to the fatal atmosphere
 and lying down along the sides of the gallery to die.
 Sons with fathers; brothers together, with arms in-
 terlaced; boys sleeping on the breasts of the men:
 so they found them, on Monday and Tuesday of the
 following week, for they could work their way down
 no sooner, dead—all dead!

And above ground all this time another tragedy
 has been enacted. The wives, mothers, daughters
 of the two hundred and fifty buried ones have gath-
 ered about the pit-mouth from the first. Blows
 are reported as heard from below, so they are not
 drowned; the engineers put on gangs of their ablest
 shaft-sinkers night and day to clear the pit's mouth.
 But the progress is very slow—so slow that the
 friends break once into a craze of threatening anger.
 Day follows day, and the excitement increases;
 thousands come up from all the country round. Re-
 ports from the shaft grow confused; some say they
 are still alive; others say there is no 'jowling' now
 below. The Queen, in the midst of her affliction,
 telegraphs to know what are the chances. They
 grow dimmer and dimmer; a man comes up pres-
 ently stifled with the poisonous gas that has found
 its way through the interstices. There must be
 death below then. And now there is a terrible de-
 lay to bring up from the neighboring town the means
 for supplying fresh air to the shaft-sinkers.

Finally, by Monday one or two of the foremen
 grope their way at great risk into the upper seam of
 the mine, and are drawn out nearly dead. The news
 they bring sends wailing through the crowd: "God

help them—we can't! Never a step we took int' the seam but there's a man or a boy dead. God, how it look'd!"

And the speaker is borne away to his cottage half gone himself what with terror and the foul air. The poison must be driven out before the corpses can come. So the widows are kept waiting still for a day and a night. Then they hoist the bodies, and they are laid in lines where the friends may come and elaim them. On their kettles some few it seems have scratched a line or two of farewell. James Reureka has written, "Friday, my dear Sarah, I leave you."

Another begins, "Mary, O God—;" and the rest a mere scrawl: his hand had failed him.

Thus peace has its ghastly sacrifices even as war.

THE Great Exhibition building is lifting its huge hulk over Kensington Gardens, and is drawing rapidly toward completion. Orders for space have been so great that the rejected exhibitors have organized the scheme of our Annex, where goods will be offered for sale as well as show. Sir Joseph Paxton is understood to be connected with this outside commission, and has drawn up plans for the necessary buildings which are already in progress. The radical speech of Mr. Lovejoy—which has conferred upon himself and sons a temporary but no way flattering British notoriety—and other indications of lukewarm feeling in America with respect to this World's Fair, give little promise for a creditable show of the products of American industry. It is unfortunate that national animosities should stand in the way of a full representation at this great Peace Congress of Industry. Can Americans be so absurd as to believe that they pique the English nation by holding aloof? Or if the pique were real, and irritating to the last degree, do we not sacrifice vastly more than we gain?

Russia does not display her art-treasures and her mechanical triumphs in London because she loves the English, but because she is proud of her own successes, and wishes to give them voice and token where all the world may hear and see. The Malachite vases are not a tribute to British power, but an earnest of Russian resources.

The whole scheme, too, in its inception and design, is above the small limits of nationalities of whatever sort; it is in the interest of humanity, and every large-souled man or nation does so recognize it. Mr. Lovejoy, however, does not.

THE "Essays and Reviews" so much talked of in the religious world, and in regard to the doctrines of which various suits are now pending in the ecclesiastical courts, are bearing their legitimate fruits. Many a pale-faced curate, lost in the phantasmagoria of their logical sophisms, and conscientiously refusing entire allegiance to the Church creed, is going his way—generally a broad way—leading to the Continent, and ending in a fog of German mysticism or a blaze of Romish incense.

Mr. Cornish, perpetual curate of Ivy-Bridge (where we remember to have whiled away the best half of a winter, years ago, in sight of its tender Devon beauty of green), has resigned, and carried his thoughtful doubts into the open country of unbelief. Most of all is it to be regretted that the insidious untruths of the "Essays and Reviews" lay hold fastest upon men of spotless life and over-scrupulous consciences.

THE Chinese indemnity for the Britons murdered

in the advance upon Peking has just now been finally allotted: \$75,000 falls to the legal representatives of the captain, Brabazon, and a similar sum to the heirs of Anderson, Norman, and Bowlby (*Times* correspondent). A private in the ranks who was killed is remembered by an allotment of \$12,000 to his family.

On the 27th of January, a bright, clear day, like one of April in New York, the Emperor opened his Imperial Parliament in the Hall of State at the Louvre. The occasion had unusual interest from the fact that the public were looking for some definitive expression of opinion with reference to Italian affairs, and to those of Mexico, and of the United States.

From shortly after ten in the morning the Place du Carrousel, and its neighborhood upon the Quays, and in the Rue Rivoli, were thronged with people watching eagerly for the equipages which presently, in almost continuous line, commenced discharging their occupants under the stately *Pavillon Denon*. Members of the Institute, in their dress of ceremony (which the First Napoleon was always proud to wear); diplomats in court costume; judges and privy councilors, wearing each their insignia of office; cardinals bringing back a memory, ever so faint, of Richelieu and Mazarin; marshals, admirals, grand crosses of the Legion of Honor; mayors, prefects—these all, with the princes and princesses, the wives of the diplomatic personages and higher officials of state, made a brilliant stream of arrivals, and filled with a blaze of crimson, gold, and jewels the grand hall of assemblage. By half past twelve the spectacle was complete, save only the presence of the chief actor, and of the immediate Imperial family. Not the least observed amidst this galaxy of persons was the minister of the United States, who, it was supposed, might hear a final pronouncement of the French Government upon the long debated question of intervention.

At a few minutes before one a master of ceremonies announced "the Empress," and every one in hearing rose to their feet, while the graceful Eugénie walked across the hall, attended by the young Prince, and preceded and followed by the first officers of her household. At the same time a subdued but hearty welcome of "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" "*Vive le Prince Impérial!*" filled the arches of the chamber.

The booming of the cannon without announced the approach of the Emperor, who presently, in the uniform of a general officer, walked to his place upon the dais amidst an outburst of *vivats*.

The Grand Master of Ceremonies having desired all to be seated, the Emperor proceeded to speak loudly and distinctly for some twenty minutes, occasionally interrupted by half-stifled applause, addressing himself directly to the Deputies and the Senators, of whose Legislative session this was the Inaugural ceremony.

Only twenty minutes of speech—perhaps less; and yet there is a great deal in it. The Europeans, in this particular type of civilization, are certainly far in advance of Americans. They have learned how to crowd important statements into small compass. Nine short sentences cover all discussion of those foreign relations about which the listeners were most eager to hear.

With regard to Italy, the language is an epitome of the whole Imperial policy, with regard to that country, from the beginning—as full as if he had

detailed the circumstances attending every stage of progress, and as satisfactory, whether to liberal Italians or confirmed ultra-montanes, as if he had entered into an argument to prove the integrity of the Italian kingdom, and another argument to prove the sanctity of certain papal prerogatives.

The grand facts, and all-important ones, appear distinctly: 1st, that the Emperor wishes well to Victor Emanuel and his kingdom; 2d, that he wishes well to the Pope, *as long as he lives*; 3d, that eventually the Church and a liberal Italy must live together harmoniously.

Then, with regard to American affairs, the Emperor's words conveyed simple expression of a determined and persistent neutrality. It would doubtless have gratified Mr. Dayton and the Northern ear if he had made allusion to the slave basis of the Confederacy as an unsound one, and one which the liberal sentiment of the world ignored: it would doubtless have gratified the representatives of the South in the capital (but not in the chamber) if the Emperor had inveighed against the truculent procedure of Commodore Wilkes, and the sunken fleet at Charleston; but the Emperor, in the interests of France, commercial and political, of which he is the guardian, did neither.

We can find no fault, except we find fault with the neutrality, which has been the declared policy from the beginning.

But the Emperor, passing from foreign affairs, gave the larger portion of his speech to the financial condition of the empire. An imperial speech of ceremony rarely stoops to such collation of figures as that with which the Emperor embroidered his talk.

The epoch of figures, however, has come; not to France only, but to Turkey, to Austria, to Russia, and even to America. How to make taxation light, and yet productive; how to encourage the productive interests of a state, and how to make the largest permissible levy upon its wealth, is the great present problem of European state craft; as it must be presently of our own.

The Emperor, in his brief statement, does not at all blink the fact that an enormous sum is to be raised by taxation, to keep French credit good; or the farther fact, that there is a present plump deficit of no less than forty-five millions of pounds sterling. The four-and-a-half per cents are to be reduced to three per cents, under conditions which will put a large sum at the immediate disposal of the Government. The army is to be reduced by sixty-seven thousand men, leaving the effective force at 400,000 infantry and 85,000 horse.

Of course the Imperial speech (which one hour after delivery was posted in every *mairie* of Paris) deals only with the larger figures of the crisis: we append certain ones of our own, collated from various sources.

All four-wheeled vehicles, except such as are engaged in licensed trades, or for agricultural purposes, are to pay 60 francs a year. Vehicles of two wheels are to pay 40 francs a year, and horses, under the same exceptions with respect to trade, 25 francs each.

The rates of taxation on similar objects in all other cities of forty thousand inhabitants or over, is to be one-sixth less; in cities of from twenty to forty thousand inhabitants, one-tenth less than in the cities of the second grade; and there is a corresponding reduction of taxation in towns numbering only three or four thousand inhabitants. The rapid gradation

of taxes in favor of the country towns is in keeping with that Imperial policy, frequently alluded to, by which it is hoped the provinces may gain population at the expense of the metropolis.

There is an exemption of the horse-tax, as we have mentioned, in favor of agriculture, as well as in favor of race-horses, and of all kept for breeding purposes. The number of carriages subject to taxation in the city of Paris is estimated at 12,000. In noticing the reopening of the Legislative Assembly of France, we can not forbear allusion to the very sensible observations of the President, Count de Morny, in regard to the tone and conduct of the legislative debates. He hopes that the members in the interests of the public business will forbear long and written speeches—speeches which are prepared with ambitious intentions, or which, however they may flatter the vanities of the author's outside friends, fall tamely upon the ears of the Assembly, and delay the furtherance of parliamentary business. He alludes by way of contrast to the prompt, matter-of-fact way in which public questions are met and disposed of in the British Parliament, where the most adroit speakers assume a conversational manner, and address themselves strictly, in a few common-sense words, to the business actually in hand. It is a bit of advice which might be repeated with great propriety to the American Congress, where political speech-making, even in these trying times for the Republic, excites the disgust of every sensible mind.

THE negotiations with respect to Mexico, and the proposed kingship of the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, has opened up more familiar intercourse of France with the House of Hapsburg; and it is rumored, as we write, upon the strength of a telegraphic dispatch from Frankfort, that the Emperor Francis-Joseph has addressed Louis Napoleon an autograph letter, asking his non-intervention in Italian affairs, and engaging in return to rest strictly upon the defensive.

It is certain only that the Austrian Government is rapidly increasing her means of naval defense in the Adriatic. She has there a long line of coast, for the most part poorly protected. Cattaro, Lissa, and Pola are the only strong places on the eastern side of the gulf. Ancona is currently named as the probable point of departure for an Italian expeditionary force of the Garibaldi stamp which may strike a blow at one time for Hungary and Venetia. The Austrian vessels, which were in commission so late as last May, consisted of fifty-eight steamers great and small; aggregating 8846 horse-power, and 456 guns. She had, besides, seventy-nine sailing vessels carrying 439 guns. Two iron frigates are now in course of construction.

We take these facts from an article in a late number of the *Oesterreichische Militär-Zeitschrift* by a rear-admiral in the Austrian service, who advocates with earnestness the speedy building of a navy which shall be worthy of the traditions of Venice and of the Adriatic gulf.

Connected with this statement of the Austrian force, we give an epitome of the naval resources of the Italian Government. Victor Emanuel has at command eighty-one steam-vessels of all classes, of 18,342 horse-power, and carrying 1061 guns, besides seventeen sailing vessels of an aggregate of 279 guns.

All which looks as if the Adriatic must speedily belong to Italy, and the traditions of Venice have

revival where the names of a Dandolo and a Pisani are still cherished and still worn.

WE slip back to the atmosphere and journals of Paris to give record—it shall be short—to the horrible “*affaire Dumollard*,” of which every body has been talking, and at which every body has shuddered. Can it be believed that a man, Dumollard by name, has been put on trial at the Court of Ain (sitting at Bourg) for the brutal murder of some half dozen house-maids whom he had decoyed away, at intervals of months and even years, under promise of large wages in country chateaux, where he professed to act as gardener, and murdered them in solitary fields in cold blood? It even appears from the testimony of the medical witnesses that certain of his victims were buried while yet alive, their hands, clenched full of earth in the spasms of death, showing a barbarism in the murderer which makes one shudder. The man himself is a type of the worst species of ruffian—gross, coarse, ugly in feature, brutal in talk. The affair is matched in criminal annals only by that of Burke of Edinburgh. There was the same coolness, the same marvelous avoidance of detection, the same wholesale results, the same class of victims, the same meagreness of motive, and the same quick condemnation. Dumollard dies by the guillotine on the public square of the town. His wife, who proved accessory, is condemned to twenty years of hard labor. The crowd without received the condemned, as he passed to prison after sentence, with groans and execrations.

M. LEVERRIER, the distinguished astronomer, has unfortunately become a party to a tempest of words, which has raged through two sessions in the Academy of Sciences.

The point at issue has been—is M. Leverrier, like other men, fallible?

There are those incisive talkers in the Academy who say yes. M. Leverrier says no—and in such persistent, impassioned, confused manner, that while recognizing his genius we must greatly doubt his prudence.

The patriarch of the Academy (of Sciences), M. Biot, is just now dead, at the ripe age of eighty-seven. He was a particular friend of M. Arago, and with him executed in Spain the delicate labors involved in the triangulation of the meridian. He was author of a “History on Ancient Astronomy,” and published a work on Physical Astronomy after having entered upon his eightieth year.

His literary merit won for him election to the Academy of France in 1856; he was also an Academician *des Inscriptions*: thus carrying triple honors from the field.

WE do not so often set foot in the theatres of Paris that it should be needful for us to make apology for placing before our readers the argument and drift of a new play at the Gymnase, called *Les Invalides du Mariage*.

Monsieur Baginet is a bachelor of Paris, who, like bachelors beyond forty in other cities of Christendom, begins to find his vocation wearisome. The fatigues of a long youth are on him, and its costliness. He has suppers to give which he only half enjoys; enthusiasm, to counterfeit, which he does not feel. He counts resolutely and healthily upon a country retirement, where he can give himself up to the idle pleasures of his own chimney-corner and have a fairy in waiting whom he may call wife.

The matter is pleasantly and adroitly planned. A Mademoiselle Fourchambault, a bouncing brunette of eighteen, is the victim; the arrangement is happily concluded, and this charming creature, who is just fledged for a coquettish flight into the salons of Paris, and whose exuberant young life is piqued by only a single taste of the pleasures of the world, he proposes to immure with himself in a hermitage, where she may exhaust her overflow of spirits upon a tender ministrations to the hypochondriac invalidism of his forty odd years.

It is well enough to talk of domestic bliss; but a bachelor of near fifty, who has worn out all the enthusiasm of youth, makes but a poor *parti* for its initiation. It is well enough, too, to talk of the hazards and heartlessness of the pleasures of the world; but the maiden life of eighteen has an exuberance of hope and a capacity of enjoyment which may not be chained once and forever to a single fireside, and to a fireside that is haunted by the hypochondriac fancies of fifty.

But M. Baginet has so far sped his purposes that the marriage passes; the country home is sought; the black suits and all equipments *de rigueur* of evenings at Paris are given to his servant, and a great stock of slippers, dressing-gowns, *negligés*, come down from the capital to supply the coming weeks of fireside domesticity.

But the new Madame Baginet has a mother, who does not capitulate so easily as the young wife to the orders of the retired general. She, this Madame Fourchambault, has known in other times a Monsieur Fourchambault—her husband, and under him she has exhausted her domestic forbearance. What her youth lost she has determined that her age shall gain. She will be no party to the fireside burial of her daughter. Thus it happens that, before settlement in the country is complete, the mother-in-law has arranged a scheme of tours to Switzerland, to Italy, to Spain, ending with lodgings in the *Chaussée d'Antin* at Paris.

The Benedick, in these first days of marriage, is feeble to resist; and under the adroitly concealed leadership of the mother-in-law inaugurates the new life of pleasure. All glides merry as a marriage-bell until the Paris lodgings bring him face to face with the memories of things that have made him *blasé*; and now that he is the possessor of a young and pretty wife, his old yearning for the country retirement, the slippers, the dressing-gown, the last journal, the chimney-corner, is oppressive and instant.

But how to conquer or retreat?

The brunette of eighteen is sparkling through a round of triumphs; the *belle-mère* is radiant with the admiration bestowed upon her daughter. Both, most naturally, think Paris delightful, and the country, in comparison, fearfully gloomy.

Monsieur Baginet is stirred into a rally of his best powers. Every ruse of his bachelor life is summoned into play. He has only two combatants; yet instead of a temporary triumph before him, he has a life of humiliation and endurance, or he has a life of domestic content and retirement. He wins, as many another has done, by boldness. He becomes party to a duel; he manages with such adroitness that certain tender notes of his own should be detected in the es-critoire of one of his wife's most devoted friends. In short, he by desperate effort shakes off the slippered ease and quietude of the domestic man for a feigned indulgence in all the fastnesses of youth. Both the wife and mother-in-law tremble with apprehension, and the result of their boudoir consultation is a decision to withdraw from the dangers of Paris, and se-

cure calmness of mind by a retreat to the country. The play ends with this triumph of the Benedick, and a piquant scene of bourgeois placitude, where the egoist husband revels in negligé, and the young wife is conquered into a bitter submission to a life which is without temptations and without victories. The *morale* of the piece is detestable; but yet it is true to the French notions of the sacrifices of marriage.

WE must have a word for Italy, although near to the end of our paper. The great new Southern nationality is on the growth. The forces of the dukedoms, and of the marches of Umbria, and of the gone-by royalty of the Sicilies, gravitate day by day into the fullness and roundness of a compacted integral organism. Spain and Austria, not having yet sloughed off the old sore of Papish-Bourbon inoculation, see and recognize no Italian Kingdom as yet; but on all the high walls the kingly banner is flying, save only Mantua, Verona, Venice, Rome.

And of this latter, Rieasoli says confidently, "The question of Rome is already solved. Its solution requires no further confirmation. It has received the sanction of modern civilization. Rome *must needs* crown the independence and unity of Italy. Reason and conscience must work out this solution."

Meantime there is no wild imprudence: the mad ones incite Garibaldi in vain; he rests as calm as his own flocks of Caprera. The opposition in the Parliament of Turin is so far moderated as to be almost no opposition at all. The social elements of the Peninsula, so long distinct and almost antagonistic, are blending in the festivities of the gay capital. The marchesi from Ancona and the marchese of Naples talk away their jealousies at the balls of the princely Doria of Genoa. Benedettis, and Della Roccas, and Riccabones, who were heads of old factions that have brought down bloody trail from the time of Ugolino starvings, now exchange cards and make up picnics for Como.

How changed all this from the times only two years gone! How changed from the times when even the great Florentine wrote, with pen steeped in bitterness, his malediction on the Genovesi:

"Ahi Genovesi, uomini diversi
D'ogni costume, e pieni d'ogni magagna;
Perchè non siete voi del mondo spersi?"

Is not humanity on the march when sectional jealousies, that have had a cruel empurpled life of centuries, go down in the glow of a great, golden, national uprising? Fling up your hat for Italy! And fling up your hat—when the time comes—for a Union of all the great States of America!

Editor's Drawer.

AN excellent man writes to the Drawer and says:

"I am one of your clerical readers, and never do I open the Drawer without realizing that

"A little wit, both now and then,
Is relished by all clergymen."

"A short time ago I dropped in at a Quaker meeting-house. The speaker was inveighing vehemently against the sects, and especially against hireling priests, and from them he went at their titles.

"What do they mean," he asked, "by *Doctors of Divinity*? Does the Divinity need a Doctor? If it was their own divinity that they physic it might be well, for the Lord knows it needs it badly; but Divinity never needed a doctor, and never will."

"His audience were satisfied with the argument. So was I, and left."

WE never understood the advantage of the credit system till we got the following story from a Wisconsin contributor:

"In one of the interior villages of this State is a tavern-keeper, and in the same place an honest old German blacksmith, of whom the former relates that he employed him to do some iron work, and paid him cash for it at the time, but afterward learning that a neighbor had some similar work done on *time* for a less price, he inquired the reason therefore, and the reply was as follows:

"You zee I 'ave zo much scharge on my book, and I zometimes lose um, and zo ven I 'ave a goot cash customer I scharge goot price, but ven I puts it on my book I do not like to scharge zo much, zo if he never pay um I no lose zo much."

"IN a city not very remote from here the Fathers had ordered that a building erected contrary to ordinance should be *razed* to the ground. At the next meeting of Board the inquiry was made if the building had been taken down in pursuance of the order. 'Taken down?' replied a member of the Board. 'My impression is, Mr. Mayor, that the order was to have it raised.'"

AT Roek Island, Illinois, we have a friend of the Drawer who writes:

"In company with an old friend, Lawyer K—, I started on a hunting excursion. Rock River lay in our route, spanned by a double-track bridge. We of course took the right, and did not perceive (not quite daylight yet) a team approaching from the opposite direction on the same track. 'Halloo there!' shouted my indignant friend. 'What did you take *this* track for?'

"And," was the reply, 'what does yer Honor find fault wid me for? Didn't I take the same thraek ye did yerself?'

"That was Irish beyond a doubt, and admitted of no answer."

A CORRESPONDENT in Kentucky says that, some years ago, a stalwart yeoman of that State having a son who was reputed to be only half-witted, took him to the minister's to be prayed for that he might become a useful and successful man. The minister said that he had a son also who was no brighter than he ought to be, and he would have them together and pray for both. He did.

What became of the minister's son our correspondent does not write; but he says that the farmer's boy, from shame or some other motive, brightened up from that time, took to study, became a lawyer, a politician, and *Governor of the State*.

Laugh if you like at the good farmer's idea, but he doubtless used the means, and the result was wonderful success.

THE Rev. Mr. Rogers, of this city, tells a good story of a pious sister connected with his church, in New Jersey, where he was stationed two years ago. This good sister had a way of expressing herself in church, when any thing suited her, by shouting to the top of her voice "Glory to God!" "Hallelujah!" etc., etc. Once she attended a Presbyterian church, and the deacon gave her a scat very near the pulpit. The minister commenced, and grew more eloquent as he proceeded. At last he said something that

made the sister "feel good," and she shouted "Glory to God!" to the great astonishment of the congregation as well as the minister. The deacon approached her, and told her that such action was not allowed there. But she took no notice of him, or what he said, but was all attention to what the "man of God" was proclaiming; and as he proceeded he waxed warmer and warmer, and the sister gave another shout at the top of her voice, "Glory, glory to God!" which disconcerted the minister, and he looked after the deacon, who came and told the sister if she did not stop he would remove her from the house. He took his seat beside her, and the divine continued for a short time, when another "Glory to God! Hallelujah!" from the pious sister started all in their seats. The worthy deacon took hold of her to put her out, but she straightened herself out, and would not budge; so he called the other deacon to his assistance, and they made a chair of their arms, and set the sister thereon, and started for the door. When about half-way up the middle aisle she threw up her arms and shouted "Glory to God!—I am more honored than my Master. He was carried on one ass, while I have two." It is needless to say that the worthy deacons dropped their load, and likewise dropped into their seats.

THE following petition was presented to the Circuit Court at Athens, Tennessee, Hon. Judge Grant presiding. We are indebted to a learned friend, who kindly transmitted it to the Drawer for publication:

"State of Tennessee, } I, your umble petitioner to
M'Minn County, Tenn. } your onor before the onorable
the seventh dudishial Curcuit Court I, your umble pe-
tishioner Absalum Sivels I put this before your onor some
time a bout the year 1851 companioun left my house bead
and room and all ioutentials that she had and three chil-
dren that was with hear without my knowledge or thought
of the same remove hear self goods and chattles to Joils
Culpeper at that time your umble petition had no knowl-
edge of the remove your petishioner further states he was
at that time helping to kill hogs at Nathon Sullons near
Athens at that time a bout twelve miles from your umble
petishioner house your umble petishioner expects to prove
a bout the removal from your petishioner house your umble
petishioner companion when required of hear what
she ment by so doing the reply was that she never ment
to live about my house any more your umble petishioner
further states that he was Working at a place to git money
or any thing els that he Wanted for the support of the
household and family of your umble petishioner further
states that he is a ble to prove that he ant a drinking man
or a spen thrift and further beleaves in all the religious
acts that are goin a poioun man your umble petishioner
further states he treated his companion as nigh right he
node how as fur as he was a ble and she had not not to cut
neaver one stick of Wood in the hold time that the com-
panion of your umble petishioner further states to your
onor that he is Justly in titled to a devoreed as the law
directs this is the first applicatioun of the same Ever ap-
plyde for buy your umble petishioner prays your onor to
grant him your petishioner a devoree and your petish-
ioner ever pray for and so &c.

"This is the 4 day of September 1853
and his companion has not lived together seence eighteen
hundred and fifty one yours umble petishioner for the
same
ABSALUM SIVELS."

SOME years since Seth P. Johnson was elected a member of the — Legislature from one of the Western counties. Desiring to make a favorable impression, he prepared himself with great care for his first speech. He commenced: "Mr. Speaker, when I reflect on the character of General Wash- ington—" and came to a sudden stop. Again he com-

menced: "Mr. Speaker, when I reflect on the character of General Washington—" and again stopped. He essayed a third time, and got no further; when a fellow-member brought him and the House both down by suggesting whether it was in order for a member of the House to be making *reflections* on the character of General Washington!

IN Venango County, Pennsylvania, is a queer fellow by the name of Tom Barton, who drinks and stutters, and stutters and drinks. He has a brother, Jim, who is glib of tongue and was a great liar—we hope he has reformed, for he professed to become a good man, and was baptized in the river. It was a bitter cold day in winter, and the ice had to be cut to make a place for the ceremony. Tom was in attendance, and close by. As Jim came up out of the water Tom said to him,

"Is it c-c-c-cold, Jim?"

"No," replied Jim; "not at all."

"D-d-d-dip him again, m-m-minister," cried Tom; "he l-l-l-lies yet!"

MASSACHUSETTS never had a more worthy magistrate than Chief-Justice Shaw, and he never received a higher compliment than in the coarse, blunt way described by a correspondent of the Drawer:

"During the trial of M'Nulty in Boston, in 1859, for murder, Joyce, a person somewhat noted in sporting circles as an assistant at prize-fights, etc., was a witness. During the examination the Chief-Justice walked to the end of the bench, and in a grave way, peering over his spectacles, asked some questions of the witness. After the examination had concluded, the following conversation took place between Joyce and an officer:

"JOYCE. 'Did you see that chap that sot with two other coves behind a little fence there in court—I mean the cove called the Chief?'

"OFFICER. 'Oh yes, you mean Judge Shaw.'

"JOYCE. 'That's him; but what a glorious feller he'd make for a referee!'

"The eminent fairness of the Judge had impressed the mind of the coarse man, and compelled this praise.

"ONE more: In the Supreme Court-room there are two niches in the wall—one occupied by a bust of the late Judge Wilde, the other to be occupied by some eminent lawyer who shall hereafter go to the court of last resort. During a law argument, when one of the counsel was weakly elaborating some weaker points, the Judge slowly rose, looked at the bust of the late Judge, then at the empty niche, then over and under his spectacles at the counsel; and after glancing back and forth from the counsel to the bust and then to the vacant niche, gravely and sadly shook his head and sat down. The spectators needed no farther exposition of the Chief's opinion of the counsel's argument."

A MAN writes to us asking for assistance, and saying:

"I am quite poor, and have seven little mouths to fill, besides two wives and my own not so little."

If he means that he has two *wives*, he does not spell them right, and it is more than the law allows; if he means that he has to fill his own mouth and his wife's, he must mind his stops; if he means that he has two wives and his own, that would imply that he is doing more than his duty, provided always that these two wives have husbands of their

own to provide for them. Whatever may be the meaning of the writer, we are disposed to wait until we hear from him more explicitly as to the number of his mouths before we form an estimate of his necessity and our duty.

IN Minnesota an Irishman by the name of O'Connor was killed by one of the same persuasion named Cochran, and on his dead body sat a jury of six men, *half a dozen* of whom were Irish, who rendered the following verdict, the original copy of which, as a specimen of chirography, orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, never has been beaten even in Minnesota. Here it is, all but the spelling, which we have not types to print:

"That Martin O'Connor, here lying dead, came to his death by shot from a gun, which caused the blood to rush in torrents from his body, so that it was impossible for him to live until we could hold an inquest!"

MRS. E. L.— and her friend, Mrs. W. J. N.—, had been intimate, and both of them blazing stars in the firmament of fashion for two or three seasons. By degrees they came very justly under the censure of public opinion, which is usually very indulgent to handsome women who have plenty of money and give grand parties. At last Mrs. L.— says to her gay lady friend, "Well now, my dear Mrs. N.—, we must part forever, for you have no character left, and I have not enough for two!"

A WESTERN farmer, too smart by half for his own interest or the good of his soul, drove into town with a load of wheat in bags, to be sold by weight, so many pounds to the bushel. Finding a merchant ready to purchase, the farmer demurred to the proposal to drive upon the scales near the door, as he was afraid he might not be fairly dealt with if weighed in the buyer's scales. "Very well," said the merchant, "if you prefer it, drive on and be weighed out there;" pointing to the next platform. On he went, keeping his seat on the load; the merchant opened a little door in the floor, asked the farmer how many bags there were, and being told twenty, pronounced the load to be forty-two bushels. "All right!" said the farmer, who then returned and deposited his wheat at the buyer's store and went off, never finding out that he had been weighed on the platform of a fire *cistern*, and that he had sold fifty bushels of wheat for forty-two!

BILL WILKINS was a dreadful toper; but he had a *taste* for good liquor, and cursed the vile drinks that were often imposed upon him. He was taken desperately sick, and when one of his boon companions told him that he would soon be in the world of spirits, he said he hoped it would be pure spirits, for he despaired of ever finding any in this world.

THERE are other spirits than these that hold the body; spirits that the body holds; spirits that some people are fools enough to think they can *hear*, but can not *see*. Coleridge was asked by Lady Beaumont if he believed in ghosts; and the poet replied, "Oh no, Madam; I have seen too many to believe in them." He had sense enough to *know* that what he could see could not be a spirit; but it is hard to get that idea into the head of an idiot without *trepanning* him.

What has become of the spirit-rappers? Since the war began we have heard nothing from any of them; not one who foretold the war; not one who

pretends to know any thing about the end of it. It is wonderful how much the spirits know about what nobody else knows; and how little, with all their rappings, they can add to the stock of human knowledge.

QUOTH Giles from the dock to my Lord on the bench,
Who with poaching offenses was twitting him,
"If us poachers do live by the snaring of hares,
Sure you lawyers do live by splittin' 'em."

EPITAPH ON A CAT.

So rare her virtues, it were shabby
Not to lament my faithful tabby;
She lived as pure as any roach,
She died "sans *purrr* et sans reproche!"

DR. JOHNSON said "the happiest conversation is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered, but a general effect of pleasing impressions."

Dean Locker says, "No one will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things; to please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad."

We do not agree with the Dean. As another Dean said in preaching, "that's where Paul and I differ."

Now there is our friend Jarvis: if saying things indifferent and even bad would please, Jarvis would be the prince of good fellows. Bad puns, slow jokes, and unintelligible allusions drop from his lips in such an incessant stream that they would make a heap of pearls for the Dean if he would be pleased to gather them; but somehow no one seems to fancy his speeches, and the most of people think him borous.

Small wits are great talkers. Empty barrels make the most noise. A sagacious author remarks, "In making a pun and paradox, the smaller the *calibre* of the mind the greater the *bore* of a perpetually open mouth."

Leigh Hunt devotes forty pages of one of his books—and fails to elucidate the mystery at last. Johnson defines wit as "the faculty of associating dissimilar images in an unusual manner." Sydney Smith, in his "Lectures on Moral Philosophy," shows the fallacy of this definition, gives a better, and broaches the startling doctrine that wit, so far from being necessarily a natural gift, might be studied as successfully as mathematics. It is a question if Sheridan was witty when, staggering along, half tipsy, he was eyed by a policeman, and exclaimed, confidentially, "My name is Wilberforce—I am a religious man—don't expose me!"

Talleyrand, when asked by a lady famous for her beauty and stupidity how she should rid herself of some of her troublesome admirers, replied, "You have only to open your mouth, Madame." This, if witty, was also ill-natured.

Lord Chatham rebuked a dishonest Chancellor of the Exchequer by finishing a quotation the latter had commenced. The debate turned upon some grant of money for the encouragement of art, which was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who finished his speech against Lord Chatham's motion by saying, "Why was not this ointment sold and the money given to the poor?" Chatham rose, and said, "Why did not the noble lord complete the quotation, the application being so striking? As he has shrunk from it, I will finish the verse for him—'This Judas said, not that he cared for the poor, but because *he was a thief, and carried the bag.*'"

Sydney Smith discourses thus on puns: "They are, I believe, what I have denominated them—the

wit of words. They are exactly the same to words as wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two distinct meanings; the one common and obvious, the other more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in a book on education, mentions the case of a boy so very neglectful that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs*; but whenever he met with it, he always pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection and calls *game*; and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the discovery that two such meanings are referable to one form of expression."

HERE come some little ones so smart their parents would do well to put them on low diet this summer; they are too smart to live, we fear:

"Nelly is a bright little girl, only five years old. Her mother gave her a little book called 'Dew-Drops,' and Nelly was to learn one verse, or drop, each morning. After a week or so she failed to learn it, and when her mother asked her why, Nelly said, 'If I learn so many dew-drops I shall have *drops* on the brain!'"

"JENNIE was only three years old; she lives in Ohio, and had never been to a town where they had big churches. One day Uncle Charlie took her to Kinsman, where they have one with a lofty spire. As they rode by it Jennie looked up wonderingly, and asked, 'Uncle Charlie, is that the house that Jack built?'"

"LAST Sunday we took our first-born, Alonzo, to church for the first time. He is only two years old, but is very smart for his age—very. His mother knows there never was a smarter child, and his mother is a very knowing woman. We took Alonzo to church. He stood up on the seat between his fond mother and myself, his anxious father; and both of us had charged him to be perfectly still, not to say a loud word on any account whatever. The dear boy stood it well for the first five minutes: service had not yet begun. Deacon Wells, a bald-headed man, came in, and Alonzo looked at him curiously. Mr. Ostrom came down the aisle, and he had no hair where the hair ought to grow. Alonzo was fidgety. Squire Jones, as bald as Mont Blanc, walked in, and Alonzo could hold in no longer. In a clear ringing little voice he cried, 'Oh, ma! ma! there comes another man with a skinned head!'"

"ONE day," says Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh, "a laboring man came to me with indigestion. He had a sour and sore stomach, and heart-burn, and the water-brash, and wind, and wonderful misery of body and mind. I found he was eating bad food, and too much of it; and then, when its indigestion gave him

pain, he took a glass of raw whisky. I made him promise to give up his bad food and worse whisky, and live on broth and sweet milk, and I wrote him a prescription for some medicine, and said, 'Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight, and you will be well.' He did come back, hearty and hale; no colic, but a clean tongue, a clear eye, and a happy face. I was very proud of the wonders my prescription had done, and having forgotten what it was, I said, 'Let me see what I gave you.'

"'Oh,' says he, 'I took it.'

"'Yes,' said I; 'but the prescription?'"

"'I took it, as you bade me; I swallowed it!'"

"He had actually eaten the paper! It did him as much good as the medicine would have done, and he had followed the rules of the doctor as to his eating and drinking. He was cured."

THE young ones catch the spirit of the times. Colonel B—— writes home almost daily, and his letters are read by his wife to the children. Little six-year-old Sam was missing one night at supper-time. The house was searched in vain. The yard was examined, and in one corner he had put up some boards for a shelter; on the ground he was lying, *fast asleep*, wrapped up in some bed-clothes he had smuggled out. When waked up, he called out, "Leave me alone, will you; I'm Colonel B——, camped out!"

IN Upper Egypt, Illinois, they have some of the hardest-shell preachers. A friend writes to the Drawer that he dropped in the other day to hear one of them preach. After announcing his text the preacher began:

"My dear brethern and sistern, I solicit your prayerful and undivided attention while I cite your minds to the passedge of Scripiter I hev jest read. In which remark I shall try to do you good as doth the upright in heart; provided my text don't throw me."

A CORRESPONDENT in Wisconsin says he arrived out there from the East just after the suspension of specie payments, and gold and silver were not to be seen, and were known only as curiosities of a former and almost forgotten period. He had *one dime* left, and when it became known that he had this amount he was waited upon by a committee of citizens, who desired to secure it as a *specie basis* for a new bank they were about to start.

YEARS ago Lewis Holt kept a railroad refreshment stand at the station at Attica, on the road running west. He had a way which men of his persuasion have, not altogether abandoned, of taking the money of passengers, sweeping it into his drawer, and fumbling after the change till the cars were *off*, when the passenger would have to run and leave his money. Charlie Dean stepped out of the cars there one day, took a "ginger pop," price six cents, laid down a quarter, which Holt dropped into his till, and went hunting to get out the change. Away went the cars, and Charlie jumped on without his change; but he had time to read the name of LEWIS HOLT over the door, and, making a note of it, rode on.

Postage was high in those days, and was not required in advance. From Buffalo he wrote a letter to Holt—"Sell foam at 25 cents a glass, will you?" Holt paid ten cents on this letter, and ten more on one from Detroit, and twenty-five on another from St. Louis, and for two or three years he kept getting

letters from his unknown customer, and would have got more to this day, but for the law requiring postage to be paid in advance. He had to pay two or three dollars in postage before the letters ceased to come, and as they were always directed in a new handwriting, he hoped each one was of more importance than the ones before. If he of Attica reads this in the Drawer he will find for the first time why he was so punished, and by whom.

“THE Rev. Dr. R—, of Albany, in the course of an eloquent sermon gave utterance to a brief commentary on a few Bible verses which embodied a fine bit of humor. He had taken for his text, ‘This man’s religion is vain.’ And in following out the subject suggested by these general words he alluded to the Pharisee, who in his prayer at the temple took occasion to snub the poor Publican, as one of those whose religion ‘is vain.’ And it was just here that the commentary whereof I write ran in these words: ‘This Pharisee, in thanking God that he was not as other men were, was merely rendering thanks to God for his bigoted and intolerant spirit, and there is no doubt but that he had a great deal to be thankful for!’”

“In the good old times of early Georgia, when Judge Dooly was on the bench, a colored barber, Billy, traveled the circuit with judge and lawyers, shaving and dressing ‘the gemmen,’ and becoming very familiar and impertinent. Billy was great with the fiddle, and while the lawyers were talking in the court-house, Billy would often be gathering a crowd outside to listen to his music. One day his noise disturbed the Court, and the Judge sent out an order to Billy to stop. The darkey, presuming on his familiarity with the Judge, fiddled on, and was soon astounded by hearing that the Court had ordered him to have eighteen lashes! Billy begged, but it was time to take him down a button-hole or two, and Billy was tied up.

“A law of the State at that time, called a *thirdling* law, allowed a man to pay one-third of a judgment against him in cash, and have credit for one and two years for the balance. Billy roared lustily while the first six lashes were laid, and then cried, ‘Hold on, ef you please, Massa Sheriff! I take the *thirdling* law.’ The joke was so good for a nigger that Billy got credit for the rest of the sentence.”

“LAST summer, in the height of mosquito time, the little rascals had their songs in the night to the annoyance of every one. While my little sister Ettie, then about five years old, was being put to bed, her mother said to her,

“‘Ettie, you must always be a good girl, and then at night, while you are asleep, the angels will come and watch around your bed.’

“‘Oh yes, ma,’ said Ettie, ‘I know that. I heard them singing all around my head last night.’”

GREAT difficulty was experienced in furnishing the Pennsylvania troops with shoes at the commencement of the three months’ service. Those that were furnished were generally much too large for the wearers. This fact occasioned much merriment and some inconvenience. A raw recruit in Colonel Owen’s regiment was being put through the squad drill, when the following colloquy took place:

SERGEANT. “Why don’t ye mind the orthers there, Patrick Kelly? There ye’ve bin standin’ like a spalpeen iver since ye come out, and niver a

once faced to the right or left! Shure an’ I’ll arrist ye! D’yc mind that?”

PRIVATE. “Ye’re mistaken altogether, sargent. Shure an’ ye’ve bin lookin’ at me shoes. *Divil a bit can I turn thim around!*”

THE dullness of the camp is enlivened with many an incident that ought to be written down for the Drawer. A correspondent in Camp Wood, Kentucky, writes:

“After the usual evening parade, the orderly sergeant of Company D (Sixteenth Regular Infantry) brought to the tent of the company commander a man who had refused to drill. After giving the necessary instructions for having a load of wood placed on his back, and having him walk back and forth in front of the guard-tent, Lieutenant K— inquired of him *why* he refused to drill. He replied that he had been dismissed, and was no longer a soldier. Shortly after the man, whose name was ‘Brady,’ had gone, I was startled by a loud laugh from Lieutenant K—, who seemed to be almost in convulsions at something good. Inquiring what was the matter, he expressed his conviction that he saw the point of a joke.

“‘What is it?’ asked several in a breath.

“‘Brady’s dismissed,’ replied he, going off again.

“It is customary for the adjutant, at the evening parade, after having finished the usual business, to face to the battalion and call out in a loud voice, ‘Parade is dismissed!’ Brady had mistaken it for ‘Brady’s dismissed.’”

THE *Examiner* is a religious newspaper of the Baptist persuasion, and we know that it would not state a circumstance like the following without being well informed of its truth:

“A friend of ours stepped into a colored church not far from Washington, and found the preacher, by no means a remarkably polished specimen of the race, just ready to commence his sermon. He announced his text:

“‘Are not two sparrows sold for a fardin’, and not one of dem sparrows shall fall to de ground widout your Fader?’

“The text was repeated two or three times very sonorously, and with responses and amens from the congregation, and the preacher proceeded:

“‘Now, brudderren, I show you dat dis ere passage was meant for our ‘couragement; see what it says: “Ar not two sparrows sold for a fardin’, and not one of dem sparrows, that isn’t wuf but half a cent, fall to de ground widout your Fader?” Now, brudderren, if God cares so much for dem sparrows dat isn’t wuf but half a cent, how much more will he care for a big darkey like you, and you, dat’s wuf 1500 dollar?’

“Here the amens and shouts of ‘Glory to God!’ became terrific. Well pleased, apparently, with the effect of his eloquence, the preacher repeated the question, and then proceeded thus:

“‘We see, too, brudderren, how much more God care for brack man dan he do for white man—brack man wuf 1500 dollar, and white man not wuf one red cent, not wuf so much as dem poor sparrows.’

“At this, filled with the sense of his own worthlessness and deplorable condition, our friend left the church.”

THE verdict of an Iowa jury, reported by a correspondent of the Drawer, is a fine illustration of jurisprudence:

“The steamboat *Dolphin*, loaded with barrels of pork, struck on a rock and went to pieces. Two men managed to get hold, and to keep hold, of some of the cargo. They were arrested for the theft, tried before a justice and jury, and the case clearly proved. But the jury were friends of the defendants, and friends of pork also, and *also* friends of truth; so

they managed to clear their consciences and their friends, and to save their bacon too, by bringing in this verdict: '*We find the defendants NOT guilty, but we believe they hooked the pork.*'"

"ALL old settlers remember Mr. H——, who filled the office of postmaster at Oswego during the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren. One morning an Irishman called at the general delivery,

"'Any letter for Dennis Driscoll?'

"A search in the 'D' box ensued, and a letter bearing the desired superscription was found.

"'Foreign,' said Mr. H——; 'twenty-four cents postage to pay.'

"'Sure, and I can't read; will your Honor read it for me?' said Dennis.

"The obliging postmaster, after Dennis had unsealed the letter, complied with the request, and read it from date to signature.

"'Sure, it's not for me,' groaned Dennis, walking off without it.

"Mr. H—— began to think himself the victim of a *sell*. There was no help for it at that time, and there the matter rested.

"Some time afterward Dennis again presented himself at the general delivery and gave his name.

"'Foreign,' said Mr. H——; 'twenty-four cents postage.'

"'Will your Honor read it for me? sure, I can't read.'

"The wide-awake postmaster had a reasonable excuse ready for not complying, taking care, however, not to give offense, and retaining the letter in his possession until Dennis paid the postage.

"As soon as the Irishman handed over the money Mr. H—— gave him the same letter that had been read on the former occasion.

"The transaction was thus closed without any serious results, and without detriment to the revenue."

THE Rev. Calvin Chapman was an excellent pastor of one of the New England churches in olden time. He believed in the doctrine of Providence, and thought he must be properly disciplined to become meet for his Maker's service. His married life with his first wife was very happy, but the good man did not grow better as rapidly as he desired; he found this present evil world so pleasant with so sweet a wife that he scarcely wanted any other. But it was all made up to him when she died, and, after a decent interval, he married again. This time he caught a Tartar. She was an everlasting scold. She kept him on the tenter-hooks all the time, and made heaven appear a thousand times more desirable. One day he was in his study at his devotions; waxing fervent, he prayed so loud that she heard what he was saying. He thanked the Lord for all his dealings with him; he thanked Him for the comforts, and also for the trials of life—especially for the gift of this wife, whose constant fretfulness and scolding were just the crosses he needed to bear; and he prayed that her temper might be continued, to vex and distress him till it made him more humble, patient, and heavenly-minded. She could stand it no longer. She rushed into the study, and told him she was not going to be his pack-horse to carry him to heaven; and from that time onward she was a model wife, gentle, loving, and patient.

ONE of the company where Dr. Johnson was present was telling of a woman who had managed to ab-

stract from her husband's property a very pretty fortune, which she had hid away in gold for her own use when she should be a widow. It chanced that death came for her first, and in her fright she confessed her sin, and was about to tell where she had secreted the money when she was seized with a convulsion and died. The company were expressing their sympathy with the defrauded and bereaved husband, but Dr. Johnson said he was to be congratulated, for "he might *hope* that his money would be *found*, but he was *sure* that his wife was *gone*."

Two very clever things come to us from a "down East" correspondent, who will be welcome when he comes again:

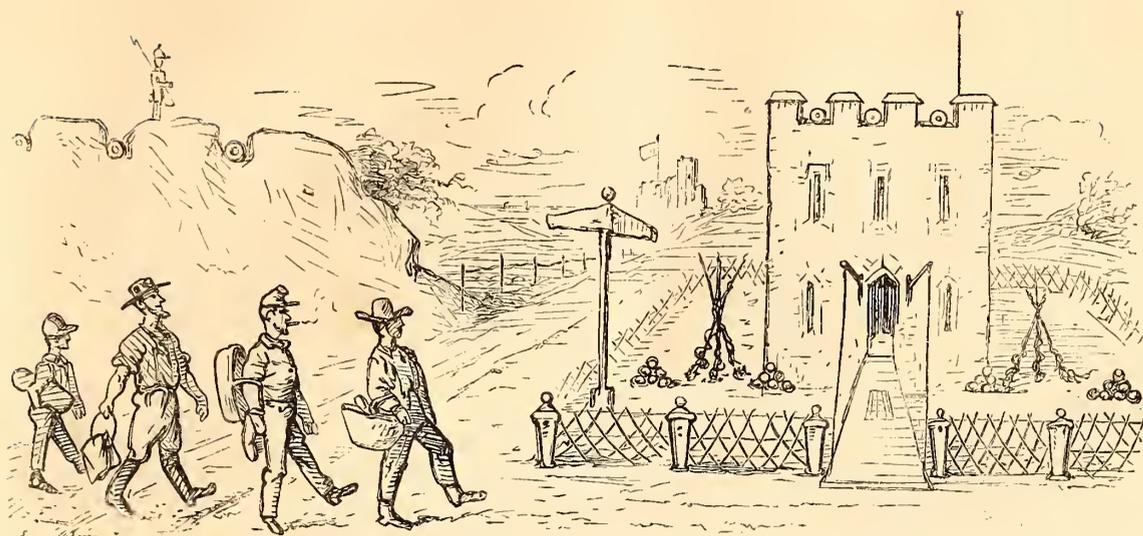
"It has been announced in the papers that Rev. John Mason has been appointed chaplain in the — Regiment of Maine Volunteers, now in camp. Mason is a man of some eccentricity of manner, possesses a great gift at exhortation, and his services are in great request at camp-meetings and revival seasons. He is familiarly known under the sobriquet of 'Camp-meeting John.' Being obliged, on a winter evening not long since, to tarry in a small country village in the county of Franklin, in Maine, in which region John's labors are mostly confined, I strolled out after supper to escape the tobacco-smoke and bad air of the village tavern, and soon found myself near the school-house, where I saw the people were assembled for an evening religious meeting. I entered, and found that 'Camp-meeting John' had just commenced an exhortation to the audience. He soon warmed up, and his loud voice, for which he is so famed, was going to a high point, when a pious sister seated in a remote corner spoke out, saying '*Don't holler so, Brother John!*' John did not regard her gentle request, but 'cried out so much the more,' until his stentorian lungs were exerted to the utmost, and his voice raised to a terrific pitch. '*Don't holler so,*' again spoke the gentle sister; '*it makes my head ache!*' '*Keep quiet,*' said the leader of the meeting; '*keep quiet, Sister Sarah. If Brother John feels to holler, he shall holler—head-ache, back-ache, or any other ache!*'"

"A FEW years ago a shocking tragedy occurred in the village of New Boston, New Hampshire, in which a young man destroyed the life of a young lady, and then took his own life. The account of the affair, published in the papers of the day, will be well recollected. The occurrence resulted from a love affair. The young man had become enamored of the girl, but his love was not returned, or objections were interposed by the parents; so that 'the course of true love did not run smooth,' and the young man became desperate. Meeting the girl in the street, on her way to school, he drew from his pocket a six-barreled revolver and shot her dead at his feet, and then deliberately discharged the pistol into his own breast, falling dead by the side of his heart's idol. The girl was laid in the village burial-ground, and at her grave a stone has been erected, with the following inscription:

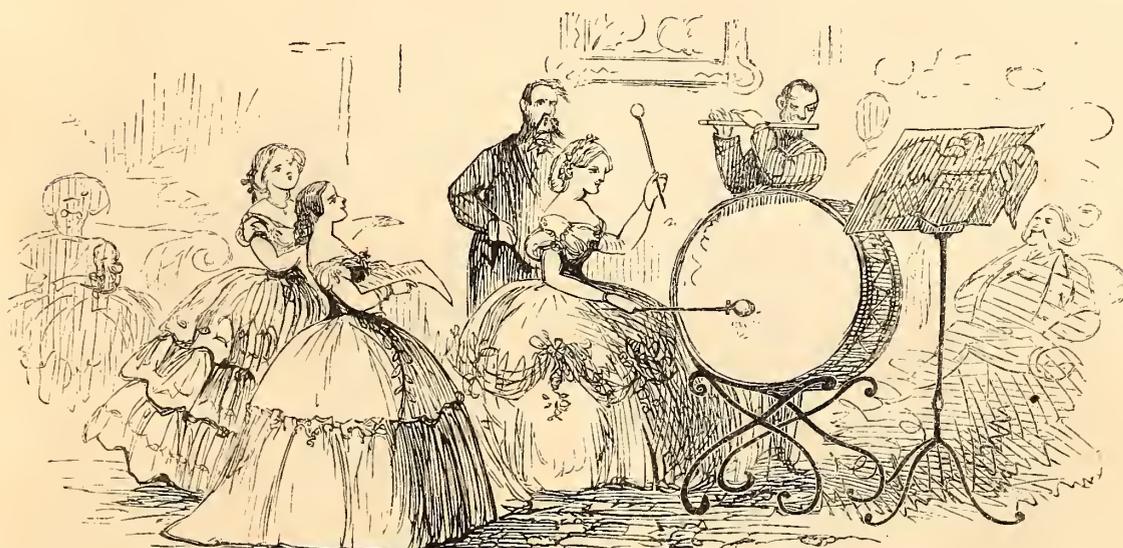
"'SAVILLA, daughter of ———,
Murdered by Henry ———,
Jan. 13, 1854,
Aged 17 years and 8 months."

Thus fell this lovely blooming daughter,
By the revengeful hand of malicious Henry,
When on the way to school he met her,
And with a six self-cocked pistol shot her."

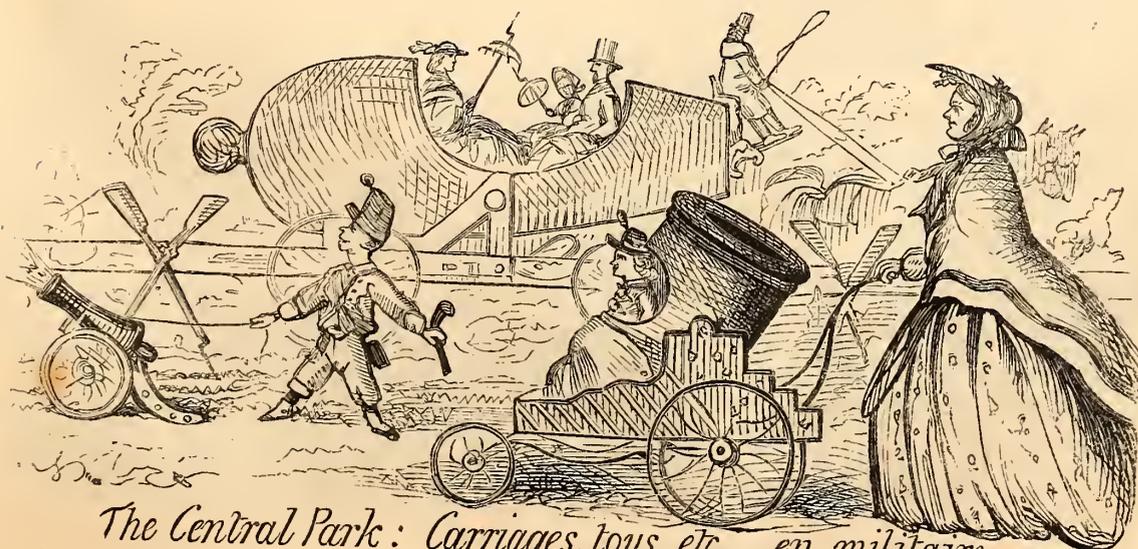
*AFTER THE WAR:
Everything & Everybody en militaire*



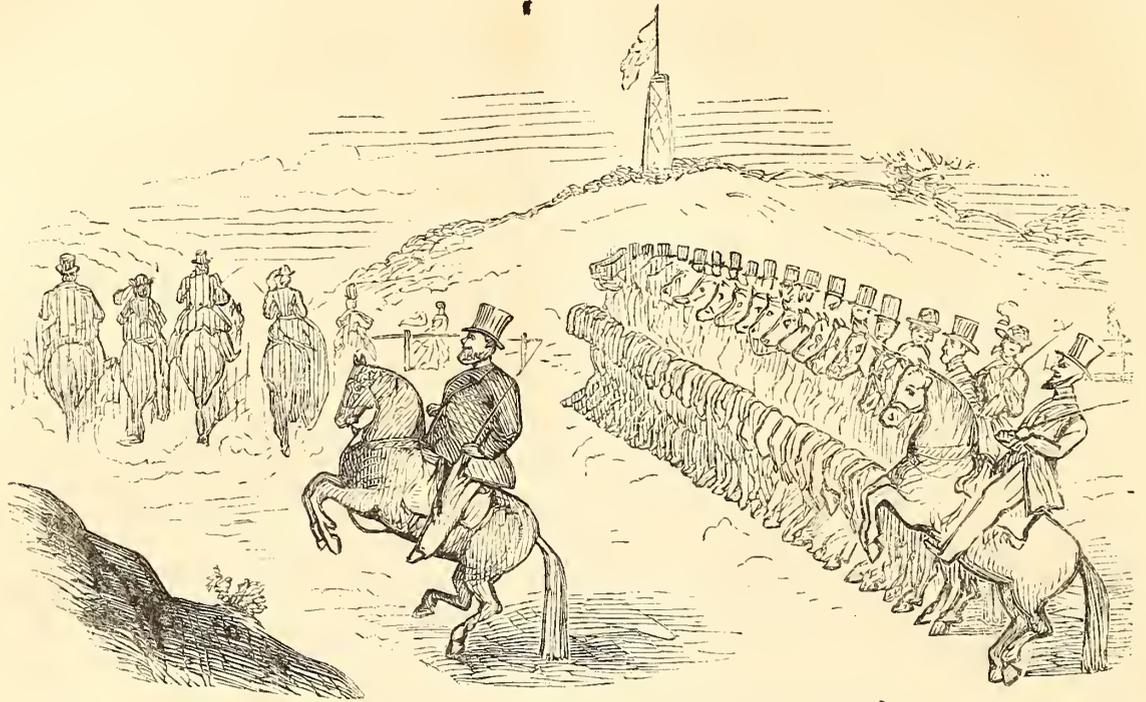
Outdoor scene :- Corner of Bombshell and Barrack Avenues



Interior The Piano superseded by the Big-Drum



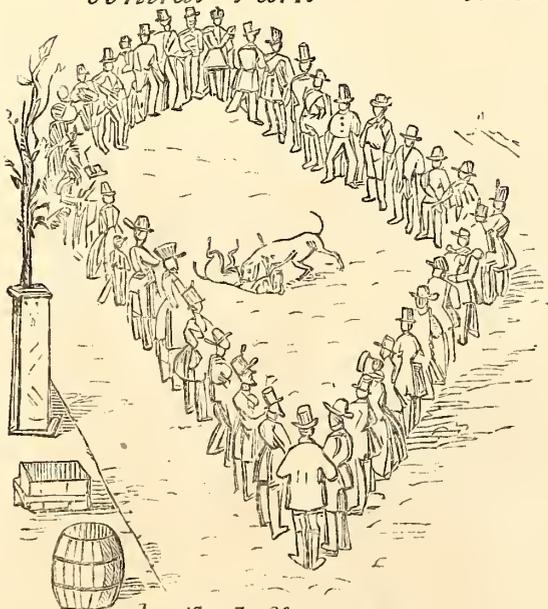
The Central Park: Carriages, toys, etc. en militaire



Central Park

The Ride

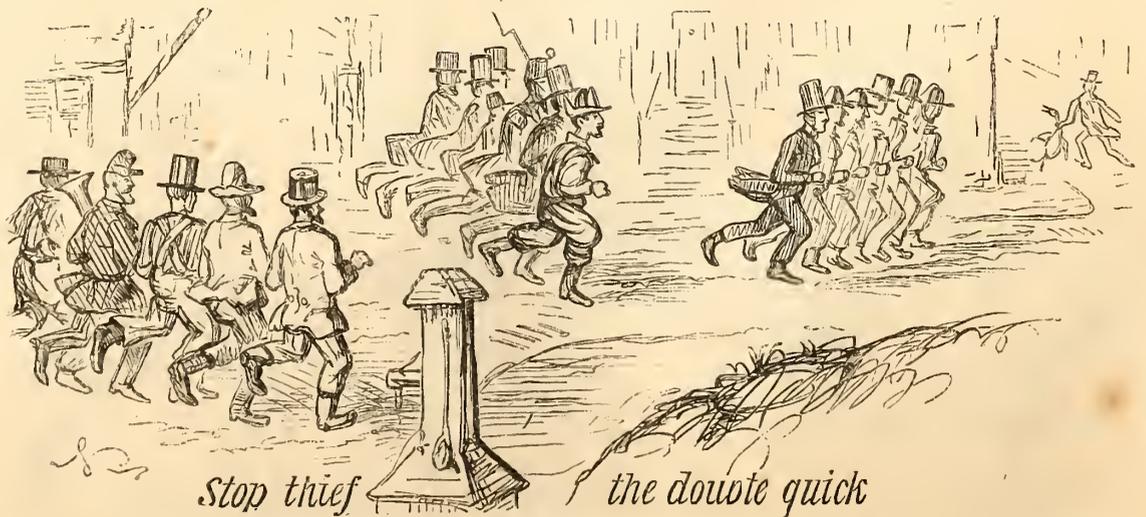
en militaire



A mob: the hollow square



The Call to Dinner



Stop thief

the doubt quick

Fashions for April.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—DINNER TOILET AND CHILD'S PARDESSUS.

IN the DINNER TOILET on the preceding page the Head-dress is composed of lace arranged as a net, caught up in a succession of loops, and trimmed with ribbon of any color suited to the complexion of the wearer.—The Dress is of light mauve silk, trimmed with a ruche of a darker tint of the same color. The body is high at the back, but opens in front with lapels. The waist is round, and the corsage is trimmed with a ruche. The sleeves have cuffs, which are cut into two points, edged with a frill corresponding with that upon the body; the cuffs are gathered into slight folds by bands placed at the lower edges. The skirt has two flounces. The under-sleeves are of tulle with insertion wristbands.

The CHILD'S PARDESSUS is of blue velvet or merino, if preferred, with a border of swan's-down. It buttons upon the left shoulder.

The Boy's COSTUME, represented below, is of light drab cloth, decorated with black braid.

The CAP opposite is composed of lace and ribbon; the ribbon being of two widths placed alternately, the narrower falling in slight streamers. A rosette is formed at the top, with a buckle or gem in the centre. A frill of lace is placed in front of the ribbon loops. The cap is lozenged by bands of the narrower ribbon.

The INFANT'S ROBE is specially designed for baptismal use. It is composed of fine nansouk and insertion. If the child is a boy, the ribbon sash is blue; if a girl, it is of pink taffeta.



FIGURE 3.—CAP.



FIGURE 2.—BOY'S COSTUME.

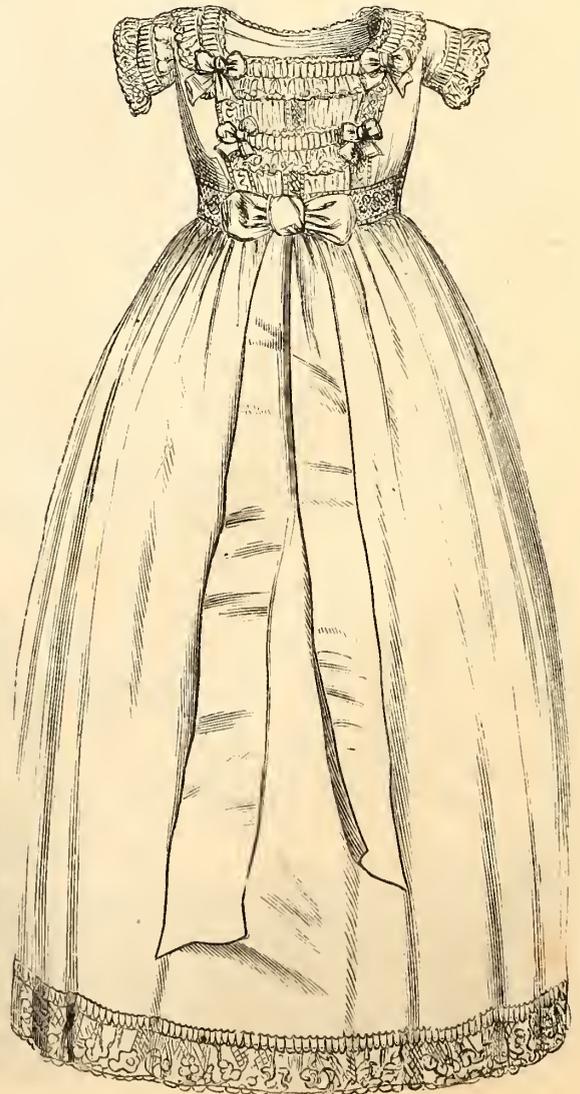


FIGURE 4.—INFANT'S ROBE.

THE EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN.

“EDUCATE THE PEOPLE.”

VOL. II.]

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[No. VII.]

Object Teaching:

Its Principles not generally understood.

The teacher who enters upon the system of *Object* teaching with only some general idea of its principles, and with only *such* “objects,” and other aids in the way of illustration, as he may conveniently gather together in his own neighborhood, will be quite apt to present only the most meagre outline of the subject, and, even in that, to run into mere miscellaneous “Lessons on Common Things.” Lessons on “Objects,” for the purpose of mental development, and “Lessons on Common Things,” for imparting information, are quite different in character and purpose; and although the two may often be advantageously combined, it is very desirable that the teacher should understand the difference between them, as important principles in teaching, as well as in mental philosophy, are involved in the distinction. But as a practical “object” lesson, drawn out in the simple form in which it is presented to a juvenile class, will develop the principle better than the most elaborate essay, we refer the inquirer to the manuals on this subject which he may now obtain; and we assure him that, in this era of Educational Progress, his *professional* education—that knowledge which he needs to enable him to instruct even the lowest class in the common school—will soon be deemed deficient, if he does not thoroughly understand the principles and practice of true object teaching.

It is true that these principles, founded on practical *observation of things*, although well known and almost universally adopted in all the higher departments of science, and in scientific *discoveries* especially—in vegetable and animal physiology, chemistry, geology, &c.—have not yet been fully reduced to practice in the details of primary education. Yet the principles themselves are not new: they are as old as the days of Aristotle: they are exemplified in the history of a Harvey, a Newton, a Linnæus, and a Hugh Miller, and of all devoted students of Nature. All true science has been built up by following out the principles of this object system. Our present knowledge of the vegetable kingdom, for example, has been gathered from a close observation of the *objects* themselves. Trees, shrubs, herbs, and grasses, were first noticed in their *general* features, before the minor subdivisions were made; after which classes, orders, families, and species began to be distinguished. The forms, seemingly innumerable, which leaves present, were, after a while, carefully noted by patient observers, and grouped into a few classes, and names assigned them: the same of the stems, roots, and flowers; until, at length, all the varieties in structure, and all the varied properties of plants, became known, and formed the so-called science of Vegetable Life. The same course which the race pursued in building up a science—the observation of things, and facts, and their relations—at first as to the *whole*, and then as to the *parts*—we would now have children pursue, from infancy upward, in a course of object-lesson instruction: we would have them observe, and compare, and contrast, and weigh, and measure; and thus, *of themselves*, acquire a knowledge of facts and principles; for such is the way to lay the only sure foundations of true knowledge; and such is the way to secure true mental discipline also.

But much is yet to be done before the “object” system of teaching, as it has been called, shall be generally understood, and fully adapted to the wants of our schools; for while the principles are plain enough to those who will take Nature for their guide, and follow out the methods which children pursue in their earliest efforts after knowledge, we are still hedged about by arbitrary modes, and it is difficult to break through the prejudices which our own

education has fostered. We have long been accustomed, in our systems of elementary training, to reduce everything to a “science,” and begin our teachings with so-called *elementary* principles, which by many are erroneously supposed to be the *first* things that a child understands; whereas, these elementary principles are usually the *final results* obtained from many facts and much reasoning. Thus, in geometry, its elementary principles are said to stand in the order of points, lines, figures, surfaces, and solids: but who does not know that a child gains ideas of the *solid* first, and proceeds thence through surfaces, figures, and lines, to points? The merest child has obtained, from Nature, a very considerable knowledge of solids, long before it has any other idea of a *point*, than of a *material* one. In the course of Nature, it proceeds from the concrete to the abstract—from the whole to the parts which compose it. Our teachers often mistake the natural order of teaching a subject, by supposing that they are to *begin* with what science has *deduced* as its elementary principles. This error has, unfortunately, crept into the subject of object teaching, and led astray some who are its professed expounders. Thus we find that some teachers think the natural order of teaching the letters of the Alphabet is, to begin with teaching the primary forms, such as curved lines and straight lines, that enter into the formation of the letters, *because* such forms are the elements, or first principles that make up the letters. But these *lines* are not the first things that the child takes notice of when he looks at a letter: he observes the letter *as a whole*, and thus recognizes it long before he notices the several forms of the lines that compose it; just as he observes the general form of an animal, and thus distinguishes and names it, long before he can name or describe its parts. Some teachers, who think they are proceeding upon the object system, have an idea that the proper way to teach *reading*, is, to begin with the *elementary sounds of the letters*, because these sounds are the *elements* that are combined into spoken language. But Nature does not teach children the elementary sounds before words; and there are thousands and tens of thousands of persons who use words very well, and pronounce them with the standard accuracy of good usage, who have never investigated these elementary sounds at all. We doubt if one out of a hundred of our best speakers can tell what they are. These *elements* are the results of investigation by scholars, who do not even agree as to their number or character. Is it in the order of *Nature*, then, to teach them to children *before* they are allowed to enter upon the art of reading? The elementary sounds of the letters—“exploding the vowels,” &c.—furnish good physiological and rhetorical exercises: they give flexibility to the organs of speech; they are useful for training the ear; they promote accuracy of enunciation; but all this naturally comes in *after* the first steps in reading, just as rhetoric does, both of which are allied departments of the fine arts. But Nature teaches first useful arts, on which alone the fine arts can be grafted. To suppose it necessary, or desirable, that the child should be taught to read words as the representatives of objects, by first learning what are, to him, meaningless elementary sounds, is just about as reasonable as to suppose that he can not move his arm with propriety until he has learned the particular uses of every muscle required in its movements. If necessary to begin with the elementary sounds before reading, why is it not just as important to begin with them before allowing the child to *speak* words? Probably because Nature has here got the start of the teacher.

Those who would apply the true principles of object-teaching to the details of primary education, must guard against the fallacy that knowledge, or science, has been built up, in the progress of the race, by beginning with the observation of elementary principles, and that we are

to begin our teachings with calling attention to these *elements* of things. In reality, these *elements* are the *last* attainments of science; and although we may sometimes explain a subject to a scholar by inverting the order, it is a very difficult course for children. We should begin to teach the child just where Nature is giving *her* lessons; and the best way to learn the application of the principles of object teaching to any particular subject is to ask how children intuitively acquire knowledge of the same subject—whether they begin with the concrete or the abstract—the whole or its parts; and if nature teaches them to recognize the *elementary principles* of things before she presents to them the *things themselves*. If teachers will examine the subject of object teaching in this light, and test the theories presented in its name by the method of Nature, the system will soon become one of definite and well recognized principles; and will, we have no doubt whatever, become universally approved and practiced in all the details of primary education.

“Objects,” and Other Aids, For Object Teaching.

The teacher who would make himself acquainted with the principles of the Object System of Teaching, and put them in successful practice, should read carefully the various works on the subject that have been published within a few years past, both in England and America; but he should exercise a cautious discrimination in adopting their modes of instruction. He will find most of the English works too miscellaneous in their character, seriously deficient in system and gradation, and not always adapted, in their subjects and modes of illustration, to the American mind. And yet it is from these English works, and from English schools, that the system of object teaching, as remodeled and greatly improved from Comenius and Pestalozzi, has been introduced into the schools of this country. We have several American works on the same subject, published within the past year, and others are in course of preparation, so that the system promises an abundance of exponents of its principles. All these works should be carefully read, the good which they contain adopted, and the evil rejected, for it is probable that each will present some valuable features, and it will not be surprising if all, in this forming stage of the system, fall into some errors. Let us discuss all controverted points with kindness and candor, and with the sole view of perfecting the system itself.

But, in addition to the books for explaining the system, collections of “objects” are needed to aid in its practical workings; and while directions may be profitably given for obtaining such of these appropriate aids as are readily accessible to all, it is very evident that these will go but a little way toward supplying the wants of our schools. We need sufficient objects—and collections or *Museums* of them—illustrations of objects, and apparatus, to enable us to perfect a *system* of object instruction; otherwise our teachers will scarcely gain a knowledge of its principles, and the practice will merely result in a few miscellaneous lessons on Common Things.

Children will readily distinguish the three great divisions of the Natural World—Animals, Plants, and Minerals—together with what is natural from what is artificial, but how few natural objects can the teacher obtain to carry forward his lessons systematically in either of these divisions. He needs to be supplied not only with additional objects, but also with pictorial representations of many of those which are not accessible to him. He needs Zoological Charts of Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, and Insects, that shall show the character, uses, and classification of Animals; Botanical Charts of Leaves, Stems, Roots, and Flowers, similarly arranged, and designed both to cultivate the perceptive faculties of children and to lead them to a general knowledge of the beauties, uses, and classifications of the Vegetable Kingdom. We have already Philosophical and Chemical Charts, and Charts Anatomical and Physiological, Astronomical, Geological, &c., which may be made use of; and we need cheaper Geological, Mineralogical, and other Cabinets of Natural History, and better adapted to the principles of the object system.

All such will doubtless be forthcoming in time, as the system shall be perfected, and as the demand will warrant. We purpose to put ourselves in the way of supplying all such professional aids to the teacher as can be obtained, to encourage the getting up of others, and to aid in making them known, whether they may be books, or charts, or apparatus, and whether of home or foreign production. We ask teachers to aid us by their advice and suggestions, and we will endeavor to return the favor by aiding the profession to which they belong, and the cause of “Educational Progress.” (See Advertisement below.)

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Captain Burton is one of the best travelers we have. * * No one requires to be told that he is a great linguist, who is perpetually astonishing his reader by quoting stray scraps of Hindustanee or Arabic, Hebrew or Persian, Latin or French, German or Italian; or that he could read off by head-mark the nationality of every inhabitant of the globe as readily as most of us could an American Indian. * * * * There is no end to his quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles; his good humor and fun seem positively inexhaustible. He hugs reality like a bride. If one would see him in his element, he must look at him face to face with a wild Dakota of the rocks, a hundred miles from any human abode, rather than among the half-civilized inhabitants of Great Salt Lake City. * * * * "The City of the Saints" is as eminently human a book as we have perused for a long while. It is full of humor, laughter, and good sense.—*Athenæum* (London).

The subject of the "City of the Saints" is one of very considerable interest at present, and sufficient is already known about it by the reading public to make them welcome a writer upon it who saves them both from the tedium of repetition and the effort of entering upon an entirely new subject. This volume is always very lively, and embellished with the author's usual number of apt and striking phrases from the languages of the East as well as from those of Europe. Captain Burton shows great tact in catching and briefly expressing the prominent points of any scene or character. Its chief fault is that it presents him more than his usual fancy for viewing matters in their ludicrous and absurd aspects, from which nothing sublimity is wholly exempt; but notwithstanding this style, which the writer affects and carries to excess, it will be found that his remarks are characterized by good sound sense, and sometimes by profound thought. It has the advantage over Mons. Rémy's valuable work, that it depicts the Mormon Zion as it existed five years later than it was seen by that gentleman—a period which, in the Far West, is equal to fifty years in less conservative lands; and that it proceeds from a traveler who has carefully and intelligently examined many nations, forms of government, and social arrangements, both in the East and West. * * * * We close with again commending this interesting and humorous work. It is astonishing how the author, leading the flying life he does, could so cram his pages with fit allusions to all things in literature and science, in heaven and earth, and present descriptions which a practiced *litterateur* might be proud to elaborate.—*Daily News* (London).

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